

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND MONTHLY EDITION
OF

THE LIVING AGE

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

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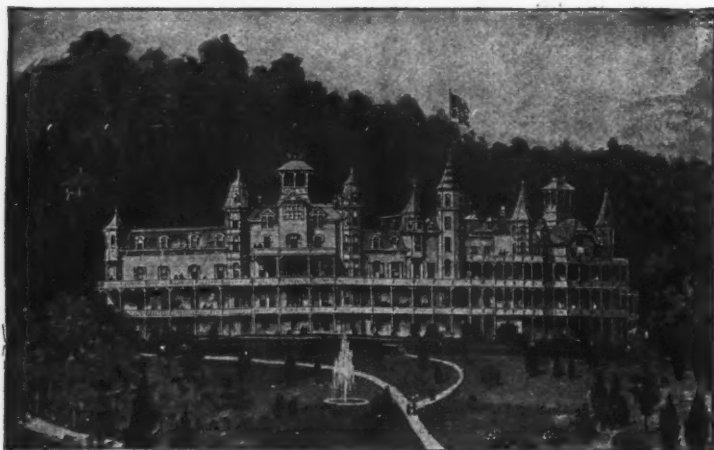
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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No. 3.

WILL ENGLAND BECOME CATHOLIC?*

The Anglican church is now passing through a crisis which is causing a wide-spread disturbance in the country and whose echo is to be heard not only in the press, but even in Parliament.¹ Italy is herself concerned in the question, because many persons, especially in the Vatican circle, found on this religious agitation in England the fallacious hope that the English nation may return to the bosom of the Catholic church.

This hypothesis appears to us to be worthy of close examination, both because the foreign press has lent to the so-called "Catholic movement" a significance which it does not possess, and because I am myself convinced that the English people have never forsaken and will never forsake that strong and robust Protestantism to which it has remained faithful for something like four centuries.

I shall try to present to the readers of this brief article the arguments in support of this conviction of mine, which is for the rest purely objective, as I am myself a Catholic. But first let me crave indulgence for having ventured to make use of a language not my own.

Since the death of the lamented

Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Manning, there has been a great deal of talk about the extraordinary spread of Catholicism in England. It is worthy of note that, during the life of that illustrious prelate, when the Roman church was really increasing in favor with the English, one heard very little said about it. Cardinal Manning was thoroughly acquainted with his fellow-countrymen, and cherished no illusions about their probable conversion to the Catholic faith. Born a Protestant, educated at a Protestant University, for many years a prominent ecclesiastic of the Established church, he had enjoyed every opportunity for studying the English character. It is therefore fair to presume that he could clearly distinguish between that tolerance which the English are wont to accord to every form of religion—believing as they do that each man should be free to choose his own road to Paradise—and a disposition to embrace the Roman Catholic faith.

With the death of Cardinal Manning there died, as well, all true and genuine progress of the Roman church in England, and there was at the same time inaugurated an epoch of ecclesiastical agitators and demagogues

* Translated for The Eclectic Magazine.

¹ The Crisis in the Church, by the Rt. Hon.

Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, M. P. (Letters to the Times, London, 1899. Clarke.)

whom Manning would never have encouraged.

The truth is that Roman Catholicism in England, far from being a progressive movement, is and has been for several years quite stationary if not on the decline.

Yet the Catholic press, both English and foreign, assures us that no month passes without a considerable number of converts being received into the fold of the Roman church, and every little while their papers publish imposing lists of these conversions.

We also read of new churches built, of the foundation of monasteries and religious houses, in short of a general stir, which is supposed to signify an extraordinary activity and an increasing development on the part of the Catholic church of Great Britain.

Now, in point of fact, no one has ever thought of denying the missionary zeal of the Roman church under all circumstances; but as for the spread of Catholicism among my fellow-countrymen I shall try to show that it has only been a superficial movement, influencing neither the thought nor the real religious sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Having seen the superb Catholic churches of London and the other English cities so crowded with devout worshippers of both sexes, while the functions of the Roman faith are performed with a luxury and pomp hardly to be found in Rome itself, what wonder if the foreigner remains impressed and goes away after mass firmly persuaded that the triumph of Catholicism in England can be the affair of but a few years at most? How is the foreigner to know that of that crowd which he has seen present at the service, three-fourths are probably not Catholics at all and have not the slightest intention of submitting themselves to the spiritual authority of the Pope?

The majority go out of curiosity, to enjoy the music and the spectacle,—for few are the diversions of an English Sunday. And if we examine closely the much-vaunted conversions to Catholicism we shall find that only a very few of the converts are of a calibre which enables them to exercise any strong personal influence over the thought of the people. Among the recruits that the Catholic church has enlisted in England during the past twenty-five years there are barely a dozen prominent persons. Men of science, of letters, and of politics, one and all, save for the rarest exceptions, are conspicuous by their absence from the list of the converted; it is not among these that Catholicism gains its new adherents.

The majority of the conversions occur among tradespeople and women of the middle class in the great cities. Now it is perfectly evident that to one who is concerned merely with the form of faith professed by a human being, the soul of a cheese-monger is just as valuable as that of a minister of state. But, from a practical point of view, the value of a conversion depends essentially on the intellectual or social position of the convert.

The public worth of a conversion is in direct ratio to the positive influence which it may exercise over the minds and religious thought of others.

When Newman, Manning, Ward and other scholars of similar distinction left the Anglican church and made their submission to that of Rome, English Protestantism suffered a heavy blow, and if Pusey had also abandoned Anglicanism and followed the example of his colleagues in the "Oxford Movement," he would have carried with him a great part of the Anglicans. Dr. Pusey, however, never made up his mind to take the final step, and contented himself with rousing the national church from the leth-

argy into which it had fallen, and giving it that scheme of a pseudo-Catholicism, without a Pope, which goes to-day by the name of Ritualism. From that on, the recruits of Rome in England have been almost wholly without personal importance, except in case of two or three peers, whose conversions, as they occurred, aroused some talk in the country, and in that of certain Anglican ecclesiastics.

What, then, is the true inwardness of these conversions to Catholicism in England, and why such insistence in declaring that England is to become a Catholic nation for the second time in her history?

Those who have had an opportunity to study the social life and popular sentiment of this nation will have no difficulty in answering these questions. The Catholic party in England, as I shall endeavor to show, has always been, in a certain sense, extraneous to the social life of the country.

Up to about the middle of the present century the English Catholics still felt the effects of the old penal anti-Catholic laws. The old Catholic families were known only by name, and almost never left their own estates, while they were legally disqualified from taking any part in public affairs. Their sons were always put to school in Catholic colleges conducted by priests, and so grew up in a little world apart, which had nothing in common with the true English world. In fact, it is only within these last years that the Catholic church has permitted its youth to attend the great public schools and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and this only under certain conditions and restrictions; and how was it possible for young Catholics thus hampered to take any part in the life of their native land? They were regarded with coldness, not to say aversion, by the great majority of their countrymen, and almost con-

fined, for this reason, to the society of their co-believers. It is, however, only just to observe that the conditions of Roman Catholic youth in England are now much ameliorated, and it is fair to hope that they will continue to improve with the inevitable progress of liberal ideas.

These observations apply only to the upper classes.

The truth is that it is hard to find among the lower classes any Roman Catholics of pure English race, and this point appears to me to deserve consideration, because upon it hinges one of the most important parts of my argument. Among the lower classes in England and Scotland, the greater part of those who profess the Catholic faith are of Irish descent. That is to say they are not Anglo-Saxons, but Celts. Those who are acquainted with the characteristics of the latter race can judge for themselves whether it is likely to prove of great assistance to the Catholic church in its propaganda among the English.

Let us now proceed to examine more closely such conversions to the Catholic faith as are indubitably made in England. The priests and the Catholic press assure us that such conversions are very frequent, and that the number of English people who abandon Protestantism is continually on the increase.

Let us admit this to be the case, and even that all who become Catholics remain faithful to their new ideas—a supposition not, however, supported by facts. Still, I believe I am correct in affirming that of these converts, among whom the feminine preponderance is overwhelming, about ninety per cent are advanced in years. Among them are not a few clergymen, already married and fathers of Protestant families, who, with an abnegation worthy of the highest praise, have listened to the voice of their con-

science and had the courage to sacrifice the goods of this world for love of that divine truth which they believe they have found in the Roman communion. A certain number of our male converts have become priests; a few women have entered convents. These naturally belong to the younger recruits; and there remains only a very small proportion likely to become the parents of future Catholics. This fact should be sufficient to convince the impartial observer that the so-called Catholic movement in England is sterile.

Let us now pass to the consideration of Roman Catholicism in England with reference to national sentiment and inquire what signs, if any, there may be, of willingness on the part of the English to submit themselves to the spiritual authority of the Bishop of Rome.

It is certainly not strange that the Catholic party should be deluded as to its true position in the United Kingdom. We must remember that it is not a hundred years since Catholics were subjected to a system of actual persecution on the part of the English government, for which, also, that government had certainly some excuse.

Under the cloak of religion, the Catholic party never ceased its covert machinations in favor of the restoration of the Stuarts and the ancient faith and in its anti-patriotic endeavors it was ably seconded by the secret agents of Rome.

The dread felt by the nation lest it should again pass under the foreign rule of the Pope can be gauged by the severity of the Acts of Parliament directed against all Catholics, and especially against their priests.

Now what have we seen in more recent times? The anti-Catholic persecution has died away like the fires which once consumed the martyrs of

the two hostile creeds. The Roman church is not only free in England, but is even respected: the Crown has no more loyal subjects than the English Catholics, while the Catholic clergy has succeeded in winning the esteem even of those who are strong opponents of the faith they profess.

Is it then surprising that the Catholic party, when it compares the present with the past, should cherish a confident hope concerning the future of the Roman church in England?

The official statistics, however, of the relative position of the religious parties in the United Kingdom are far indeed from bearing out such hopes, and I maintain that the English sentiment toward Roman Catholicism has never really changed.

Permit me also to observe that, in the purely hypothetical case of the Anglican church becoming Roman to-morrow, the change would not imply that Roman Catholicism had conquered the religious sentiment of England, or that England had actually become a Catholic nation.

It is perfectly natural that any one not English should fancy that in England the religious question is confined to a struggle between Catholicism on the one side, and Anglicanism on the other. If the problem were really thus restricted, its solution would be much less difficult. The Anglican church already boasts of being not Protestant but Catholic, and the great High Church party, which now directs the national church, designates Roman Catholicism as the "Roman Schism," and has never admitted that Catholicism was to be found only in the Roman church.

The generally proud and dignified remonstrances which the English episcopate addressed to Leo XIII. after the latter, in his famous letter to the English people, had pronounced against the validity of the Anglican

orders will never be forgotten by any who perused them. The national church caters to all tastes, and in this fact lies at once its strength and its weakness. Does any one prefer the Catholic ritual? He can find it in one of the many ritualistic churches, where, were it not that the language employed is not Latin, but English, a man might fancy he had strayed by mistake into a Roman Catholic church. Does he prefer the Protestant rite, naked and unadorned? He has but to cross the street, and there, in close proximity to the ritualistic church he will find the Protestantism which he desires.

The national church, it appears, answers every want! But it is not merely against the Anglicans that Roman Catholicism is called on to contend. The Anglican church may be considered as the church of the aristocracy and the peasants. There remains the middle class, which is perhaps the most powerful of all in modern democratic England. An enormous proportion of the people in this rank of life hates the Anglican church almost as much as it does the Catholic, because here, also, it discerns the profoundly antipathetic element of sacerdotalism. When Talleyrand, speaking of the English, cynically exclaimed: "*Quelle drôle de nation! cent-cinquante religions et une seule sauce!*" the great French statesman was perfectly correct. At the present day there are in England two hundred and ninety-six religious sects, while a proportional increase in the number of condiments has unfortunately not been maintained.

Now, setting aside the national church, the Catholic, and the Hebrew faiths, there still remains the imposing figure of two hundred and ninety-three religions, whose adherents represent an enormous proportion of the middle class.

Roman Catholic propaganda is abeo-

lutely powerless in face of this formidable army of real Protestants, which is on the increase, not only in England, but in all parts of the British empire. The true obstacle to the progress of Roman Catholicism in England lies in the fact that it is called on to contend not only against the Established church, but also against a host of sects, which appear in the first glance mutually hostile, but are firmly united in their implacable hatred for every form of sacerdotalism. These sects are all comprised under the designation of *Nonconformists*, those, that is to say, who are unwilling to conform to the Established church.

That my readers may more easily understand the relative position of the great religious parties in the United Kingdom, let us turn to statistics and compare the position of the Roman Catholic party with the different forms of traditional English Protestantism. We shall thus be able to decide how much truth there is in the pretended development and progress of the Roman church among the English.

Let us begin with the Established church. This has two archiepiscopal sees in England and a clergy estimated at 27,000 persons, while the number of churches in which the Anglican rite is celebrated was more than 14,500, in 1891, and must have increased considerably during the last eight years. The Established church has an annual income of £7,250,000.

In 1891 the Nonconformist churches of England and Wales were 27,253, and the number of their ministers reached 10,057. These figures do not include the different Nonconformist faiths of Scotland, which count no less than three million adherents. The annual revenue of these religious bodies reaches an enormous figure, but it is impossible to procure exact statistics.

In 1891 the Roman Catholic church

counted 1,500,000 members in England and Wales, and in December of that same year there were 1,456 Catholic churches and chapels, with 2,686 priests. In Scotland, in 1896, the Roman Catholic church supported two archbishops, four bishops, four hundred and four priests and three hundred and forty-nine churches, chapels and religious institutions. The Catholic population was estimated at 365,000 souls. It should also be pointed out that the great majority of Catholics in Scotland consists of Irish emigrants. Of the marriages celebrated in 1894 in England 68.6 per cent. were in accordance with the Anglican rite. 11.9 per cent. according to the forms of the different Nonconformist churches¹; 14.8 per cent were civil marriages; 4.2 per cent in accordance with the Roman Catholic ritual, and 0.5 per cent. by that of the Jewish church.

My readers will perceive that these matrimonial statistics are of extreme importance, because it is from these that the real growth of a religion in a given community can be accurately determined. The conversion of individuals, who, for one reason or another, are debarred from matrimony, can have no permanent effect on the race, and for this reason cannot fairly be considered as proving the progress of a religion. It is, therefore, evident that of the converts to Catholicism a considerable proportion consists of persons either already of mature years, or such as dedicate themselves to the religious life, and are thus debarred from marriage. The insignificant ratio which Roman Catholic marriages bear to those among the Anglicans and Nonconformists is an irrefutable proof of the weakness of the Roman Catholic religion in England.

¹ Many Nonconformist families are in the habit of being married by the form of the Established church.

One more remark before we leave the subject of Catholic marriages. Till within a few years when a Catholic married a person of different faith the Roman church was content to demand that the children of the same sex as the Catholic parent should be brought up in that religion. Thus, if the father was a Catholic and the mother was a Protestant, the boys were educated in the Catholic faith, and the girls in the religion of their mother, and vice versa. At the present day, profiting by the greater tolerance accorded the Catholic religion in England, the Roman church demands that in the case of a mixed marriage all the children shall be brought up in the Roman Catholic faith!

I leave my readers to judge whether such an example of clerical intolerance is not likely to prove injurious to the interests of the Catholic church?

Returning to our statistics we find that the sum total of the Roman Catholic population in Great Britain and Ireland in 1891 was estimated at 5,640,891. Of this quota Ireland furnished 3,547,307. And here we may mention that even in Ireland, a Catholic country, a diminution of 10.4 per cent. in the Roman Catholic population was noted in the ten years between 1881 and 1891. Still we are not here concerned with Irish statistics, because Catholicism has always been the dominant faith of the Celtic race, and may thus be considered as the hereditary belief of the Irish people. Setting aside, therefore, the Irish Catholics we have left 2,093,604 souls representing the Catholic population of England, Scotland and Wales in 1891.

Suppose that this total has augmented during the last eight years and that the conversions to Catholicism during this time have amounted to 120,000 souls,—an extremely improbable number. We should thus have in Great Britain a population of something like

2,200,000 Roman Catholics. Now the total population of Great Britain in 1896 was about 35,000,000. The population increases each year in an extraordinary ratio, but statistics show clearly that there is no corresponding increase in the number of Roman Catholics.

I do not myself understand how, in the face of such figures, it is possible for the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England to be so deceived, or why it should endeavor to persuade the Vatican that the Roman church is making such rapid progress. If we examine closely the slight increase in the numbers of English Catholics which has really taken place during the past eight years, we shall see that the Catholic movement is not only not advancing, but, if anything, retrograding.

This is all the more noteworthy because, of all the religious parties in England, the Catholic is the one most conspicuous for the activity of its propaganda, for the enthusiasm and zeal of its clergy, and for the lavish generosity with which its lay members assist any work calculated to further the interest of the faith. The Catholic clergy and laity of England are united in one sole supreme purpose,—that of laboring for the glory and the triumph of the Holy Roman church. The Catholic laity, poor as they are in comparison with the Protestant, affords us a splendid example of marvelous generosity and benevolence; nor do I believe that in any Catholic country is to be found a clergy so worthy of respect and admiration as that of Great Britain.

Unfortunately, as much cannot be said for the Catholic clergy of Ireland. It is impossible to doubt that, had it not been for the pitiful spectacle presented by that unfortunate island, where the great majority of the population lives under the superstitious

and ignorant dominion of its priests, Roman Catholicism would have been able to accomplish much more among the English than has actually been the case.

Rightly to appreciate the true attitude of the majority of my compatriots toward the Roman church, it is necessary to study the history of England, and this not merely since the Protestant reformation, in 1532, but ever after the murder of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas à Becket, in his own cathedral in 1170. But it is impossible to cover, in one brief article, the entire field of combat between the monarchy, the English people, and the Holy See. From the time of the Norman kings down to 1532, English history reveals an ever-growing irritation on the part of the nation toward the intolerable abuses and the arbitrary injustice by means of which the Papacy endeavored to keep the kingdom of England in a state of vassalage. The Protestant movement in Germany gave the final impulse to that profound desire which had for centuries burned in the heart of the English nation to cut itself loose from Rome; and though it is impossible not to blame the so-called Reformers for the acts of sacrilege and barbarism through which they obtained the religious and political liberty so necessary to the intellectual and social progress of the race, it cannot be denied that no sooner had the power of the Papacy come to an end in England than the English nation entered upon that free development which has at last brought it to its present position among the other nations of the world.

The political intrigues and insatiable ambition of the Papacy during the succeeding centuries constituted a perpetual menace to England. Was it merely a coincidence that during the reign of Mary Tudor, a fervent Catho-

lic, bent on eradicating Protestantism from her kingdom, the English nation should have been confronted by the danger of becoming subject to His Catholic Majesty of Spain? and, that, too, immediately after its reconciliation to the Papacy had been accomplished by the fires of Smithfield? And, some years later, when fortunately for England the great Elizabeth wore the English crown, was it a mere coincidence that Spain, with the political and spiritual consent of the Pope, should have directed its fleet against the British coast in the vain hope of dealing a mortal blow to the proud Protestantism of England and to the glorious sovereign who understood its defense so well? Was it again by mere chance that King James II., the creature of the Jesuits, should have made one more attempt to reduce the kingdom to papal rule, and been obliged to flee the land?

Justly to appreciate the positive loathing which the English entertained for Roman Catholicism at this epoch, I believe one would have to have been born of English race. A foreigner can hardly estimate aright the affection and loyalty which the English felt for the House of Stuart. And yet the fear of Rome and the horror of being once more a prey to the political intrigues of the Papacy exercised so strong an influence on public sentiment that the English did not shrink from driving into exile their legitimate and ancient royal house, and taking to rule over them a foreign prince, who might save the nation from the hated church.

Is it credible that the English people should easily forget the lessons handed down to it through so many centuries? For my own part I know of no instances of similar fickleness on the part of my race which can justify such a conclusion. And if the lessons of the past are not enough, they can

be supplemented by those of our own day.

The English Protestant nation has much to learn from the present condition of Catholic countries. Without entering deeply into questions which are, to say the least, somewhat delicate, every one must admit that England is almost the only nation whose internal situation is free from those politico-religious difficulties and embarrassments which seem to be the heritage not only of those States where Roman Catholicism is the dominant religion, but also of those where this belief, while not the official creed, has yet assumed sufficient proportions to be able to influence political parties. Without following this line of argument further, I will but cite one pertinent example out of England's own history. Is it not true that the sole internal complication of this kind with which England has been called on to deal in recent times and which has threatened to become an actual rebellion of one section of the United Kingdom against the English crown and constitution has been furthered by the Catholic clergy in Ireland for purely political ends? Now every one knows that the Irish population in the centre and south of the island—that is to say in the "disaffected" districts—is almost entirely Roman Catholic, while all the north of the Island, where the Protestants are in the majority and the Catholic priests have not the control, has always remained loyal and contented.

Some will say that this state of things is due rather to difference of race than to the preponderance of the Roman Catholic religion. But this objection which I have repeatedly heard raised seems to me to have the less weight, since very similar things happen in other States whose population is homogeneous.

Justice demands that we should not forget how the Vatican at last broke

its protracted silence and summoned the Catholic clergy to put an end to a condition of things which was certainly not promoting the cause of Catholicism among the English people. All the same this nation is not likely soon to forget from what source sprang the difficulties and painful episodes of which Ireland has been for many years the theatre, nor that the Catholic clergy of Ireland, whose authority over the masses is boundless, instead of using its influence to allay the general excitement employed it to foment discord and even encouraged the commission of the most atrocious crimes; and this in spite of the remonstrance of the head of the church.

Now, while statistics show us that Roman Catholicism in England is stationary, with a tendency to retrograde, the international Catholic press and clergy assure us that it is steadily on the increase. How are we to reconcile these contradictory statements? That the spiritual part of Catholicism has made noteworthy progress during the last fifty years is an undeniable fact. The development of the "Oxford movement" has led to a reform of the Anglican on the lines of the Catholic church. There is not a function of the Roman church which is not imitated by the Ritualists. "But this would seem to show," Italian readers will exclaim, "that Catholicism is really becoming popular among the English!" Not at all! There is no Roman Catholicism without the Pope, and in the Anglican churches every one is free to be his own Pope. One large section of the Anglican church has imitated the spiritual and dogmatic stand of the Roman church, but it has omitted all its political side and has raised up in these last forty years a self-styled Catholic church which gets on very well without any Pope and wants nothing to do with one.

The hierarchy of the Roman church

in England, no less than the Vatican, views this pseudo-Catholicism with scorn; but, at the same time, with a certain satisfaction because they fancy that it is their game which the Ritualists are really playing when they accustom the English public to those dogmas and doctrines which belong in reality to the Holy Roman See. This supposition is, however, another illusion of which they will eventually be disabused. An interesting illustration of English sentiment toward true Catholicism may be observed at this very moment. In 1898 some professional religious agitators protested against the Roman ritual as used in many Anglican churches, declaring it to be illegal and contrary to the doctrine of the Established church. Indignation meetings were held on all sides to protest against the Ritualistic priests, who were denounced as traitors and "Romanists" in disguise. The authority of the Anglican bishops and even of Parliament itself was invoked to suppress these abuses within the national church.

At the outset this agitation had no other result save that of filling the empty pockets of those who had promoted it. But on a sudden the aspect of the question was entirely altered by its transference into the realm of politics. The Leader of the Liberal party, Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, wrote to the *Times* certain letters in which he thundered against those ministers of the national church who preached the doctrines of Rome. This religious outburst on the part of the Liberal leader aroused general astonishment in political circles, and especially among the Liberals themselves, who showed no inclination to follow their chief in a course whose end no one could foresee. No one who was acquainted with the eminent statesman believed him inspired merely by religious zeal, and his action was generally regarded as a means of testing public opinion. Find-

ing himself abandoned by his lieutenants, who wanted nothing to do with such infuriated Protestantism, Harcourt addressed to Morley a letter of resignation and withdrew from the leadership of his political party.

And here comes the interesting point of this anti-Catholic agitation, because we have in it an illustration of the real sentiment of the nation. As soon as the English public realized that the politicians were concerning themselves with Ritualism in the English church the same cry went up from all parts of the country, not against the Catholic ritual or its doctrine, as preached in Anglican churches, but against the danger of introducing the confessional. The higher clergy of the Established church, the Ministers of State, Peers and Members of Parliament without distinction of party, the whole Nonconformist body and the English press all lifted up their voices in angry protest against that system of obligatory confession which the Roman church requires and which is to-day practised in the Ritualist churches.

The Anglican church does not forbid its followers to go to confession; on the contrary in special conditions and to the sick it distinctly recommends the practice. What the national church will not tolerate is that confession should be in any sense regarded as compulsory, and that the sacraments should be refused to one who does not choose to enter the confessional. All English parties and sects are in perfect accord in condemning obligatory confession as an intolerable abuse of the moral and spiritual liberty of the individual and as a usurpation on the part of the priest of powers which belong to God alone.

There is no need of my going into the arguments which the whole nation knows by heart against this exclusively Catholic institution. Suffice it to say that, with the obvious exception of

English-speaking Catholics, the confessional is held in abhorrence as a menace to liberty, a danger to family life, a system which weakens and enervates the moral fibre of the individual as an act of humiliation, in short, unworthy of man and contrary to the will of God, whose pardon, say the English, can be obtained without the intervention of any priest.

Let me be perfectly sure that I am understood. The right of every man to confess himself is not denied, even by the most fanatical of Protestants, and who would dare to refuse this consolation if it were sought by a soul in anguish? What the English do not propose to tolerate and never will tolerate is that priests should have the right to insist on auricular confession as obligatory. Thus public opinion, apathetic so long as Protestant agitators were inveighing against the Ritualists, became anything but indifferent as soon as it was made known that the Roman system of regular confession was actually in use in not a few Anglican churches and institutions. There has been, as yet, no abatement of the indignation with which the nation, without any distinction of classes, regards this question of the confessional in the Established church, and Government, though extremely averse to any interference in religious questions, may find itself compelled to bring into Parliament some bill on the subject, if only to avoid giving offence to that powerful political machine known in England as "The Nonconformist Conscience."

Recent events in England show clearly that there is a limit to the tolerance of the Roman Catholic religion which not even the Anglican church could pass without the traditional Protestantism of the English nation rising in revolt. Unluckily for the hopes of the Roman Catholic party this robust Protestantism explodes over precisely

those doctrines which are integral and essential parts of the Roman faith, as the supremacy of the Pope and compulsory confession.

If the Anglican church finds itself powerless, as it most certainly does, to introduce the confessional into English religious life, how can Roman Catholics delude themselves with the notion that its introduction will be permitted to them? On the other hand, that the Roman church should make concessions to English prejudice in the matter of the confessional is simply impossible. The system of obligatory confession is too powerful a weapon both spiritually and politically for the Roman church to be able to abandon it, even at the price of winning schismatic England back into the fold.

There are many other circumstances, social as well as dogmatic and political, which will always present insuperable obstacles to the conversion of my country to Roman Catholicism. To dogmatic questions I have not wished to allude, since my aim in this article has been to make clear to Italian readers the true position of Roman Catholicism in England, and to set before them arguments and official statistics which to my mind fairly prove that the international Catholic press and the English Roman Catholics are cherishing illusions which are founded on absolutely erroneous views of the religious and political opinions held by the vast majority of my countrymen.

I leave, therefore, all questions of dogma to theologians; confining myself to the observation that the English have now learned to manufacture Catholicism at home and that though what they turn out is not precisely the genuine article, it is, at all events, much less costly than the real thing would be.

Before closing this article I must briefly allude to a question already closed in Italy, but which in England

still occupies the ambitious dreams of the higher clergy, the press and the Catholic laity;—I allude to the question—dead and buried thirty years since—of the temporal power of the Pope.

As is well known the English Catholics stand, for the most part, in the front ranks of the *intransigents*, and are bitter enemies of Italian unity. Their attitude would not deserve mention were it not that here is to be found still another reason why Roman Catholicism will never gain the sympathy and confidence of the English nation.

England hailed the downfall of the temporal power of the Papacy with real enthusiasm, as was but natural, seeing that she had never derived anything but harm from the Papacy as a foreign State, except perhaps when Pius VII. refused to join Napoleon Bonaparte in his attempt to crush her by a Continental alliance. In the hearts of the English people, especially in the country districts, the traditions are still alive of the time when the Pope was feared not merely as Head of the Church, but still more because in his capacity of foreign Prince he was always to be found in the ranks of England's enemies.

It is hard to understand why the Catholic party should have judged it expedient to seize every opportunity to display its enthusiasm for a defunct sovereignty of which the English as a nation can have no pleasant memories. But the English Catholics continue to regard the Pope as the rightful claimant of a foreign throne, without pausing to consider that the independent position enjoyed by the Roman church in England is due precisely to the fact that the Head of the Church is no longer the Head of a territorial State, and that therefore the Catholic religion—like the two hundred and ninety-five other religions to be found there—can be freely practised in England without the nation's running any risk of be-

coming involved thereby in disagreeable diplomatic or political complications.

For the reasons therefore which I have given and for many others into which I have not been able to enter, I feel that the proper answer to the question, "Will England become Catholic?" is comprised in the single word, "Never!"

A second question then presents itself

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to my mind, whether, namely, it would be for the real good of my country were it to abandon Protestantism for the Holy Roman faith? And my answer to my own question is again interrogatory in form: "Is it not perhaps possible that the Christian faith thrives on a diversity of opinion and that religion, like commerce, needs competition to keep it alive?"

Richard Bagot.

THE GARDEN REVISITED.

Back, after a year of the Tropics, in the English garden which I know so well. I left it on a February day and have come back to it on another. Not a leaf on the laurels seems to have stirred all the time that I have been away among the humming-birds and palm-trees. My absence made no difference to my favorite hollies, and now that I am here again, neither yew nor bay nor box seems to have the least curiosity about me, my goings or my comings. They have been intent only on their own year's work—doing their duty—and have done it. In due season the nightingale came to them, and the turtle-dove and the golden-crested wren nested and flew away, and in due season the missel-thrush and the hawkfinch found their branches thickly berried and held their annual feast. The bees, as usual, went crazy when the box-trees puffed clouds of yellow pollen across the path, and the wasps filled the silver spruces with humming as they gathered their aromatic lacquer.

In the elm-tops, swaying now exactly as they were doing when I went away, are the rooks' nests, and among the honeysuckles round the roots there

is a wren's nest just where there was one last year.

How very irrelevant we human beings are with our doings and our undoings: and how superfluous! What do you think that walnut-tree on the lawn there would care if I were to tell it that since I last saw the nuthatch popping in and out of the holes in its boughs, I had been a prisoner in a castle in Cuba, that I had turned the Bloody Angle when shrapnel and Mausers were dimpling the creek like raindrops, to see the Americans charge up the slope to San Juan de Santiago, or that I had seen great ships lie shuddering on the Spanish main while the hurricanes came racing and shouting from the ocean through the funnels of the Leewards to vex the Cannibal Sea.

Lord! how one could brag to these stay-at-home shrubs. But what use? That walnut-tree there has been growing where it now grows for two hundred and fifty years. Some squirrel, contemporary with Oliver Cromwell, probably, planted it—dug a little hole for it, stuffed it in, patted the earth down tight, whisked its tail over it in token that the nut had been well and truly laid,

straightway scampered off and forgot the place. And from that little function, with only perhaps a robin for spectator, and no more ceremony about it than the whisk of a squirrel's tail or the benediction of a redbreast affords, there has risen this noble palace of the birds. And to-day, all about under the walnut tree, and in the flower-beds so sadly adjacent, squirrels—the lineal heirs, it may be, to this vast accumulated Thellusson tree-trust—are scraping holes, looking for nuts they buried last Autumn, with all due ancient rite of patting of paws and whisking of tails. No, nothing in the garden seems to care where I have been or what I have been doing.

So it came on to be March, and the missel-thrush arrived, loud-voiced and hardy as “storm-cocks” should be, and tilted at all comers for the sake of the last fruitage of the hollies, and the month was mellow and dry. Kings' ransoms do not sell for much, it may be, nowadays, or dustmen had run shrewd risks of making fortunes. Grape hyacinths and squills, and “pride of the snow,” brightened, like little glints of summer sky, the wintry drifts of snowdrop, each in the very spot where they used to do, and it was the same old snails perhaps, that came out and nibbled them.

Then April with daffodil, narcissus, and tulip flowering everywhere, in spite of storm and frost, and the rooks back in the same old nests, and tiny rabbits, a mere handful each of them, coming out of the same holes when the sun was shining, to wash their faces in the warmth. How prettily our little fellow creatures, all thanking God alike for His goodness to them in that state to which it hath pleased Him to call them, preach to us of the beauty of the enduring order in Nature. One by a flower, another by a song, a third by a gesture.

And now it is May, and I am back in

The Garden, to find it again all aglow with new-old life. Up in the snowy cherry-tree, every branch a wreath of bloom, and the whole a great bouquet, swinging out waves of perfume like a censer, sits mounted a cock black-cap, but just arrived from the Riviera. Besieging the white bloom is a host of hive-bees, and here and there a “bumble,” and aloft, at his ease, in a palace of almond-scented blossom, perches the bird, and levies toll of the honey-files as they pass along the flowery highway. So intent are they on their sweets that the black-cap need not take the trouble to move to catch them. Standing between two “tuffets” of bloom, each much larger than himself, he has simply to turn his head this way or that to pick off the bees as they go clambering conscientiously over every separate flower. How posterously leisurely he is, stopping, between bees, to scratch his little black poll, and how absurdly fatalistic the demeanor of the bees! Was ever insect overtaken by its kismet with more delightful suddenness, or sent to meet fate with such engaging innocence? Or was ever a bird of prey so delicately dawdling, such a dilettante, as our black skull-capped warbler? It does not look at all like murder, this serene, fastidious, selection of bees off the bloom, and as for the bees—hullo! A fit? What happened to the black-cap, sitting there eating honey-bags at his ease between two tuffets of cherry-blossom? He nearly fell backwards off his perch, gave a cry, and skipped up several boughs higher. What ails him? The feathers on his head are all up on end; his cap is a crest, and he is dancing up and down as if the twig were hot, chirping indignantly. Well, it was rather a shock. A great female bumble-bee, as big as his head, was sucking honey, and only a little bit of her was visible among the flowers, and our dainty gentleman, having every-

thing his own way, must needs take it for granted that the bit he saw belonged to a honey-bee. Out tumbled the big insect, thus unceremoniously assaulted, bumbling consumedly, and the bird, with a chuckle of horror at his mistake, incontinently decamped. And, on the whole, I was pleased to see that it took him a very long time to steady his nerves and repair damages. For really he was having too good a time.

Besides, our honey-bees are not domesticated for black-cap's eating. Nor did I know till I saw this one eating them that black-caps were enemies of the "apiarist," and I fancy the fact may be new both to ornithologists and bee-keepers.

But this beautiful cherry-tree taught me the same day another lesson as to the danger of trusting to appearances and the perilous folly of circumstantial evidence. Here we have a cherry-tree laden with bloom, one snowy heap of bloom, a swarm of honey-bees, scores of bumble-bees, a few dipterous flies, a pair of chaffinches, and a cock black-cap. The cherry-blossoms are falling out of the tree like snowflakes; the path-turf below is piled with them. On examination each is found to have been bitten through at the bottom of the calyx, the plunderer thus nipping out exactly the tiny fruit, at present not much larger than rape-seed. Now gardeners and books about birds are all agreed that chaffinches and black-caps are enemies to fruit trees. And here they are, hopping about in the cherry-tree, and the ground beneath them is dappled with the ruined blossoms.

Here is the case on circumstantial evidence, plain enough for hanging. But wait. Turn your glasses on to each bird in turn for five minutes. What do you see? As to the black-cap, that he is busily catching bees. As far as he cares about the blossom, the cherry-tree might be a cedar of Leb-

anon. As to the chaffinches, that they do not disturb a single petal, but pick and peck here, there and everywhere at some (to you invisible) insects or jump up into the air a few inches to take them on the wing. Through the glasses you can see that the blossoms are invaded by myriads of tiniest flies. Neither black-cap nor chaffinch is doing any harm whatever to the fruit-tree, but, on the contrary, both are with extraordinary diligence ridding it of insects. That the insects themselves are harmless to the tree is perfectly possible, but that is neither here nor there. The black-cap and the chaffinch (there are really two of each at work and in most complete friendliness) are clearing the blossoms of them at the rate, and a very rapid one, of about fifty to the minute each. *But the blossoms are still dropping out of the tree.* Someone else is evidently at work.

Follow with your eye upwards the lines of the falling flowers. Walk round the tree as far as you can. Look up into it. Fix your glasses on the spot you think is the origin of the mischief, and lo! a glint of red fur. A squirrel! Yes, sure enough, completely embedded in cherry blossom, there sits Adjidaumo, methodically eating out the heart of each separate flower in the bunch. He does not go from tuft to tuft, but works steadily through one before going to the next. He bites each flower off singly, takes it in his two paws, nips off and swallows the bottom of the calyx and so to the next and the next. A single tuft, about the size of a cricket ball, will take him, at the rate of thirty a minute, about a minute and a half, for there are above fifty blooms (set on in fours and fives) to each tuft. Now, two hundred cherries make a good-sized pie, so that a squirrel in about six minutes (say ten to give him the benefit of the doubt) can gobble up enough tart *en petit*, potential tart, for six people, one helping each. But even supposing that all the cher-

ries which the squirrel ate were destined to come to maturity, what does a tart per diem for a month or so matter when a cherry tree has three or four hundred thousand blossoms on it? After all, thirty days' tarts would only mean six thousand cherries for the squirrel and three hundred thousand for the kitchen. One-fiftieth of the crop, if it gives a squirrel a wholesome fruit breakfast every day for a month, is surely not to be begrudged. As a matter of fact, when the blackbirds, thrushes, and smaller fowl have, later on, had their will of that cherry tree there is never a pie left for anybody else. The tree is far too large for netting in, and it is enjoyed therefore in May for its bloom, armfuls of which come into the house for the vases, and not in June for its fruit. So Brer Squirrel is at liberty to eat as many of the flowers as he pleases.

In the meanwhile, I have established this interesting fact, that of two suspected birds in the garden neither of them touches the bloom for mischief. It is the Brer Squirrel's "misbehavishness" only. He, too, it is who desolates the gorgeous banks of primula and polyanthus, and sitting down on a stool of carmine and amber flowers fills his graceful little stomach with the tiny seed-pods, leaving only a bristle of headless flower stems and a drift of lovely fragments. Sometimes Brer Rabbit comes up into forbidden quarters and munches off a square foot of beautiful primulas, but you can tell in the morning who the visitor was because he never leaves a vestige of the petals behind. Neither squirrel nor rabbit is guided in its feeding by color: they both graze without any invidious partialities as to tint.

Some of this devastation I had always set down against the blackbirds and thrushes, seeing them often so busy in the flower beds, but just now, at any rate, when they have their

young ones to feed as well as themselves, they are most certainly innocent of blame. And, by the way, how comes it that the thrush always leads her brood out upon lawns and open spaces to feed them while the blackbird always hides her offspring under the bushes or in the tall grass? You will see the old ones of both varieties food-finding on the same plot of turf, but only the young of the thrush are visible. I wonder why this is? Some "protective coloring" enthusiast will no doubt suggest that the darker plumage of the blackbird makes shadows advisable for concealment, which would be nonsense. For if ever there was anything more obvious to the unassisted eye than the nose on a man's face it is surely a thrushling sitting on a tennis lawn. Nor have the conspicuous little fluff-balls any notion of making themselves obscure or indistinct. They spin along after their mother just as if they were on roller skates and tied to her tail, the funniest mechanical progression possible. Off goes the mother a foot, off start the little ones ten inches. Off she goes again for six feet, off go the chicks for five feet ten. And so they proceed zig-zagging, figure-of-eighting, and circum-bendibusing all over the grass, till, one by one, each has had enough and, sitting down where it swallowed the last possible insect, refuses to run any more, worm or no worm. By this time they are squandered all over the turf, but the parent does not seem in the least concerned as she surveys her full-fed, grumpy little children with their heads down between their shoulders, dotted about like the plums in the sailor's pudding, "hardly within hail of one another."

Nor has the mother got them apparently under the control of her voice, for if an alarm occurs, and she flies off with a cry, the little ones join in the general stampede, but in as many dif-

ferent directions as there are birds. How the parents collect them all together again is a real mystery, if indeed they ever do so, for they receive no help from their brood. It is equally odd that the nestlings do not know their own parents, and, indeed, cannot always tell blackbird from thrush. You may often see a young thrush run up to a blackbird that has just found something to eat, and look most fluffily aggrieved when the merle flies off with its prize to the shrubbery, where its own fledglings can be heard anticipating the arrival of food with gleeful chucklings.

In three or four days the little thrushes desert the lawns, and wherever you may go, "in garden, orchard, and spinney," you hear the heavy-footed youngsters foraging noisily for themselves among the fallen leaves. This is the first and easiest lesson in insect-catching, for the dead leaves conceal an extraordinary multitude of creeping and flying things, and an infinity of eggs and chrysalids. Of these the small birds have their will, but the parents still come to and fro, with patient frequency with larger mouthfuls than the juvenile foragers can find for themselves. Indeed, in the case of all the "soft-billed" birds the old ones continue, with of course diminishing regularity, to contribute to the young ones' sustenance, even after the latter are as large as themselves and as strong on the wing.

You cannot speak of young blackbirds with the same familiarity and fulness of acquaintance, for they are taught by their parents to keep under cover. Of course, like all children, they will stretch indulgence to its limit: while keeping to their instructions in the letter, break them in the spirit. For they come out to the uttermost verge of the cover wherein they have been placed, and their rusty-brown breasts all of a row at the extreme

edge of the shade of a bush are pathetically conspicuous. Strictly enjoined, like the little pigs of story, not to stir outside the house lest the wolf should see them, they sit on the door-steps and look out of open windows. You may pass as close to them as you please. They will not move. That little cough you hear—but where the ventriloquist is perched it were hard to guess—is the parents' warning to "lie low," and the fledglings will sit there sometimes with closed eyes and let you pick them up rather than budge.

This provision of Nature is very unintelligently exercised by the old birds. They make their infants sit still wherever they may happen to be, and it is as pitiful as it is laughable to see tiny speckled robins, with fluff sticking up all over their heads, sitting, as ordered by their chirping mother, in the middle path. The missel-thrushes are perhaps the worst offenders in this respect, for as soon as you hear their grunt of warning, you can go into the shrubbery and pick their family one by one off the low twigs where they had been sitting to be fed, and upon which their mother, in spite of their desperate peril, keeps on warning them to remain. But they are strange, half-crazy birds, these missel-thrushes, and so over-anxious to be wary that they are perpetually betraying themselves. When they are building, their stealth and rapidity are astounding. You may come and go as often as you like, but you will never see a bird at work, and yet the fork in the apple tree that was empty on Monday evening has a nest with an egg in it at noon on Wednesday. And such a nest! Larch-twigs stick out at random a foot beyond it; and in front, on the side near to the path, eighteen inches of white string hang out as a sign. The last Spring that I was here, a pair, perhaps the same, built in another apple-tree a few yards off, and hung out a long broad

flock of sheep's wool, to let everybody know that the tree was tenanted. A dog that was with me one day saw the wool blowing to and fro and was very anxious about it, never forgetting in subsequent visits to stop under the nest and bark at the rag. It has occurred to me that perhaps this very untidiness, this ostentation of slatternly disrepair, is really only another expression of this bird's half-idiotic acuteness. A school-boy on seeing it for the first time passed it by contemptuously, as "a jolly rotten old nest." A lady suggested its being pulled out, as it made the tree untidy!

And all the time it had eggs in it, as everybody could tell who understands the stupid fussiness with which the old birds announce the fact that they have started a nursery. When the eggs hatch, the voices change so completely that you know what has happened. Hidden at some short distance, the parents make curious grunting sounds, inaudible to inexperienced or unexpectant ears, which are to warn the nestlings to hide. As you come up to the nest, three little ogre-heads pop up, wobbling about ill-balanced on their weak necks, the yellow beaks wide open expectant of food. They heard you, and thought it was their mother coming. From somewhere suddenly comes a short low grunt, and lo! the nestlings are gone. Put a finger into the nest: all you feel is backbone and wing-bone, rough and granular skin, and till you have actually looked into the nest and seen the birds there, it is incredible that they could flatten themselves, *plaster* themselves down, in the way they do. But it is no use waiting to see the mother come and feed them. She and her offspring have both the leisure and the patience to wait you out and they will.

Sitting ensconced, glasses in hand, in the hope of outwitting the old birds, I heard among some wild strawberry

plants a feeble scuffling and squeaking as of mice when they foregather with their kind, and presently, out between my feet, came a pair of shrews in bitter altercation. They are black and white, and as they rolled over one another, first showing one color and then the other, they looked like some small presentment of the Egyptians' revolving globes representing, before the pious images of Anubis, the alternations of day and night. I did not know the rights or wrongs of the quarrel, so I showed no favor but I dropped some oak-galls which I had in my pocket upon them. They stopped at once, sniffed with long flexible noses as if to smell where the meteorites had come from and vanished in a little streak of black and white back into the strawberries.

How little one really knows of our British "wild animals." One hears so much, for instance, of the enormities committed by field mice, and of the ferocious ingenuity exercised both at home and abroad for their destruction, that it came quite as a surprise to me the other day on capturing a field-mouse to find my prisoner so pretty and tame. It is almost as engaging as the dormouse and very nearly as docile.

As the gardener had just been sowing his peas, traps had been set along the rows, and the next morning one of them was found tenanted by a little forager. The same day it so happened that one of the maids, hearing much rattling going on among some old fliberts which were in a basket in the larder, set a trap there, too, and next morning she also had captured a marauder. Both prisoners proved to be long-tailed field-mice, a pair, and as philosophically unconcerned at their kismet as opium-eaters.

They were at once put into a spacious glass-sided "vivarium," and no sooner found their feet than they advanced, with every military precaution, to-

wards each other, made friends with one brief nose-to-nose sniff, and then, side by side, as close as they could sit, commenced washing their faces. And how they wash! They scrub their pink noses furiously with their pink paws, and comb up their back hair in a perfect frenzy, stopping only for a second to scratch their cheeks, like lunatics, with their hind toes, and then recommencing on their faces and back hair with just the same astonishing enthusiasm as at first. Suddenly they stop, clean their fur here and there, pass their long tails through their mouths, and sit up, as who should say, "There! did you ever see a wash-and-brush-up done as quickly as that before?" When they were satisfied with their toilet, the new acquaintances drank water together, ate a piece of bread, and then proceeded to explore the cage, jumping up like gerbilles at the corners where they could see chinks in their ceiling, and climbing, not as the dormouse can, but, painfully, by sheer strength of clutch, up the wooden partitions between the panes of glass. Having found out all there was to find out, first one and then the other crept very cautiously, making their bodies ridiculously long, up to the little sleeping-box provided for them, and, after carefully sniffing at the hole, popped in and there remained invisible for the rest of the day.

Next morning as it chanced, two more were caught, and again a pair. They, too, were put into the vivarium, a partition dividing it into two residences, but, before letting the new arrivals loose, I laid on its side an eight-inch flower-pot, with the hard cone of soil in which some plant had died still in it, but the "shards" at the bottom removed. Just like the old pair, they at once, on being released, indulged in a record-breaking "wash-and-brush-up," and then set to at their water and oats. Their amiability was really beyond all

praise. They sate nose to nose, like friends of years, eating oats as if for a wager, and when they had finished they sate side by side and washed again. Before leaving, I gave them a handful of dead leaves and fine bents, and in the other domicile I put moss and hay. Also food, as follows: bread, oats, filberts, a horse-chestnut, slices of apple and potato, peas, scarlet-runner beans, pieces of carrot, an onion, a parsnip, walnuts, a sod of grass, a tulip bulb, and some young shoots of hawthorn and plum. The order in which I have written down the viands is the order of preference of my little guests to this day, and, as a matter of fact, the last on the list, onion, parsnip, walnut, green-stuff, and tulip, were never touched, not even under the pressure of twenty-four hours' starvation. It was only then, indeed, that the beans and carrot were eaten. Of all that was given them, that which they could never have seen before, namely, bread, was the favorite, and next to it, oats, nuts, horse-chestnut, and apple, with all of which they were familiar as food when at large. The peas puzzled them. It was not, apparently, until they ate some that I had put to soak in their drinking-pan, after two days' immersion, that they awakened to the fact that dry peas were good to eat. But they then carried them all off one by one into their dormitory and there ate them, carefully husking them. This emboldened them to essay the beans, and they, too, were carried away and consumed in darkness. Of the potato they relished a little at a time from the first, but it took them several days to demolish one the size of an average walnut.

As they have never deviated from their likes and dislikes, it is evident that root-crops are in no danger from long-tailed field-mice. Also, in their manner of eating, it is interesting to note that, in captivity, at any rate, they

have no idea of storing up food. They frequently take their eatables into their retreat, but only as much as they want at that particular time. The peas, for instance, they fetched in only one at a time, and, as each was finished, went out for another. The same with pieces of bread, with beans, and with the nuts. Everything else was eaten where it was found, and when their dormitory was examined it had no remnants of food in it except the husks of peas and beans, so small and shrivelled up that they did not inconvenience the inmates. The nut-shells, when emptied, were turned "out of doors," as also were the rinds of the horse-chestnuts. Indeed, I confess I am inclined to think that the provident "hoarding" habits of creatures have been greatly exaggerated. The squirrel, for one, does not "hoard," but has to go out foraging when hungry, in Winter and Spring, like any other "improvident" animal. I doubt if the dormouse hoards, and am inclined to believe that the field-mouse does not.

A point of special interest to gardeners is that my prisoners did not care for peas and beans when dry, and this reminds me of a factor in the garden life of squirrels and mice which I have never seen referred to—namely, the fragrance of sprouting seeds. A handful of sprouting nuts, or soft, earth-swollen peas or beans have a strong scent which the dormant seeds have not, and it is partly by this scent, which has free passage through the sprout-pierced and loosened soil, that the little food-hunters, quartering every inch of ground with their noses to the mould, find their prizes. Partly, also, by the displacement of the surface-soil immediately above the expanded seed or the rising shoot. Have you never noticed how a gardener, stooping down, will, with his finger, uncover to show you one after the other sprouting seeds where none were

visible to you? His expert eyesight has become microscopic in reading signs which are imperceptible to ordinary vision. To a much greater extent, of course, is this the case with mice and squirrels. They detect, with eyes not an inch from the surface, infinitesimal disarrangements of the mould, and the nose having arrested their first attention, the eyes confirm the information, and then the paws do the rest.

After all, there is nothing in this comparable to the nasal sagacity of the "smell dogs," as our Canadian cousins call their setters and pointers, or even of the grosser-nosed truffle-dog. In the case of the latter, the scent of the expanding fungus percolates upwards through the granular and incoherent soil, just as the strong racy odor of the bursting pea or bean, the splitting filbert or walnut does, and cries up to the passing seeker, "Here I am," It is with a fore-knowledge of this that squirrels in the Autumn bury nuts at random all over the shrubberies, lawns, and gardens. They are now, in May, feasting the whole day long upon walnuts which are betraying themselves by sprouting, but which otherwise would have been lost to the creatures that buried them eight months ago. It is not therefore until his crops are actually beginning to sprout that the gardener need defend them from field-mice.

To return to my captives. They had not been in possession of their home an hour before they crept into the flower-pot through the bottom hole and at once began burrowing out a retiring-place or "nest" in the mould. More than half of the mould was thrown out and the dead leaves and bents dragged or carried in to fill the cavity. They worked with amazing energy, exactly as if they feared immediate attack from some enemy, and were barricading for dear life. The bottom hole was

plugged up tightly and an opening scraped out at the mouth end of the pot.

Meanwhile, I had noticed the male of the original pair very industriously nibbling at the partition board, and, the labors of house-constructing being relaxed for the nonce, the male of the second pair went to the spot and began nibbling too. I let them alone, wondering what would happen when their noses met, one from each side. As it happened, this interesting rencontre came off during the night, for next morning I found the original pair had deserted their box, gone through the nibbled hole and joined the other pair in the flower-pot! Could sociability be carried farther? Anyhow, there they were, all four together, absolutely content with the queer arrangement. So I took away the sleeping-box and the partition and left them in joint possession of the whole vivarium.

A week later I put in a second flower-pot at the opposite end of the cage to the first, and lo! and behold, on the very first night, all four mice, not one pair only, but both, deserted the first flower-pot for the second! With the same frenzied haste as before, as if threatened by some imminent danger, they flung the greater part of the earth out of the pot and crammed up the space with moss and "flitted" in a quartet to their new apartments.

I allowed three days to elapse, and finding that they had really migrated

"for good," I removed the discarded pot and put in a fresh one. In a few hours they had half emptied it, carried in a quantity of bedding, and were again, all four of them, in the new quarters!

This certainly establishes the fact that the long-tailed field-mice are not "solitary," but (so long as there are no babies in the nurseries to complicate the situation) deserve to be included among the "sociable" animals which combine for the construction of a common abode and co-operate in works of common benefit.

Their fortitude under circumstances which, to describe them mildly, were "upsetting" was most engaging, and their prettiness and gentle ways make one regret that they should rank as "pests," while in their pursuit of cleanliness they are delightfully fanatical. So, forgive me, rook-murdering farmers, I have let them go. Taking them up, all four in a flower-pot, I carried them—what quakings of little hearts there must have been on the journey—to a mossy bank in the meadow, and there gave them their liberty among the cowslips and buttercups. The kestrel often hangs hovering in the air over that meadow and the barn-owl beats its bounds every evening. But it was not I who put the hawk and the owl there, and if my field-mice should be eaten—is it not the will of Allah?

Phil Robinson.

The Contemporary Review.

TO HELIODORE.

(From the Greek.)

Pour wine, and cry, again, again, again!

To Heliodore!

And mingle the sweet name ye cry in vain,

With that ye pour!

And bring to me her wreath of yesterday,
That's dark with myrrh,
Hesternæ rosæ, ah, my friends, but they
Remember Her.

Lo, the kind roses, loved of lovers, weep
As who repine,
For if on any breast they see her sleep
It is not mine!

Andrew Lang.

EMILE ZOLA AS A MORALIST.*

No one has yet forgotten the indignation aroused ten years ago by the romances of Emile Zola, the ridicule which greeted them, the "Roman Experimental" in particular, nor the rancor with which certain critics, a little later, undertook to show the lack of harmony between the novelist and his theories. These battles have abated in fury at the present time; every year when Zola's new novel appears, which happens as regularly as the astronomical seasons, it still finds a few good souls to raise their hands in holy horror; but the public reads it, without indignation; some out of curiosity, some for pleasure, some from mere force of habit; and no one will be in the least surprised when the Academy decides to open its doors to the vigorous literary worker. And yet, he has in no wise softened his style, changed his methods or shown himself any more harmonious with his theories; he is still the same brutal painter of social disorders, while his "realistic" novels continue to exhale the aroma of epics, so to speak.

Is the public merely weary of bestirring itself to anger? Or has the tenacity of the industrious man, who goes on his way without heeding the noise made by his footsteps, inspired a cer-

tain respect in the minds of those persons who in the beginning were most exasperated? Or has it been comprehended at last that he has come in his own time, that he, the inveterate determinist is, more than any of his creations, the product of a combination of circumstances, and that, for that reason, he should be understood and not abused?

Emile Zola was thirty years old in 1870. He had, therefore, grown up under the Empire, at the period when the intellectual world was under the domination of that generation whose creed had just been outlined by Renan in his "Avenir de la Science," and whose Voltairean indifference was incarnate in the person of Edmond About; a generation which, as a whole, apart from some illustrious exceptions, the chief being Renan himself, was called "positive" because it was materialistic and narrow; which believed itself justified in denying the existence of realities that do not fall under the senses, those of conscience, as well as others; which placed its ideal very close and very low, within reaching distance, as it were; which, from having suppressed problems, believed them solved; which conceived a false, almost absurd, idea of science, calling it to account for having at-

* Translated for The Eclectic by H. Twitchell.

tempted, in too great a degree, to widen its domain; which, lastly, summed up its limited aspirations and its blind confidence in that astonishing remark made by one of its most authoritative representatives: "The world is to-day without mysteries!"

During these years of his formative period Zola became acquainted with science thus comprehended, a science that disposed of all difficulties, solved all problems as easily as does the travelling salesman who leads the conversation at a hotel dining-table. Doubtless if, like Renan, he had devoted himself to an attentive, persevering study of one of the branches of that science which he was ready to deify, he would have recognized its limitations and vanity, for his intelligence is flexible, broad and acute. But this was not the case: he knelt before science without investigating it, just as prostrate crowds fail to see the priest concealed behind the idol uttering oracles in its name. He went still further; faith ceasing to satisfy him, he fell into superstition.

The most fervent believers are ever ready to imagine that they are well-informed on the subjects of their belief. God manifests himself to them; they see him, feel him, consult him on the most trivial subjects, and receive direct responses. They know how the soul detaches itself from the body, how it ascends to heaven; they can describe the architecture of Paradise and name the moment of the last judgment. In precisely this manner Zola has been persuaded by his love of science into believing that he is conversant with it. Some books by Claude Bernard enlightened him on religious matters; is not the Bible sufficient for Christians? In his researches he neglected, it is true, to dissect rabbits and frogs; but cannot one be scientific without a microscope or a scalpel? One can surely observe and experi-

ment outside of a laboratory. Did not Balzac proclaim himself "doctor in human sciences?" Zola, whose genius for observation is in no wise inferior to that of the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*," has claimed for himself the same title. He assumed it after the publication of "*L'Assommoir*;" this work served as a point of departure; although before its appearance he had still questioned a few things, after it, he questioned nothing. In his books belonging to this period one can find many examples of the naïve and serene certainty with which he surveyed everything.

Here is one example among many others. The subject under consideration was the cause of immorality in the middle classes. Zola consulted his Claude Bernard, thought of two families, perhaps three, maybe ten, that had come under his observation, and wrote in one of his novels:

"Yes, hysteria does play upon the middle classes, but we must understand the exact meaning of the word hysteria, which is generally used in an unscientific sense. According to the latest researches of physiologists and physicians, hysteria is a neurotic disease seated in the brain, an attenuated epilepsy, not necessarily followed by crises of sensual mania; these crises are rather the accompaniments of nymphomania, and this distinction does not seem to have been made with sufficient clearness by the experts of this Bordeaux case to which we have just referred. Hysteria, in ten cases out of twelve, is merely a nervous derangement, occurring most frequently in women of a cold temperament, and producing as its chief effect a perversion of all their sentiments and passions."

The conviction with which Zola expresses himself is certainly admirable; there are even statistics, "ten cases out of twelve;" and the "clinical" ob-

servations in the matter of hysteria corroborate his theory, with a happy precision. But, in spite of it all, I cannot help reflecting that it is much easier to be a "doctor of human sciences," than to be merely a "doctor of sciences."

Zola's method of procedure, as shown by this fragment, is the same in most of his novels, and in his series taken as a whole. The theory of heredity impressed him; he thought he could utilize it in literature and he conceived the history of the Rougon-Macquart family—that is, he began to study, as he states in the preface of the "*Fortune des Rougons*," "the gradual succession of propensities, both nervous and sanguine, which develop in a family in consequence of a first organic lesion, and which determine in each of the individuals of that family, according to environment, the sentiments, desires, passions, all the human manifestations, natural and instinctive, commonly designated as virtues or vices."

This accomplished, Zola is convinced that he has given evidence of scientific accuracy. As for myself, I doubt it. Perhaps, indeed, such a study followed up in an authentic family, by a physiologist (a genuine one, who has dissected frogs) aided by a psychologist, might be productive of some useful results, shed some light on our confused notions of heredity and enrich "science." Otherwise, it is not very probable, for without mentioning the enormous difficulties to be met with in such an examination, one would have observed only an isolated case, that of a single family, and an isolated case cannot warrant a general conclusion. Then, too, we cannot forget that the Rougon-Macquart ancestors and descendants, those who are virtuous and those who are vicious, are fictitious personages, without any reality except that given them by their creator. He

will tell us, doubtless, that he has observed them, that he has invented only their names. But that is an immense illusion; he has taken from every hand and from numberless person the traits he has ascribed to his characters; that alone would be enough to make his observation untrue in the strict sense of the word; he has transported them from certain surroundings to others; he has imagined the intrigues in which he has involved them; and, although he tries to hide himself in his romances, he is always their protagonist; the Rougon-Macquart series give us much more information concerning Emile Zola than concerning the family he parades, and above all the theory of heredity.

If one were to ask a person of ordinary intelligence who had read the eighteen volumes of the "*Histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le second Empire*," what he thought of the famous theory of heredity therein embodied, he would certainly be greatly embarrassed. "I have seen," he would tell us, "about twenty persons who resemble each other in nothing, between whom I am told there is a common bond, though I cannot perceive it; some are respectable, others are criminal or dissipated, all on account of a single original neurotic. As a whole, the family interests me greatly because it reproduces in miniature the image of the world; but I do not succeed in getting a clear idea of the fact that it is one family; I do not see any more relationship between the different members and the first Rougon-Macquart than between you, myself, other people and our first parents, Adam and Eve."

By proceeding according to the Socratic method, from question to question, we might lead our man to say: "Ah, I see this, too; all the persons presented are what they are because of

an outside force, over which they have no control, which governs and directs them. They are merely marionettes, operated by strings and dependent upon the hand that pulls the strings. I do not see the strings or the hand, but I am certain that the personages are not free and independent."—And our man will have summed up all that can be said of Zola's work from the present standpoint.¹

It is not scientific, and gives us no information concerning heredity, but it is literary, and impresses one with the conclusions of that doctrine, which are the radical negation of human liberty and responsibility. While Zola destroys positive beliefs, which were perhaps only prejudices, he in no way justifies, explains, or proves the negative beliefs he attempts to substitute for them.

We must, however, do Zola the justice of stating that he is aware of the insufficiency of his preparation. He loves to style himself a moralist, and, after his first romance, "*Le Confession de Claude*," he interests himself in what the uninformed, those who have not read *Claude Bernard*, persist in calling good and evil. At this period, he asked himself: "What is evil?" Instead of asserting, in accordance with his new catechism, that it is an involuntary function, the result of a physiological error, the corollary of some ancestral neurosis, he replies, with an admirable optimism: "Evil is one of our own inventions, one of those wounds with which we have been pleased to cover ourselves."

This is not very conclusive, but, if we look at it closely, we shall perhaps find that it is as significant as the new doctrine. It is evident that on reaching the limit of his researches, Zola

found himself in a dilemma; a moralist by instinct and temperament, he had suppressed morality. Desiring to supply a "moral want," (see "*Lettre à la Jeunesse*") he attempted to provide the documents needed to aid the world in controlling good and evil by understanding them; but his doctrine proves clearly that we pursue good or evil according to predispositions bequeathed to us by ancestors, and which are beyond our control. He enters upon a dangerous circle, where so many others have lost their way; if good and evil are only mental conceptions, who shall take it upon himself to fix and define them? How shall we have any power over the causes which make us good or bad, since we depend upon them? It will readily be seen that the situation is embarrassing. Zola has extricated himself from it in a manner which, though not entirely satisfying to thoughtful people, is at least ingenious and simple; he has sought in determinism the antidote of the poison he owes to it, and he has constructed his romances in a way to prove by evidence that evil begets evil, and good good.

It is, of course, to be taken for granted that those old-fashioned words, good and evil, vice and virtue, that we are forced to employ to avoid interminable paraphrases, have only relative meanings. They are really only functions; these functions are independent of all supernatural control and also of the will. We perform them without knowing it, as we perform other animal functions. A man could not be other than he is, as the song has it; nature is the cause of everything. But, if all this is true, if we are what we must be, and could not be otherwise, if our beings, moral

¹ I wish to call attention to the fact that I am considering Zola's productions from a moral point of view only; I have not, therefore, occasion to express, as I have done elsewhere, the

literary admiration I have always professed for the most powerful of our contemporaneous novelists.

and physical, are only the blind resultant of forces that it is impossible to define, if each of us is the last link of a chain from the bondage of which no effort can free us, then it becomes evident that the rôle of the thinker who observes the meaningless performances of mankind, must be merely a passive one. He is like a man on the summit of a hill who, with a tranquil eye, follows the incidents of a battle raging in the valley below him. Why should he call out to the struggling masses, "Turn to the right!" when he knows that nothing can prevent them from going in the direction into which they are forced by the mysterious power directing them? Why should he warn them of the existence of a precipice a few feet to their left, since he knows that if they go to the left it is because they cannot go to the right? Why, above all, should he be angry at them for taking the direction of the danger which he sees awaiting them? One should merely pity the victims, for victims they certainly are; but the pity should be a mere thrill quickly suppressed, for what is the use of tormenting oneself about what cannot be changed or prevented? The inevitable carries its consolation within itself; one does not curse fatality; one submits to it.

But, in point of fact, this is not the attitude assumed by Zola. Occasionally, it is true, he seems to interest himself in his creations and to suffer with them. But for the most part, he does not even remain indifferent to them; he seems to despise the beings he has been pleased to create, whose shortcomings and infamies he has dwelt upon with such savage irony. Note, too, that this moralist, this ascetic, is at the same time a poet, adoring life in its manifestations and in its sources; in this contradiction will be found perhaps, the explanation of his taste for the violent or wanton por-

trays, so unjustly attributed to low, speculative calculation.

Zola is not satisfied with showing himself inconsistent with his "scientific" doctrine by hating the characters he has chosen to create; he is so again in the tender affection he exhibits for those in whom the neurosis has taken a virtuous turn. He forgets, one might say, that it is not their credit. Examples of this are rare to be sure, as he occupies himself little with respectable people. "*Au Bonheur des Dames*," one of the most original and successful of his series, contains quite an unexpected expression of feeling, of admiration even; it is the epic of the bourgeoisie; the good qualities of the French middle classes, their love of labor, their patience, wisdom, prudent generosity, those qualities so often held up to ridicule because they are more solid than brilliant, more honorable than fascinating, are brought out with charming relief, and are invested with a tender ideality which no other writer has ever thought of ascribing to them. The satirist has laid down his lash, the "doctor in human sciences" is moved and allows his secret sympathies to be divined, inconsistently again with his doctrine, which should enclose him in a triple armor of indifference.

I am far from censuring this inconsistency; for if Zola had not been urged by his artistic temperament beyond the bounds of his scholarly pretensions, his books would have possessed neither their present power nor charm. It is none the less true, that this inconsistency proves the insufficiency of his theory. It is adequate from the literary point of view, since it was in escaping from it that Zola has been enabled to show himself a great writer; it is still more so from a moral point of view, for reasons we are about to indicate.

I comprehend and entirely accept the

literary artist who, like Gautier, thinks of little except the beauty of phrases and words, the harmonious arrangement of which is the sole end he proposes to himself; or who, like Anatole France, considers first the charm of ideas, observing their capricious arrangements as a dreamer follows the flight of clouds, composing symphonies on the subject. Such a writer is a painter or a musician; he has his mission along with all the beautiful things that decorate and uplift life, the flowers, perfumes, and music. He has no utility, so to speak, since his activity ends in no practical, material result. His function is to delight broad, artistic minds, to perfect—not in the sense of the Good and the True, in the Beautiful rather—that rare instrument, the human heart. I believe that this mission is as divine as everything is that lifts us up above animal life, and as noble as that of legislators and leaders of people.

But the "doctor in human sciences," who observes men without loving them, without guiding them, without a care for their future, for their well-being, indifferent as a collector of insects or of postage-stamps, impassive as a physiologist in his laboratory, is quite a different thing! He would be right, perhaps, if the matter with which he worked were inert, if he could experiment on human souls as one experiments on the viscera of dogs from the pound, if with a microscope he could see the fibres constituting the mysterious canals of our sentiments and our thoughts. But this is not the case. It is vain for Zola to tell us that he is a savant, that he claims the privileges that are accorded physiologists and embryologists; we know how much of that to believe. We know that the living, imponderable matter that he pretends to manipulate always escapes from his too clumsy fingers.

I am ignorant of nothing that can be said in reply to my statements. I know the arguments from Schopenhauer and elsewhere that can be cited here: of what importance is the life of a man, of a race, of humanity? What is our planet in space, and of what value is its history in eternity? What do we know of our personal immortality, of any immortality, of God, of good or evil? Why concern ourselves with our acts, which are as unimportant as the bustle of a beehive or of an anthill? Why favor one ideal more than another, since neither of them can be real?

I have read all these things, have even thought them and repeated them in my own books. And how plainly I see to-day that if they are true, they are also vain. Let us grant that we are only passing shadows over the sea of eternity. We live, and, while it lasts, our life is an important thing to us, if not to the universe. According to the old formula of alchemists, we are microcosms; worlds in miniature, but worlds for all that. We reflect time and space, and it is precisely the eternal uncertainty enveloping us that gives us stability. Are we sure, after all, of not being the supreme reality? When death takes us away, is it we who cease to see things, or is it things that cease to be? Has the universe an existence of itself, independent of the image we make of it? I am presumptive enough to affirm that it has, but in reality we know nothing about it. If, therefore, we exist in ourselves, through ourselves and for ourselves, we are not the insects of which our erring pride loves to proclaim the insignificance; good and evil are positive things, since we form positive ideas concerning them; and human conduct is not more inconsequent than the universe since it is of more interest to us than the latter.

Leaving these subtleties, how much

more apparent the importance of what we are and what we do become! The metaphysical sky, at the hypothetical splendors of which we have just glanced, is visible to only the select few. Behind these come the masses whose horizons are bounded, who do not mount to the platform of causes, but who love, struggle, suffer, and toil. These millions of beings, whose brains are not developed by study, could never be made to realize their insignificance; they would merely shrug their shoulders if they were told that they passed for nothing. What they need is a kindly, true eye to direct their movements, a teacher who will not let them lose themselves in doubts which, with them, would produce quite different results than with philosophers and dilettanti.

Perhaps Zola did not think of all these things, or if he did, he doubtless repulses the thought with the disdain felt by the men of his generation for all that does not emanate from the "positive." This must be true, for otherwise he would have had to face some serious problems. He would have asked himself whether the phases of life he had been pleased to present were not dangerous spectacles for simple beings, slaves of their impressions controlled by instincts too easily excited; he would have asked himself whether it was wise to exhibit to the vulgar gaze the putrid corpses that equip the laboratories of "doctors of human sciences;" he would have asked himself whether, after having himself deduced questionable conclusions from a science superficially studied others would not draw still more ques-

tionable conclusions from the vulgarizations in the second degree that he serves up to them; he would have asked himself whether the "odor of truth" is suitable to all nostrils; perhaps even, by widening the circle of his observation, he would have come to asking himself whether his "truth" is the real truth, whether his "naturalism" does not, by giving undue prominence to vice, fall into an excess parallel to the "idealism" he so strongly censures in George Sand and Octave Feuillet.

But Zola has asked himself none of these questions. He has proclaimed himself a savant, and that has satisfied him. Moralists may deplore such a procedure, but artists will approve of it, for it has, after all, enabled the author to exhibit the correspondence between the bent of his genius and the subjects he has treated; it is owing to this indifference that he has been able to work straight on, building, stone by stone, the pyramid under which he shall one day sleep in the proud satisfaction of an Egyptian Pharaoh. For, although Zola's works may be attacked during the period of their production, at the moment when they are factors of contemporaneous society, active forces, they will be judged very differently later, when they belong to history. Then only their high literary merits will be apparent, and no one will even comprehend the indignation they excited during their author's lifetime any more than we to-day feel irritated by the crudities of Molière or Rabelais.

Edouard Rod,

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AS A MODEL FOR CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The conquest of the Spanish islands in the East and West Indies, while arousing a world-wide interest, has raised issues of magnitude, and laid responsibilities of a new sort on the United States of America. Hitherto the Great Republic has managed its Red Indians in their reserves with partial success; it has brought the isolated Mormons of Utah under ordinary laws; and has at least been face to face with the grave problem arising from the millions of negroes, ever present and always multiplying. In parts of its ample space, it encloses communities of Creoles, French and Spanish by descent, religion and language. All these territories and peoples have been held together by the castiron bonds of the written federal constitution and the close pervading energy of the Anglo-Saxon: while the sovereign powers which each of the States enjoys have given free scope for special developments. The citizens make their own laws and breathe the air of freedom. Whereas in both Havana and Manila is felt the yoke of conquest, passions have been inflamed by rebellion as well as war, the aristocracy, both lay and clerical, has been levelled; and whole races, whether light or dark, in spiritual subjection to Rome, have come under a Protestant Power, whose principle is religious equality, whose instinct and experience alike abhor such things as established Churches. For a time the American Generals and Governors will have to work in military fashion, even after Courts of Law are erected, in circumstances, if not *flagrante bello*, yet *non dum cessante bello*, the phrase which our Privy Council used of the Deccan some time after the battle of Kirkee, when Mountstuart Elphinstone ruled Bombay and Poona. Many

an Indian province has passed through this stage, the Provost-Marshals and other officers of the army of occupation, men already familiar with the command of native troops, staying on as civil magistrates and judges over nations just delivered from oppression and grateful for staunch British justice, however rough and ready. In the Deccan of old, as in Upper Burma lately, such of the vanquished soldiery as held together gave much trouble as raiders, if not rebels, refusing to submit to civil justice without further fighting. But, as a rule, the period of transition is short; and before long the black-coated civilian, trained to revenue settlements and criminal law, is sent to despatch such work, or to oversee the departments. Past experience of the prompt and decisive action of the Americans in the field allows the hope that this ordinary phase of administration will soon be reached, at least in Cuba and Puerto Rico, islands well known to many since the time of President Polk, and lying near the American coasts. Doubtless there are statesmen who have studied the laws and customs of those two populations, amounting to about 1,600,000 and 800,000 of Spaniards, Cubans and Negroes, which figures we may compare with the quarter of a million more or less of Hong Kong, British Guiana, the half-million of Jamaica, and the 3,300,000 of Ceylon. The Philippines with five and a half millions compare with the six and a half millions of Belgium and the five millions of Sweden, Mysore, or Assam. The Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Kashmir each rule as many subjects as are found in the two West Indian islands; and the Ni-

zam of Hyderabad governs a population double that of the Philippines: while in broader contrast, the seventy millions of Lower Bengal outnumber the dwellers in the United States, the forty-seven millions in the North West Provinces and Oude compare with the German Empire, and the twenty millions of the Punjab with Spain and Portugal together. The inference, however, from these big figures would be misleading: as many portions of the Indian Empire have been acquired bit by bit, and the consolidation has been gradual. Thus, the problems of civil administration which will arise as soon as the Temple of Janus is really shut are, for the Americans, the same to all intents and purposes as have been solved in India. They have, unfortunately, no class of men analogous to the officers of the Indian Army, who, being familiar with the natives already, could easily settle down as governors in each new native territory as it fell under our arms. It seems likely, therefore, that those high duties in such matters as civil and criminal justice, land revenue, Customs and Excise, as well as the relations with foreign Powers and Malay chiefs, will at a rather early period be discharged by civilian officers, as happened in Java and other islands of Netherlands India, when our Governor-General Lord Minto, in 1811, took them from the French, and appointed Sir Stamford Raffles as his lieutenant to govern them. For five years they were managed as a province of India. Raffles soon reformed the Dutch system, which had become backsliding and oppressive. The system of courts and of village police which he modelled on those of India still remain, as also the far-reaching policy whereby native customs are administered as law. But while the Dutch admit that he bestowed great boons on Java, they found it advisable, and indeed required

by native conditions and sentiments, to abolish his ryotwaree settlement, whereby the Government took rent directly from each peasant owner of land, and to return to dealings with them collectively as village communities through their headmen. They have also restored the old custom of forced labor in lieu of part of the rent.

It is generally agreed that the Dutch Governor-General Van der Bosch, who modified the system left by Raffles, was a ruler of the highest capacity; and though the "culture system" is not much relished by Anglo-Indian critics, more than one testify that the great mass of agriculturists in Java are manifestly in a far better material condition than our own ryots. This view is propounded by Mr. Money in his "Java, or How to Manage a Colony," a work recommended to me by Mr. Alexander Fraser, who, as our former Consul-General at Batavia and an owner of landed estate, is well entitled to an opinion, the more so as he is acquainted with the language and literature of Holland. My friend Mr. Henry Scott Boys, late of the Bengal Civil Service, also comes to the conclusion that India has much to learn in both judicial and revenue methods. In his modest but impartial little book, "Some Notes on Java," he tells us that the great questions relating to Indian land tenures, "which a hundred years ago were partly similar to those which have from time to time arisen in Java, have not been dealt with in the manner best calculated to secure the happiness of the people. The denationalization of the land, which from the time of Lord Cornwallis till the present day has been more and more completely effected, has resulted in the aggrandizement of a class of wealthy landlords and middlemen at the expense of the cultivator of the soil, and we have surrendered that splendid position as owners of the land which enables the Dutch to appropriate for

State purposes the whole rental of the country, and to insure that that rental shall always be so moderate in amount as to enable the peasant to pass his days in comfort and without care." That Mr. Boys is right in his estimate of evils is shown by the trend of our legislation. The Executive Government has of late years changed its policy and done much to save the ignorant peasant owners of land from being ruined by their own imprudence at the hands of money-lenders, whom our earlier laws empowered to sell the fields on mere decrees for debt. In such matters the Executive has wisely listened to the Judges of the High Court, who had long ago, carefully but cautiously, applied the milder rules of English equity to soften the rigor of the British Indian statutes. America has drawn largely from the same fountain of justice, and the works of Chief Justice Story are authorities in India. The original sin lay in the civilians seeing Indian affairs with English eyes, and carrying European notions into Indian practice, as Mr. Thackeray wrote in 1807, in a comment on Lord Cornwallis' permanent settlement of Bengal. In Mill's "History," Bk. VI., Chap. V., is found the story of that blundering reform of 1789. It was opposed by Warren Hastings; and even Sir John Shore tried to limit it to a ten years' term, but Lord Cornwallis "avowed his intention of establishing an aristocracy upon the European model," and so the unearned increment of the fertile Gangetic plain was made over to a set of tax-collectors, the Zamindars being mistaken for lords of the soil. It was only by good luck, the result of delays, that the extension of this policy to Madras was prevented. From my own experience as a Secretary to Indian Governments, I incline to the view of Sir John Shore, that the grievous misunderstandings of that time were due rather to ignorance

of Bengal and its people than to what Mill calls the aristocratical ideas of the aristocratical personage, then Governor-General. Shore complains that the civil servants had to learn finance by rule of thumb. They had not studied principles; and being too often shifted from one district to another, and burdened by official forms and the constant pressure of business, they had little time to get local and practical knowledge. Serious subjects were seldom thrashed out; and when they had been, the results were of little avail, as the new-comer could not lay hands on them in the smothering mass of records. We have lately listened to much the same opinions spoken in firm but kindly words by Lord George Hamilton. He has frowned on the endless official reports with grim good humor. He knows that the tendency of Cutcherry work to increase deprives the young civilian of the leisure which ought to be spent among the people, an important matter glanced at in a former article of mine in this Review.¹ Some remedy surely may be found. As the Indian law now provides that, after reasonable lapse of time, trivial records shall be torn up, so the Local Governments might every five years take stock of needless increase of work and lop it off.

A fair example is found in the system of appeals about succession to the village offices in the Bombay Presidency, which are hereditary freeholds, shared by the family in coparcenary. The delays of judgment led to so much intrigue, corruption and expense, that in 1874 it was enacted that there should be only one appeal as of right. To meet the few cases where extraordinary remedy may be wanted, the Bombay Government were granted the same special powers of revision which the High Courts exercise very sparingly.

¹ Imperial Parliament Supreme in India, Asiatic Quarterly Review, July, 1898.

ly in civil and criminal justice. As the draughtsman of the Act, I can say that the opinion of all the able Revenue officers consulted was, that this high jurisdiction should be seldom used. However, some years afterwards a Secretary told me that it had become as much a matter of course as a first appeal: which means that, after two solemn decisions on a small and common matter, the Governor and his Council are ready to rehear the case, and to worry the Mamlutdar, the Assistant Collector, the Collector, and the Commissioner to write studied reports one after the other upon its details. Were a High Court to act in this way, all its ordinary work would be stopped, and the pure wine of justice would by dire delay turn sour as vinegar in the mouths of the suitors.

But an example like this only touches the fringe. The root of the matter lies far deeper, in the climate of India, which reduces the covenanted civilian's set term of service to twenty-five years. It was said long ago: "If the East India Company's servants go young to India, they cannot carry with them much general financial information; if they go to India advanced in life, they will never acquire local and practical knowledge." This reasoning explains why many officers, eager to apply equity to shelter the peasant from the little tyrant of his fields, are often perplexed, that jurisprudence being a science in itself. Much was done, however, in the later years of the East India Company to prepare its servants for the work before them. The Marquis Wellesley passed a law to establish the Writers' College at Calcutta. Looking back on his conquests in Mysore and the Deccan, his devout mind was convinced that "the sacred duty, true interest, honor, and policy of the British nation" required that the men who were to govern "populous and opulent provinces and various nations"

should be made fit for their high calling by qualifying in the laws and languages of India. That great man's successors took an equal interest in the college, and the Directors at home, who had boggled at its expense, found it desirable to set up their famous college of Haileybury in Hertfordshire, where, under the teaching of eminent professors like Malthus and Mackintosh, the embryo civilians learned law, history, and political economy, as well as the classic and modern languages of the East. In 1813 Parliament enacted that no writer, as the young civilian was called, should be sent to India unless he had kept four terms; and the college lasted till 1858, when it was closed by another Act, as the era of appointment by open competition had begun. The Directors thus lost their patronage of the Indian service, which was thrown open to all natural-born subjects of the Queen, without distinction of race or religion, throughout the realm and all the Colonies. In 1833 the question of maintaining Haileybury was several times before the House of Commons, as the Directors had grumbled at the annual cost, and urged that the national Universities were better places for training their servants than their own special institute. It was argued also that a share of the writerships should be offered to the Universities. As time went on, the public mind grew satisfied that a wide and liberal education is the best foundation on which to build up a special and local knowledge; and on this ground-plan the service has been recruited for above forty years.

In older times the Company's officers started without such advantages; the commercial training and the practice of bargaining and investing were, taking the men all round, more befitting the warehouse and the factory than the bench of justice or the council hall of government. We must remember

these things in recalling the mistakes and failures, of which I have given some examples in order to qualify the compliment lying in a demand made on me by a prominent American citizen anxious about the Spanish colonies, in these terms: "Send me a history of the Indian Civil Service, showing how it has attained its present efficiency." Indeed, a history dealing with three centuries is required as answer to such an inquiry. The steady upward progress began soon after Clive's victory at Plassy Grove in 1757 had given us the virtual dominion of Bengal. The steps were: the forbidding the civilians to indulge in trade on their own account, the creation of judicial and fiscal offices separate from the Company's trade, the fixing of salaries and pensions in due proportion to the duties and temptations arising in an Oriental country, the final ban of all trading and receipt of presents, the ordering that the native laws and languages should be studied, the education of colleges and Universities. These changes were forced on the Directors by a series of great rulers: Clive, Hastings, Cornwallis, Wellesley, Elphinstone, Macaulay, are among the prominent names. They insisted on the need of a highly-trained service, which should have a monopoly of appointments, to prevent the evil and discouraging influence of jobbery, a practice as audacious in England then as it is in some of the States of America still. By these means the local administration of India was lifted out of a sort of commercial quagmire, and at last a fresh prestige was gained when the servants of the great Company became those of the Crown.

Before advertng to some of the peculiar features of the islands lost to the sovereignty of Spain, it is convenient to pass in quick review the shifting scenes of Anglo-Indian story. Many glimpses at the times when

George the Third was King, and views of men and deeds which the traditions of Bombay and Calcutta still keep in mind, will be found in such books as the "Memoirs of a Griffin," Dr. Buist's "Echoes of Old Calcutta," Mr. James Douglas' delightful "Book of Bombay," and other such-like works on the shelves of American libraries. But to deal fully with the East Indian Civil Service we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth and the Company's first charter of 1600 A.D. The journals of the early voyages, full of adventures new and strange, are enshrined in the first volume of "Purchas his Pilgrims." Those spacious times were crowded with daring and enterprise: men's minds were startled by the discovery of America and the route round the Cape, by the Protestant Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the heroic struggle in Holland against Catholic tyranny and bloodshed. Foreign commerce was carried on in ships of war, and the high spirit of our Island Queen awakened the same bravery and confidence in her subjects as Oliver Cromwell's foreign policy in later years. We are tempted here to take an example from Spanish romance. In one of his minor novels Cervantes makes an English knight sue for the hand of a maid of honor. The imperious Queen, interposing, exclaims, "How dare you ask such favor who have done naught for my State or me? Take an English man-of-war, conquer a Spanish galleon, and then, but not till then, come back to my Court." All which the young lover does. Now, it was two such prize-takings on the high seas which aroused England seriously to the Indian trade; the capital was soon found by London merchants, and Lords and Knights came forward as patrons and warlike leaders in the new crusade. Thus, at the very start we find ourselves in touch with men of the two types who founded the American col-

onies: the chivalrous and fighting sort to which Drake, Lancaster, and the two Middletons belong, and the sedate traders of the City who inclined to Puritan views of life, men like Milton's father, the scrivener. The Company supported some of the followers of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and Baffin to find a route to India by the Arctic pole. The Levant Company had done so too. But these endeavors proving fruitless, the Merchant Adventurers decided to brave the Portuguese and follow them round the Cape of Hope, like the venturous argosies of Amsterdam. At times the ships parted or miscarried, or the Captain was imprisoned, and sometimes Cheapside was all astir with news like this: "Two ships sent on the English Company's tenth voyage defeated four Portuguese galleons and twenty-six frigates from Goa, which were sent in pursuit of them, to the great joy of the natives of Surat, who hated the tyrannical Portuguese." The robust side of English character, common in the Tudor and Stuart reigns, when men had to take sides and learn to suffer and to die, was shown time after time by the merchants and factors, ordinary trading men, whom the captains took out and left in Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Japan, Surat, and the Coromandel Coast of India. They were tough enough, brave, and resourceful, but seemingly ill-educated, ill-paid, rather quarrelsome, and with the natives often dangerously overbearing. To eke out their frugal pittances, their London masters let them do some private trade, which was like trying to serve God and mammon; and as the system spread in a century and a half from the Malay and Indian ports to the rich inland districts of Bengal, it became a political evil.

In 1620 we find the President of the Batavia factory, harassed by the rival Dutch, complaining of the disorderly

behavior of his own people, and asking for absolute authority to keep them in bounds. By no means strait-laced, many of these men inclined to drink and lewdness. Some were dishonest, others incapable. At this period and for the next two centuries the chief talents sought for in the Company's agents were a knowledge of accounts and a keenness in exchanging the goods of England for those of the Malay Islands, China, and India. A pleasanter order of life is depicted in the account which Mandelslo gives of his entertainment in our factory at Surat in 1638, the headquarters of our trade in India and Persia. The Chaplain said Divine Service twice a day. All the wives being left in England, the merchants drank their health every Friday in wine or pale punch, which famous beverage, Mr. Wheeler says, was their own invention. On Sundays after sermon they went to a fair garden without the city. The old house still stands, being, when I last saw it, the dwelling of a Parsee doctor. Dr. Fryer was there in 1674. The factory was a busy, bustling place, managed like a merchant prince's abode on the bank of the Thames. The President lived in state, a great man. Next to him came the Accountant: "he is quasi-treasurer, signing all things, though the broker keeps the cash. Next him is the Warehouse-keeper, who registers all Europe goods vended, and receives all Eastern commodities brought. Under him is the Purser Marine," who saw to shipping and seamen; and last of all the Secretary. It is out of trading houses like these that our Indian Governments have been born. The President, with his Accountant, Warehouse-keeper, and Purser, has become Governor in Council. When I joined the Indian Civil Service at Bombay in 1864, we were listed in seniority as writers, factors, and merchants, the words used in the earliest letters of

the seventeenth century. For as Fryer writes, "The whole mass of the Company's servants may be comprehended in these classes, viz., merchants, factors, and writers; some Blue-coat boys have also been entertained under notion of apprentices for seven years, which being expired, if they can get security, they are capable of employment." The writers got £10 per annum, the merchants £40, the Accountant £72, and the President £500, with free lodgings and victuals. A covenant was given for good behavior, as is the present practice, with security for £1,000.

Turn we now to Bengal a century later, and we find the old order changing. I pass over the time of Clive, himself originally a writer, when, as Macaulay tells us, the merchant servants had become in truth Proconsuls and Proprætors of broad regions, with immense power and far too small regular pay. They were using, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. Clive closed this avenue to gigantic fortunes, and as the Directors would not raise the salaries, he assigned the proceeds of the salt monopoly to support those servants. The whole story is told by Sir John Malcolm and by James Mill. Mr. Harry Verelst, who succeeded Clive, had served his apprenticeship in the commercial line before taking control of some ceded districts. He knew well both his own service and the native world. He told in able minutes how the sudden ascendancy of the English had changed the status of a colony of merchants, working on principles merely commercial and selfish. Under the forms of a native government he found himself Mayor of the Palace, the real ruler: and so he went the length of sending his civil servants to sit over the Persian and other hirelings who were ruining Bengal. The Supervisors are

the earlier form of our present Prefects, the Collector and Deputy Commissioner. I quote from Verelst's minute: "The service at present affords many young men of promising parts and abilities. As the Supervisorships may be called a nursery for them, in respect to the government of the country, so in like manner their experience in commercial matters before they reach Council must bring them acquainted with our commercial interest; and as these are the grand foundation and support of our prosperity, they must be deemed the essential part of their education." He knew that the native Zamindars or tax-collectors supported their own "avarice, ambition, pride, vanity, or intemperance," by fleecing the peasantry: and to get the English to know something of the realms they ruled, he ordered them to "make the minutest local investigations." Like the dying Goethe, he cried, "Let in more light." This was in 1769.

For a vivid picture of civilian life in Bengal in the transition period, I may refer the reader to the annals of the Hon. Robert Lindsay (the brother of the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray"), pleasantly told by himself in the "Lives of the Lindsays." He entered the service in 1772 after learning business in the counting-house of his uncle, a wine-shipper at Cadiz, and retired in 1789 with an ample fortune to an estate near the castle of his fathers, the Scottish Earls of Balcarres, where he lived till 1859. Warren Hastings was Governor-General when he went out. He had to study Persian, which he had taken over as an official language from the Great Mogul. Lindsay was, in spite of general orders, allowed to speculate on his own account. He declares with evident relish that he found his Cadiz training of much use to him. With an advance of £20,000 from a native, he made enough

profit on salt to pay off his debts and put by some thousands of rupees at Dacca. Again, at Sylhet, he contracts with Government to buy up the cowry shells, the currency in which the revenue was paid, and the command of money so acquired is the basis of his wealth. Moreover, he opens up a trade in lime, and finding that the wild elephants of his forests are of "the best description," he has them caught and hawked over all India by a trusty native at the princely courts, and so puts by more and more. One day on the Ganges his boat hails another Scottish civilian, who hands him some Caledonian newspapers. There he finds an estate advertised for sale, with liberty to defer payment of the cash. "I therefore without a moment's delay despatched a letter to my mother, vesting her with full authority to purchase." The Countess seized the happy moment, and the amiable and canny Nabob gets "the estate of Leuchars for £31,000, which most assuredly is now worth double the amount or more." The career of Lindsay, however, must not be taken as a type. He owed something to luck as well as merit; but Fortune, the fickle goddess, often frowned on the trading civilians. Take the record of John Spencer, for instance, the thwarter and rival of Clive. "He enjoyed the most lucrative posts at Bombay, held the Government of Bengal for some time, and died insolvent in 1766, a great trader."

In Sir T. E. Colebrooke's "Life of Elphinstone," we find that statesman, then a lad just over seventeen, landed at Calcutta in 1796 as a writer, and sent up at once to his brother at Benares. He passed no tests, but had just come from a boarding-school at Kensington, furnishing his cabin, however, as he writes to his mother, with "twenty-five large volumes containing two or three novels each, and the British Classics, same size, five vols., con-

taining such things as the Spectator, Guardian, Rambler; and Mundell's Poets, containing every good British poet, and the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" When in 1801 Lord Wellesley's college was started, the studious youth got himself transferred to Calcutta to attend it: his increasing habit of hard work and wide reading prepared him for his great commands. The transition period was now drawing near its close. The scholarly Wellesley picked out the ablest youngsters, and used them as secretaries all the long Indian day, dictating to them his orders and despatches to the seats of wars; and the tradition lingers that as the cool evenings fell, he kept them to dinner as close companions and trusty helpers. In the stirring times that followed, this knot of men rose rapidly to distinction. Among Wellesley's Boys, as they were called, were Mr. W. Butterworth Bayley, who acted as Governor-General in 1828; Lord Metcalfe, who in his tenure of that office gave liberty to the Press, and who became in after-years Governor-General of Canada; and Sir Richard Jenkins, who in the last Maratha War saved the situation at Nagpur. From the Wellesley period also we date the origin of the Civil Funds, which out of payments by the service, aided by State subsidies, provide those retiring pensions and certain annuities for widows and orphans, which have ever since been considered more than compensation for the uncertain profits of trade. I am not aware of the orders issued in Bengal; but when I was manager of the Bombay Fund, I gathered from its records that in 1805 many Bombay civilians on being put to election chose to remain as partners in private firms, one of them being a Judge drawing twenty-four thousand rupees a year. For some time after, such persons might, when it suited them, jump back from private trade to good official posts; and in 1815 the Governor

in Council styles these partners in "houses of agency as only nominally in the service, and rivals of the East India Company in commercial pursuits." All this must have been known to Elphinstone, who had in the newly-conquered Deccan to solve the same problem as Verelst did in Bengal, and chose for working it out the ablest men in the Bombay Army rather than the ordinary Revenue officers, hide-bound in routine. In this time of history Thackeray, who had Indian connections, places Mr. Joseph Sedley, the hero of "Vanity Fair," as Collector of Boggley-Wollah, whose foibles give a wrong impression, to be effaced by what is said in the "Four Georges" of a Judge Cleveland, a real person who died young in 1784, after civilizing the wild regions of Boglipoor. Bishop Heber gives us a drawing of the temple which the Hindus built over Cleveland's grave for holding religious feasts to his memory. The good Bishop, as he went about the country, found the local officers devoted and amiable men, but some of them, he says, treated the better classes of natives with English hauteur. This national trait also came out in Episcopalian attempts to prevent marriages by the rites of the Presbyterian Churches, although Dundas (Viscount Melville) had, when Minister for India, done all that in him lay to stock the services with Scotsmen. Again, in 1832, when the Directors were forced to pay for Bishops at Bombay and Madras out of Indian taxes, to guard the morals of the public servants, all that Parliament conceded was two Presbyterian chaplains at each Presidency. The Company protested in vain that these measures were belated, as Anglo-Indian ethics had recovered since the time of Burke and the detested Nabobs. It was useless to prove that the Bishopric at Calcutta had increased expenses from £48,000 to above £100,000 a year, and raised cleric-

al pensions from £800 to £5,000 a year. Concurrent endowment was made the remedy for Anglo-Indian vice, and is still maintained by Act of Parliament. This culmination seems a fitting point for closing this my sketchy answer to the wide question of my friend across the Atlantic.

It may be predicted that the alert common-sense of American statesmen will lead to such measures in their new possessions as were taken by Elphinstone in the Deccan and by Sir Arthur Phayre after Lower Burma had fallen to our arms. The bulk of existing law will probably be left unabrogated, while enlightened policy will ensure the speedy reduction of the heavy taxation and the removal of those galling restraints on civil and religious liberty which made the Spanish Church and state so bitterly hated in Cuba. No excuse can tolerate the sale of public employments; and whatever may happen to the *rentas ecclesiasticas*, the revenue got by clippings from salaries will be willingly given up. The administrative divisions into Talukas and Districts under Capitans and Alcaldes Mayores will most likely remain; and the old system of ruling the Chinese in Luzon through their head-men may be found as useful in the future as the past. A nation that has welded Florida and Alaska into the Union will find abundant expedients of statecraft to make the people of the Antilles and the Philippines content under the starry flag. But the result of the war nevertheless adds much to the gravity of that burning question, Civil Service Reform. Much too will depend on the way the President uses his patronage of still higher offices. He has no order of Peers to provide for; and he can as easily thrust aside the Tapers and Tadpoles of parties, as George Canning did when he invited the East Indian Directors to choose whom they pleased among three Scots commoners of "ex-

traordinary zeal and ability" to be Governor of Bombay, namely, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Elphinstone and Sir Thomas Munro. The passing traveller finds the benign rule of these distinguished men fondly cherished in the countries they governed, devout natives still using language closely resembling

our blind poet's praise of the heroes of the Commonwealth:

Such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently
adorned,
To some great work, Thy glory,
And people's safety which in part they
effect.

Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

John Jardine.

WOMAN AS AN ATHLETE.

A REJOINDER.

A disability of life is that, though one may choose one's friends, one's critics and opponents choose themselves. It was with the utmost disappointment I found that the critic who had selected herself to reply to my paper in the April number of this Review¹ was not a member, masculine or feminine, of my profession—one who, in presenting the other aspect of the case, might have brought some special knowledge to bear upon the subject.

As it is, Mrs. Ormiston Chant is to be thanked for the object lesson she has afforded in that very quality of disorderly muscularity against which my paper was directed.

She has shown us the rock on which we are in danger of being wrecked, the Scylla in opposition to that Charybdis whence it is our boast to have "emerged."

For, if she will permit me to say so, it is impossible to read Mrs. Ormiston Chant's remarks without gathering the impression that the biceps responsible for them was a biceps demanding an implement distinctly less subtle than the pen. The writer appears to have been agitated by an overmastering dread lest the object of my paper

should have been to deprive her of her bicycle. As a matter of fact my object was not at all to deprive Mrs. Ormiston Chant or any woman of her bicycle, as seems to me apparent in the following remarks I quote from that paper:

It is true that were she (Clara) playing golf or bicycling she would be developing such faculties as calculation, self-control, and fortitude, in addition to developing her muscles. And inasmuch as these are qualities which are less demanded in the trimming of a hat, *let her play golf and bicycle*. But let her not do these things to the detriment of other valuable faculties. . . . The subordination of muscle to womanhood should ever be kept in mind as being an infinitely higher ideal than can ever be the subordination of womanhood to muscle.

The first law of the arena being courtesy, however—a man-made law which women entering it will do well to observe—let me ignore the discourtesies of my opponent and extend to Mrs. Chant's assertions the respect due to arguments or due to assertions based on the authority of special knowledge.

I have gone carefully through my paper without being able to detect any intimation on my part that the children of women who have taken University

¹ The Eclectic Magazine, August, 1899.

degrees are in any way inferior to the children of those who have not. The only remark which could be so construed (and this, I cannot help thinking, solely by one whose mind was distorted by that before-mentioned dread lest her bicycle might be in danger) is my remark concerning Amazons, intellectual or physical. But I do not regard the mere taking of a degree as a feat Amazonian. There can be no doubt but that, so long as healthy balance is preserved, the use of the powers in one direction increases their reach in another. There is a reactionary swing of the pendulum, the range of capacity being extended, the arc of capability expanded by lengthening the tether. But the utmost care should be taken lest the reactionary power which maintains the healthy balance be lost. As Herbert Spencer says,—

The unfolding of an organism after its special type has its approximately uniform course, taking its tolerably definite time, and no treatment that may be devised will fundamentally or greatly accelerate these; the best that can be done is to maintain the required favorable conditions. But it is quite easy to adopt a treatment which shall dwarf or deform, or otherwise injure. The processes of growth or development may be, and very often are, hindered or deranged, though they cannot be artificially bettered.

"The purer the golden vessel," says Jean Paul Richter, "the more readily it is bent; the higher worth of women is sooner lost than that of men."

I know women whose womanliness—in the highest and in every sense of the word—has been (as might be expected) intensified and greatly enhanced by intellectual and systematic training. But I also know others whose womanliness—less vital and inherent—has been effectually spoiled by such.

It cannot be doubted but that in either sex there is an underlying latent strain of the opposite sex—this in order

to create a bond of sympathy whereby each may be intelligible to the other. The stress of over-education, over-athletics, or the exhaustion consequent on disease, may so impoverish and incapacitate that the specialized powers of an individual of either sex may lose their natural supremacy. The strain of the other sex, no longer kept in its normal state of latency, receives an artificial stimulus, develops, flourishes, and may finally dominate and spoil that which might have been a complex perfect organism. So we get masculine women and effeminate men—neuters—spoiled copies of the human edition. For masculinity, not being proper to woman, is a thing with no relation to the fine thing called manliness, as effeminacy in man is no very noble rendering of the noble thing called womanliness.

It is certain likewise that these sex factors are complementary one to the other. The balance of human quality is maintained by any undue development of mannishness in woman being followed by a proportionate undue development of womanishness in man, the higher distinctions of sex being thus destroyed and the human ideal degraded.

For sex is more highly differentiated as the type evolves. Agassiz has pointed out that among the South American Indians males and females differ less than they do among the negroes and higher races, accentuating the fact that sex, so far from being a remnant of barbarism, is an essential of evolution, and with evolution becomes more clearly defined and more complexly differentiated.

The hard and laborious tasks (muscular tasks) imposed upon the women of savage tribes efface in a few years nearly every trace of that sex differentiation which, in women more highly developed and more delicately nurtured, remains with them till death.

Mrs. Chant cites the shopgirl as a person who suffers from lack of muscularity. As a matter of fact this poor overtaxed worker is the victim absolutely of her muscles. All the organs of her body are impoverished, all her functions, assimilation, nutrition, circulation, etc., inefficiently performed for the very reason of her ceaseless muscular activities. For, apart from the incessant running to and fro, the lifting up and lifting down of drawers and boxes, the movements of folding, displaying, and measuring, the shopgirl is compelled to stand throughout the day, and the position of standing is a muscular strain almost as great as is that of walking; for in standing, though the weight of the body has not to be advanced, yet the muscles of the back and lower limbs are in a chronic condition of tension, whereas in walking they obtain rest alternately with the use of the muscles of the other side.

Again, Mrs. Chant instances the death-roll of *primiparae* and of first babies as an argument in favor of muscular training. As a matter of fact this death-roll is made up almost wholly from hospital statistics, and the *primiparae*, or for the matter of that the *multiparae*, whose protracted and pitifully feeble labors result in their own or their offspring's deaths, belong to the class whose lives since childhood have been a long and weary tale of muscular effort.

But surely Mrs. Chant must be aware that the muscular abilities to bring children into the world are not achieved by muscles under control of the will.

And here lies the gist of this same question of muscle development—the secret of the real evil of over-exercise.

Muscle is of two kinds—*voluntary muscle*, muscle, that is, over which the mind and will, by means of their nervous telegraphic system, have control; and *involuntary muscle*, as that composing the heart, the diaphragm, the coats

of the stomach and the whole digestive canal, which surrounds each artery and vein from least to greatest, regulating blood supply and nutrition, and which enters largely into the composition of every vital organ of the body.

We can send from the central office of intelligence, the brain, which, by means of its nerves, is in telegraphic communication with all our tissues, a message instructing a particular muscle or group of muscles to perform a particular action. This we can do because the muscles subtending the movements of limbs are composed of *voluntary muscle*. But we are unable absolutely to direct the action of *involuntary muscle*. We may bid our hearts beat faster or more slowly, but our bidding is fruitless. The muscle whereof it is composed is beyond the jurisdiction of our will. Will we never so strongly, we cannot compel the muscular coats of the stomach to hasten the process of digestion. We cannot influence the muscular tissues surrounding the canals of the liver to relieve this organ of bile, and though we may temporarily stop the breathing movements of our chests by means of the voluntary muscles clothing them, our respiratory movements are normally performed by purely automatic muscular action.

Having realized this truth of the enormous factor *involuntary muscle* subserves in the economy, it will at once appear that while we have been priding ourselves upon the athletic abilities of the muscles of our limbs there may be something to be said on behalf of this considerable tract of *involuntary muscle*, the activities or inactivities of which are not so demonstrable.

And when we further remember that it is just this involuntary muscle which subtends all the most important functions of health and life, we may realize that that something to be said is fairly serious.

Respiration, circulation (cardiac and

arterial), deglutition, digestion, assimilation, and excretion—these are dependent, some of them absolutely, others mainly, upon the proper, strong, and active movements of this far-reaching factor. The tyro *primipara* (or the exhausted *multipara*) suffers her protracted miseries not at all because the muscles of her limbs have not been suitably developed by bicycling or Alpine-climbing, but absolutely because of involuntary muscle tissues which are inefficient and ill-developed, more often than not for the reason that they have been robbed and deteriorated by the over-use of limb and trunk (voluntary) muscles.

The blacksmith, lusty of arm and shoulder, is proportionately weakly and inept of lower limb; the organ-grinder's biceps is hypertrophied, as are the ballet-dancer's legs. These several groups of voluntary muscles—since the capacity of an individual is limited—have developed at the expense of other voluntary muscles.

How much greater must, then, be the danger of exhausting involuntary muscles—muscles we have no power to stimulate and develop—by the long-continued over-use and forced development of voluntary muscles!

Muscle in action becomes temporarily charged with blood, in order to support nutrition and to remove the products of exertion. This temporary increase of blood supply is derived, of course, from other sources, the supply elsewhere being, for the time, diminished. This from being merely temporary may, by chronic over-activity, become a permanent condition. The healthy relation of voluntary to involuntary muscle systems is lost, and we develop a physique whereof the exterior muscles are active, while the economy within is subserved by muscles enfeebled and inefficient.

Within healthy limits the use of one variety of muscles assists and stimu-

lates (by reactionary and reflex impressions) the other. Within healthy limits the heart is healthily stimulated and strengthened by exertion. But it must not be forgotten that activity, mental or physical, increases the number of times the heart-muscle contracts in a minute, and to increase the rate of contractions is to diminish the intervals of rest—and it is exactly in these intervals of rest that the heart-muscle refreshes and recuperates itself.

It may readily be understood that as the man who, by stress of forced work, can only "snatch" his food and sleep soon falls into a state of mal-nutrition, so the over-taxed heart (which under the best conditions has an enormous amount of force to exert daily), under the stimulation of undue muscular or nervous efforts must also fall presently into an enfeebled state. To languor of circulation resulting from such an enfeebled heart, as also to the degeneration of involuntary muscle tissue coating the veins, the varicose vessels so prevalent to-day among women, may be directly traced.

It is the failure of the involuntary muscle system, subtending the several stages of digestion, which necessitates the widespread use of pills and draughts. Given leisure and the rest essential to the proper and proportionate distribution of force, the involuntary muscular system will claim its due, maintain its healthy condition, and discharge its functions without recourse to drugs.

Twenty-four hours in bed or a day of lounging will do more to restore a tired or overtaxed liver than will any amount of athletics. The subconscious nervous centers, released from the vexatious, harrying demands which are, for the most part, our modern rendering of life, will reimburse themselves. Further harried and robbed by further importunate de-

mands, they will only be further incapacitated.

This fact—the fact that, given leisure, the nervous centers subtending the bodily functions will reimburse themselves for past deprivations, recover lost tone, and generally reassert themselves—is at the root of the “rest cure.”

In the “rest cure” the patient is deprived of the use of her voluntary muscles. She is scarcely permitted to move hand to head. She is compelled for a period of weeks or months to lie like a log, having everything done for her by other people's muscles. Her forces are kept in abeyance in order to encourage and evoke the claims of long-neglected but eminently important factors. The same restorative action of leisure and forced feeding is likewise the secret of the consumption “cure.” Failure of nutrition has robbed the weakest function of the body. The lungs have broken down. Increasing the nutritive supply to these by forced feeding and by forced rest (so stopping the mouths of clamorous avenues of exhaustion), the lungs are once more enabled to claim their share of nutriment, and to heal their diseased tissues.

It may be urged that I have wandered into the domain of disease. I have done so for the reason that in the domain of disease the lesson of health is to be learned.

As pain is the prayer of healthy nerves for food, so disease is the body's protest against mal-treatment.

Fortunate is the individual whose system is sufficiently healthy to protest in pain or illness against mal-treatment. Where tolerance to conditions which make for degeneration is established there lies serious danger.

The girl in whom over-exertion causes a headache or a backache will pull up in time. The girl who, like Clara, ignoring these warnings and so

blunting the healthy sensitiveness of which they are the complaint, grows, as she believes, “stronger and stronger”—a term which means generally that she is slowly exchanging higher for mere muscle capabilities, converting womanhood into mannishness, by the artificial stimulation of the masculine strain in her—is in far worse case.

Sensitiveness to fatigue is a most valuable factor, not only in the preservation of health, but also in the maintenance of the physique at its highest level. As the healthy mind has its conscience, which smarts and rebels whensoever its standard has been lowered, so the healthy body has its conscience which complains in pain and weariness when its standard of efficiency has been impoverished. But one may blunt his moral conscience till its standards are debased; so, likewise, one may blunt his physical conscience till his body assents to lower planes of living. It is the pallid, wasted, stoop-shouldered man of cities who is tireless, and who, with his restless nerve-irritability, which he mistakes for energy, boasts loudest of his astounding muscular feats. His physical conscience, morbidly blunted, has permitted such trespasses against the standard of health as to deteriorate and degenerate him out of all the nobler physical attributes, though, like the man who has moved from a fine into a mean house, he has increased his powers of expenditure.

The man of finer growth—the man, that is, whose bodily conscience maintains a high all-round standard—reaches his limits of endurance long before his neighbor, the degenerate, not because his powers are less, but because his range is so infinitely larger.

As the brain is the great center whence messages are sent to the voluntary muscles, so the involuntary muscles are worked by means of an

extensive network, known as the "sympathetic nervous system"—a nervous system which, like its subsidiary muscle system, is beyond the jurisdiction of the will.

This sympathetic nervous system it is which preserves the body—so far as circumstances permit it to do so—in a state of health and nutrition, regulates temperament, and keeps up the standard of the type in the beauty of form and strength which are its evolutionary ideal.

The two systems are, of course, interdependent and react the one upon the other, but the two are ever in more or less friendly rivalry. The one represents the personal and individual, the other is the expression of the universal and evolutionary principle.

It is the same universal and evolutionary principle which develops the acorn into an oak. It is this same evolutionary impulse which (modified of course by will and intelligence) has brought man to his present state of progress. In this subconsciousness lies the image of evolved man—not in the intellectual consciousness. No man by taking thought has added to his stature. As Herbert Spencer says, "the best that can be done is to maintain the required favorable conditions."

The body is not so much, in its best conception, a mere motor appliance for the achievement of so many foot-tons of energy, or for covering so many miles of planet daily; it is rather in its complete conception a delicate, impressionable instrument for registering, storing and transmuting a lifetime of impressions to an ever-advancing consciousness and human goal.

Primeval man was a mere agricultural implement for the delving and turning of the soil. Modern man unless he contemplate reversion to a primeval type—relegates this turning of the soil still ever more and more to

mechanical forces, in order that his powers may be free to develop higher than mere muscular capacities.

It is this same subconscious evolutionary principle, by means of its complex sympathetic network of nerves and its involuntary muscle system, regulating nutrition and blood supply, which determines the beautiful and wonderful evolution of the girl into a woman. Here we have a frank, outspoken, active-limbed young person, almost as much boy as girl in her modes of thought and muscle energies. She becomes (if she be allowed to obey the impulse which is the impulse of her fullest development) quiet, slower and more restrained of movement, shyer, imaginative, emotional, tenderer of thought and impulse, softer of voice, diffident of speech, touched with new reverences, moods, and aspirations. She acquires gradually the mysterious, elusive, lovely charm of woman.

The straight up-and-down lines of the girlish frame, which subserved the locomotor energies essential to growth, evolve into graceful curves and dignities. Her eyes are illumined with a new and tender light. It is a wonderful and beautiful transformation. In its phenomena humanity reaches its highest emotional presentment.

Now watch the development thwarted by athletics, dwarfed by brain exhaustion, nipped by inherited disease, or stunted by starvation. Instead of a regeneration there is a degeneration. Instead of physical enrichment there is but physical impoverishment. She loses the charm of childhood without gaining another. She remains unlovely or grows coarse; she stops short at the puerile stage with the straight up-and-down lines of the puerile type, or she assumes the stout and sturdy, it may be gross, lines which are a degeneration from it. And it is this same puerile type, or the degeneration from it,

which is increasing largely among our modern women.

When Nature, that grand old Dame whom I must do my best to interpret, despite Mrs. Ormiston Chant's disbelief in her—when Nature had given impetus sufficient for the development of the girl's bones and muscles in those earlier years of unrestrained activity, she set a check upon these by investing her with special disabilities—the added width and weight of hip, for example, which (where these exist) must always be a bar to muscular achievement. For Nature had other uses than merely muscular for this fine, beautiful creature she had proudly evolved—moral, spiritualizing, tender, and dainty uses wherein muscular and physical abilities have little portion.

The woman who has remained at, or has reverted to, the merely puerile stage, or has assumed the masculine variation from it, may be an excellent fellow and a very useful member of society, but as a human creature she is a failure. She has not reached the culmination of development. She will never be the inspiration of any man's life, or advance the human type by one iota. And after all, though it may seem a proposition more suited to the requirements of fiction, than for the grave pages of this Review, to be the inspiration of a man's or a woman's life, and thereby to be the father or mother of children who are the offspring of that inspiration, is the perfection of human attainment. But the "excellent woman fellow," though her mate may be deservedly attached to her, will never sound the highest key-note of his nature, will never fan into flame the soul and chivalry and finer tenderness whereof the most apparently commonplace man may be capable, and for ever after cease from being commonplace. And to be afforded opportunity of ceasing to be com-

monplace is surely one of the "rights" of man.

Throughout my remarks I must be interpreted as striving to show the ideal of womanly development. That we have not reached a stage of civilization wherein the highest duty of society is recognized to be the devising and maintaining such a system as will enable every man and woman to reach their fullest humanity I am regretfully aware. The poor woman (brickmaker or shopgirl) who to earn her bread must subordinate her womanhood to her muscles is too obvious a factor in our imperfect system to be ignored. But this poor creature will do more to restore the balance, lost in forced activities, by rest and lounging (where these are possible) than she can do by further forced activities as are the counsel of to-day. For better is it to preserve a mere shred of womanhood, womanhood being so gracious and beautiful a thing, than it is to be absolutely unsexed.

It is ridiculous to interpret my remarks as censuring my sex. All I have intended is a mere humble warning in so far as my own personal experience and deductions have moved me—a warning against the modern mistaken views which have arisen with regard to the subject of women's training and education. It is an age of high pressure, intellectual and physical. The lives of young people, and this more especially during the years of development, are, for the most part, a mere treadmill of effort. From the book to the bicycle, or its equivalent in games or athletics, back again from the bicycle to the book, or to violin, piano, or drawing lesson, tea-party, picnic or dance, theater or lecture-room, it is one perpetual activity; the brain is forever on the alert, the body forever "at attention." Meanwhile that subconscious evolutionary factor watches hungrily for crumbs of sup-

ply to fall from the table of this ceaseless junketing, crumbs wherewith to build, strengthen, and establish the physique and functions of a complete human being.

Possibly it watches enviously its poorer fellow, the evolutionary impulse of the acorn, which takes its requirements from sun and rain and earth, and brings its master to the grand maturity of perfect oak, without being compelled to struggle against civilized errors of training for every atom of force permitted to it.

The most valuable factor in physical development (as is recognized by horse-, dog-, or other trainers) is repose. How frequently one has seen a sudden languor in a child or young person desperately fought by stimulation, exhortation, or reproof! "Never sit idle," cried his mentors; "run and romp and grow strong." Alas and alas! The origin of the languor has presently revealed itself. It may have been in organic disease of lung or limb or spine, it may have been in mere functional debility. The languor was conservative. The subconscious system knew the weakness, and had drawn off supplies from mental and muscular sources (hence the languor), in order that the failing spot might be restored. That was its duty; but in these high-pressure days a poor evolutionary agent—deteriorated possibly by heredity—finds it difficult indeed to do its duty.

This same saving grace of inaction makes the benefit of a holiday. Under the slackened rein the subconsciousness (more or less defrauded by the exigencies of bread-winning) becomes revitalized, involuntary muscle tracts arise and stretch themselves—the balance between conscious and instinctive life is regained. Compare the physical conditions of the man who has lounged rationally and quietly through his holiday and the less prudent one

who has merely exchanged one variety of tension for another.

To those who have read in my paper a mere condemnation of the bicycle (or, not having read my paper, have taken their view of it from some other zealous and alarmed cyclist) there is nothing to be said. Experience shows it is futile to deal with persons in whom the capacity for misapprehension is developed beyond certain limits. For comprehension there must be some degree of sympathy, some approximation towards the same planes of thought. Any form of excess, social, intellectual, or what you will, is destructive of the balance, which is health.

I have no word to say against the bicycle. As a labor-saving appliance, as a means of taking air and wholesome exercise, it is a valuable and useful servant. But it is—by reason of the exhilaration and excitement attending its use—most dangerously prone to convert itself into a hobby-horse which rides its master (still more its mistress) to destruction (physical).

And in the hands of growing and misguided persons it assumes the quality of a menace.

A most pernicious agent in this modern creed of restlessness is the common belief that "rest is a change of work." As though each system maintained a store-room wherein its force were locked until required! The making and promulgation of fallacies is endless, and a most astounding fact is it that the human mind has a greater appetite for fallacies than it has for truths, in exactly the same way that the human palate prefers unwholesome to wholesome articles of diet.

Many women, unwitting of a complex sympathetic nervous system and of an important tract of involuntary muscle tissue, conscientiously believe and scrupulously act upon the belief

that in pushing their muscle powers to an extreme they are indirectly developing the potential limbs of unborn babes. I have before me as I write a review of patients, friends and acquaintances, at one end whereof stand the two most beautiful children, physically, intellectually and morally, I know, and these are the children of a quiet, emotional, but intensely womanly woman, whom the world would call delicate, though she is not at all delicate in the sense of lack of health, but delicate only in the absence of that robustness which is degeneration from the womanly type.

I contrast the straight beautiful limbs and the beautiful faces, the fine physical health and mental attributes of these two children with the puny sickliness, the spectacled, knock-kneed physiques of the children of that woman I have placed at the other end of the scale, a handsome, muscular person, who is an adept with her tennis racket and a zealous cyclist. (If anything, the father of my Types Beautiful is somewhat less strong than is the father of the poor little degenerates for whom my Amazon mother is responsible.) Between these two extremes my examples fall into their places with an almost logical sequence.

In every instance the children of the less muscular and less robust women carry off the palm, some in beauty, some in intelligence, some in high mental or moral development. That the children of the more robust mothers are not all knock-kneed and puny I need scarcely say, but they are, in every instance, inferior—if not always physically, certainly in mental quality or in human charm—to those of the more womanly type.

Indeed were it true that the habit of muscular activity conduces to the welfare of the race, the children of the working classes would be as much su-

perior in brain and physique to those of their more leisured neighbors as they are in fact inferior.

The one argument of any weight which may be urged against my claim for human persons to be allowed to reach their highest development is one of political economy and necessity. We must overtrain and spur our children to the utmost in order that they may compete successfully with their equally over-pressed fellows.

The obvious answer is that if civilization opposes evolution, and does not conduce to the highest development of its members, civilization should be reconstructed. In the meantime, if our children must exhaust their nervous forces by competitive examinations, let us, at all events during these years of strain and probation, carefully conserve their forces in other directions.

The way of recuperation from immoderate brain exhaustion is not, as is generally supposed, immoderate muscle exhaustion.

Mrs. Chant tells us that "nothing can unsex short of death—no indecency or vulgarity, loudness, coarseness, or cruelty." Is Mrs. Chant not aware that a very simple operation can do this? For, howsoever it may wound our pride in our humanity, the fact remains that all the beautiful and wonderful phenomena of sex are dependent absolutely upon the presence and health of a special physical organization. Degeneration or disease of this especial organization—whether arising from undue muscular or mental exhaustion, or from any other cause—is attended by degenerative mental, moral and physical changes, though either may be, and very frequently is, *attended by new impulses of motor and even intellectual energy.*

But organs which have degenerated are prone to degenerate still further. No longer vital, they become a thorn in the flesh, the seat of tumors and

cancers, and it is precisely in that system which normally should be the vitalizing force of the body that the great proportion of cases of the latter terrible disease occur. And cancer is largely on the increase. And cancer is proverbially frequent in the woman of robust and strong physique, showing pre-eminently that the robust type of woman is essentially not the healthy one. For the worst of all degenerations is cancer. Until recently gout was regarded as being almost absolutely a disease of men. Gout and strong exercise are closely allied, it having, indeed, been laid down as an axiom that "gouty people do the work of the world," so strong is the relation between nerve energy (or irritability) and uric acid in the blood.

Nowadays not only women but even young girls show evidence of gout, in one or another of its Protean developments—the gout of over-effort, a gout from which the quieter lives of former days were free.

If Mrs. Chant will look up her physiological data she will find that that formation which subserves the baby nurture, and which I have ventured to describe as the tenderest and daintiest of devices, is very far from being a muscular formation. The constitution of this gland, which, with a species of tender consciousness, secretes from the mother's vital powers the elements essential to her babe's nutrition, is infinitely more subtle and more complex.

Mrs. Chant objects to the word "function" as applied to modesty, on the ground that modesty can be exercised alike by a "Sandow" or a "cripple." But digestion and respiration can be, and must be, exercised alike by these; yet surely Mrs. Chant will not contest that digestion and respiration are not functions.

Again, Mrs. Chant sets before us the Venus of Milo as an example of per-

fectly developed muscle. I do not contest this fact, regarding that grand person as a type most exquisite. But the Venus has come from an age which demanded—in the interest of her athlete sons—that the mothers should not over-use their powers. The fine symmetry and form of this stone woman are, however, not the product of athletics. Every limb bespeaks slow and dignified movement. She would be as incapable of the hurried, eager motion characteristic of the modern gait as her limbs are unlike the sinewy, attenuated, or the stoutly sturdy limbs of the woman athlete.

As a matter of fact the most beautiful rounding of form is to be found among women of the South—women who scarcely walk. Muscle may be eminently deficient and ill-developed as to form, and yet be most viciously capable of spending and exhausting the nerve forces, as many a poor, attenuated wreck who vaunts his "records" may attest.

To the initiated the nude maidens of our picture galleries afford a striking lesson. Some of these show well-made limbs and shoulders, but certainly ninety per cent are characterized by such pelvic and hip degeneration as would lead a surgeon to suspect incipient hip disease. In its perfect and healthy presentment the pelvic and hip modelling is a study of the utmost beauty. But these poor, ill-developed persons, with their puerile hips and shallow mouldings, on whom the artist must rely for models, lack every noble line and strength of curve which make the most beautiful dignity of the truly womanly body.

Mrs. Chant, with the muscularity of method I deplore, describes as "vulgar snobbery" my assertion that the children of modern mothers are "nursed, fed, clothed, taught and trained by hirelings." Mrs. Chant appears to think that the term "hireling"

is a term of approbrium. If she will refresh her memory she will find that a hireling is merely a person who is paid for his services, in contradistinction to one who gives these for nothing—or for love. The term does not at all detract from the efficiency of the services rendered; it is merely a statement of fact.

Nor in stating that woman no longer preserves or brews, or weaves or fashions, did I imply that any benefit would result from a domestic reversion to these tasks. On the contrary, she has been relieved from these taxes upon her economy (for the most part muscular taxes) absolutely in order that, relieved of them, her specialized and higher nature may have fuller scope for development and play. The whole story of human progress is a labor-saving story—muscular necessities becoming ever less in order that finer qualities may be evolved.

The woman whose forces are depleted by the feverish expenditure which has become the key-note of our modern life, whether this be done in social dissipation, in intellectual exhaustion, or in muscular waste (or in all three), is deficient in a quality for which I can find no better term than atmosphere—a species of aura, magnetic charm, nerve-essence—call its impalpable and subtle existence by what name you will—it is a quality of health and physical perfection, it is a womanly potency imparting rest and infinite refreshment. Without it woman is as incomplete as is a flower without perfume. With it her mere presence is a charm, greater than cleverness, more potent than speech, a stronger influence for purity and noble aim than is to be found in philosophies or creeds.

It is in her very highest uses and essentials that woman is unintelligible to the muscular reformer, and for this reason the muscular reformer must be rejected as the guide of women. Men

recognize her noblest qualities and honor them. The muscular reformer sees as woman's highest goal her capacity for doing things that men do, whereas her true value lies in her capacity for doing things men cannot do. Otherwise she is superfluous in the sphere of human action—and certainly inferior, for in muscular and other masculine achievements she will always take a lower place.

It is of this spiritualizing privilege of hers that a writer in the *Morning Post*, in a charmingly sympathetic review of my paper, wrote as follows:

Those who appreciate her (the womanly woman) are aware, though they may rarely have had the good fortune to talk with her more nearly than one talks with a person to whom one has just been introduced in a crowded drawing-room, that through her subtle influence they are bound to think of things hereafter in a manner different from what they would have adopted had they not met her. It is, or at least it has been, her "sphere" and her highest glory to talk with men about the weather, or whatever other subject may happen to come to the surface, and thereafter make them think more or less as she would have them think about all the serious problems which trouble our philosophers.

The delight of exerting their powers it is which has deluded women into the extremes of activity, which are our modern misapprehension of living. But surely the exercise of such a power as this is worth the motor abilities of all the ages.

Tuberculosis, gout, cancer, lunacy, epilepsy, and every species of neurosis are, despite our enormous advances in sanitary knowledge and our immensely improved conditions, increasing to an alarming extent. There are many factors in this health deterioration, but the great and universal remedy, pending the removal of these factors, is wholly and absolutely the conservation of womanly forces. The

woman whose physical completeness precludes her from spending all her energies in muscular or mental effort stores these for her children.

In this our day, when men are compelled by the demands of life to strain their powers to the utmost, this quality of conservation and the scope allowed to it are most inestimable factors in human development—factors we are doing our rash best to eliminate.

Moreover this reserve fund it is woman's duty to set aside for the race is the subtle and evolving power which makes the charm of her presence, and is the secret of her moral influence. It is the regenerating principle of the world—the force whereby new types are created, the material wherefrom degenerated elements are restored. For this reason, the reason that her powers are not all her own, she must (so long as she retains her special characteristics) be ever inferior to man in mental and physical achievement. She may fulfil her portion in the world of work, but this should be a sheltered and modified portion if she is to preserve her specialized and higher potencies, and if we have any regard for that future race which is forever evolving in the treasure-house of her conserved forces.

Finally one grows ashamed and weary of the perpetual vaunt of "emergence" and "emancipation." Now for the first time, we are Women—free to use our long down-trampled powers—is our modern boast; whereas if the truth be told, we are in no way nobler, or more suited to our age than were the women who have gone before us, the women who, silently and honorably, fulfilled their share of toil, suffered their meed of pain in the struggle which has brought us to our present state of progress.

In the last number of this Review, following immediately upon Mrs.

Chant's muscular article, appeared a dignified and interesting paper by the Hon. Mr. Justice Ameer Ali on "The Influence of Women in Islam"—a noble record of noble women, who, without clubs or bicycles, or entry to Universities or professions, or any privileges but those which sincerity and worth and exalted natures will always make for themselves, even in Islam, afford an example before which we may bow the head in humbleness, or lift it in pride that we are of their sex. Such women there have always been—and heaven send may always be—women who have been Guardians of the Poor, Speakers, Teachers, Gardeners, Nurses, Doctors, Spiritualizers, Humanizers—even though they had not the privileges of higher education or of university degrees, which after all, are mere details in the history of progress. We are weary also of hearing the menkind of these women stigmatized as "oppressors." In so far as it was possible to them in ruder and less civilized times they accorded their women and children sheltered and protected lives. If the women and children suffered, the men suffered trebly. And in the great school of suffering these women bore and nursed, and wept with anguished tears the untimely deaths of soldier sons in days when the routine of masculine life was bloodshed.

And without higher education or any claim to be remarkable, or vaunts of "liberty" or "rights," or other objectionable terms, they faithfully evolved the race to this our day.

"The Old Order Changeth," quote we boastfully. It has always been changing. The Wheel of Evolution is a wheel which never stands still, except in that terrible moment when it slackens, halts, and finally whirls down the fearsome ways of Devolution.

All that men have given us—and we must never forget that if they had so

willed they might have withheld—they have given chivalrously and generously, for the reason that the time was ripe, also it may be for the sake of some loved woman whose fair life beside them moved them by its excellence, far more than because the reformer clamored. Honor is due to good women who have pioneered our modern path, but such have worked in faithful silence, without time or mind for clamoring.

The clamoring reformer has, for the most part, done no more than set obstacles in our way, the obstacles of ridicule and hostility consequent upon her methods. And we, her sisters, if we follow in her footsteps, instead of cherishing our womanhood and nobler attributes as our very highest possibilities, may undo all that progress and the noble women who have gone before us have achieved.

Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P.

The Nineteenth Century.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
Folk dance like a wave of the sea;
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
My brother in Maharabulee.

I passed my brother and cousin:
They read in their books of prayer;
I read in my book of songs
I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come, at the end of time,
To Peter sitting in state,
He will smile on the three old spirits,
But call me first through the gate;

For the good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance:

And when the folk there spy me,
They will all come up to me,
With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
And dance like a wave of the sea.

W. B. Yeats.

LONDON DOCTORS AND THEIR WORK.

The last of the pink coats disappeared the corner of the firwood on the crest of the hill, and the grooms with the second horses clattered down the short cut of a muddy lane. The doctor gathered up his reins with a sigh. "Ah, yes, it's a dog's life that we poor country G. P.'s lead," he said, "a dog's life. I tell you, those swell London consultants simply don't know that they're born." And he touched up his horse that was every bit as keen on a run that bright hunting morning as he was himself, and rattled away in his high gig, leaving a fragrant trail of tobacco behind him, and the recollection of a wholesome, hearty, weather-beaten face, that was certain to have lost its momentary discontent by the time he reached his patient at the other end of fifteen miles of bleak and hilly road.

"They simply don't know they're born," was what he said.

Perhaps not, for indeed they can scarcely have one leisure moment in which to realize the fact. And yet those London consultants more, almost, than the men of any other class, must be constantly and oppressively aware of the struggle for existence. The country G. P.—our rubicund, sporting friend—ought to have known better; but he was only one of many. For, to the medical provincial, as well as to the lay public, the private life of the London doctor, like the private life of the London cabman, is shrouded in mystery. We see both of them on duty day after day. We expect them to be there when wanted, at any hour of the day or night, and are seriously annoyed with them if they fail us. They are as much our servants as are our own butlers and coachmen. We treat them as superior machines con-

structed for the use and benefit of mankind, and dedicated to his service, and feel we have fulfilled every possible duty that can be required of us toward them when we have paid them our two guineas, or two-and-six. And when, in an outburst of gratitude for complete recovery of health when we had feared the worst, we give our doctor an extra fee or a silver inkstand with a graceful inscription engraved thereon, many of us do it in much the same spirit that causes us to tip our cabby an extra shilling when he has caught our train for us against heavy odds. For it is the business of these men to save our lives and to catch our trains. It is quite another story when a stranger rescues us from death by drowning, or other accident, or when our friend whips up his best cob in order that we may be in time. They do not do these things for gain, and so we are sincerely grateful to our friend, and clamor for the noble stranger to whom we owe everlasting gratitude, to get a medal. But the doctor is an unauthorized member of the Royal Humane Society. He has made a trade of saving life, and cannot either expect medals or much enthusiasm.

To say accurately whether the cabman or his fellow-servant, the consultant, has the busiest life would be difficult, but if we count brain work as well as bodily fatigue, then the doctor has it. It is only when he finds himself so busy that to put one more item into his day's work would be an impossibility, that the consultant knows that he is either at the top of the tree or on one of its highest branches.

From the very beginning of his career his life is never an idle one. From one of the universities he comes to walk one of the hospitals, takes his de-

gree, spends a year or more as house-surgeon or house-physician, another year in French or German laboratories and, having decided that his weaker brethren may go to the colonies or the provinces, but that he will start where there are most to fight, but most to be fought for, he settles down behind his brass plate in the medical rabbit warren that lies round Cavendish Square, to face hard work and harder fighting. Sir James Paget is credited with having advised a young consultant to "put up his brass plate and go away for five years." And to their sorrow, the Oxford or Cambridge man, and the young Scot who has come from Edinburgh and Germany with a collection of testimonials, a profound knowledge of German methods, a dogged determination to be one day a physician to royalty or perish in the attempt, and a persevering, all-enduring capacity for hard work, find the advice (whether authentic or not) painfully near the mark.

But the young specialist does not spend those five years in waiting, like a very Mariana of spiders, for a fly that never comes. True, the patient is a *rara avis*, and the paying patient rarer still. The doctor's income is, in most cases, derived chiefly from a small hospital appointment, and eked out by what he makes by literary hack-work; that is, always supposing him to be a young man of ability, for literary work is hard to get.

If he is fortunate enough to get some "devilling" to do for one of his seniors, he is lucky, and if the senior is a man of note, he is luckier still. When summer comes, and London is a fiery furnace full of dirt, dust and unsavory odors, and when that human mystery, the caretaker, who is a very bat in her fondness for deserted buildings, answers the rarely-rung bell, the young consultant rejoices, for his day has come. While the medical aristocracy

of Cavendish Square, Harley Street, and Stratford Place are out of town, little Dr. Blank emerges like a hungry sparrow and eagerly picks up the crumbs provided by the patients of these great men. And if, when autumn comes, a patient who has benefited by his treatment remembers Joseph, and calls him in again, and Sir Somebody Something expresses gratification at the way in which his work has been done during his absence, Dr. Blank feels that his foot is firmly planted on the first rung of the ladder that leads to success. It is a very high ladder, and although the lower rungs are uncomfortably crowded, there is always plenty of room at the top. At the bottom, the struggling crowds push and jostle each other, and the doctrine of the survival of the fittest is daily exemplified, so that the young medical graduate of brilliant promise and more brilliant hopes is often lost in the surging waves of humanity, and disappears forever.

An occupant of one of the ladder's highest rungs lately complained that during the first ten years of his career he had not had enough work, and during the last ten—and it is to be hoped he has still many years before him—he had had too much. At the same time he acknowledged that the work of the last part was of so much less harassing and wearing a nature than that of the first, that he sometimes wondered how he ever managed to struggle through those first ten years. "You will kill yourself. You are burning the candle at both ends," was said many years ago to one who is now a veteran and a hero amongst medical men. "It is my only possible way of making both ends meet," was the reply. Literary hack-work and drudgery meant work night and day. A subordinate office in one of the large hospitals meant a great many duties and a small salary, and both his literary la-

bors and hospital duties involved an unsparing and constant devotion to them of all the young physician's mental and physical powers.

In certain respects, when the first few years are past, things become a little easier, and in others the struggle is just as hard, for the specialist's reputation almost invariably comes before his means. There are few people more trammelled by the consideration of appearances than the London doctor. When, by his ability and persistent energy—by his "Contributions to Our Knowledge of the Action" of various drugs, and his treatises delivered at Pathological or Pharmaceutical or Medical Societies—he has made his name known in certain circles, as that of a rising young doctor with a good knowledge of his special subject, and a general practitioner has asked him to meet him in consultation, he feels obliged to hire a carriage for the occasion. This is not from false and foolish pride, but simply because the exigencies of medical etiquette and society demand it of him. For the same reason, when he is nobody, he may travel third-class and go in the economical omnibus, but when there is a chance of his being recognized as Dr. So-and-So, a rising consultant, it is considered desirable by the profession and its employers that he should take a first-class ticket, and as far as possible eschew the humble 'bus. He must, as his reputation increases, start a one-horse brougham, and then a brougham and pair, and take a house in the correct street for medical fashion before his income actually allows him to do so.

Why so much shop front should be necessary one often wonders. It certainly seems hard on the rising practitioner, for the system is one based upon unmistakably false principles, but as it does exist, the faculty is obliged to conform to it. His smart house and

carriage and man-servant form part of the consultant's stock-in-trade, and, once his name is known, he can as little afford to do without them as an actor can dispense with his theatrical properties. Shylock, in the morning-dress of a modern English gentleman, and acted in a drawing-room early in the afternoon, might fall rather flatly on the average British Philistine, even in Sir Henry Irving's hands. The Philistine public must ever have its money's worth in accessories.

The country doctor will send for Dr. So-and-So of Harley Street, or Brook Street, or Cavendish Square, when he would not do so if Dr. So-and-So's brass plate was only to be found in a small and not very well-known side street in the same locality. Nor can one blame the country doctor. It is rather the patient who is to blame or the friends of the patient, and, above all, human nature. It sounds as though we had not done our very best for our friends, when we only sent for Dr. Smith of Gower Street, who was dropped by a 'bus at the corner, and came modestly up the steps with a shabby black bag and an overcoat shiny at the seams; while even if the consultant cannot cure, and does not help to arrest the disease, and our friend dies it is a consolation to think that Sir Blank Blank of Cavendish Square, and Dr. Somebody of Harley Street came in their carriages and their fur-lined overcoats, and gave their most profound attention to the case. And yet, perhaps, Dr. Smith may have some special knowledge of the subject which is possessed by neither Sir Blank Blank nor Dr. Somebody, and which might have enabled him to treat the case more successfully than either of them could do—as they themselves would be the first to acknowledge.

It is said that the legal profession sees the worst side of every one. The

medical profession may also see the worst, but it sees the best as well. Amongst his patients the physician has those ill from imagination, want of work, or over-indulgence in one form or another—those who spend their time in worshipping their own bodies and offering up their relations and friends as human sacrifices on the altars of these unworthy deities. The *malade imaginaire*, the neurotic, hysterical patient, and the common or usual human pig, are by no means uncommon types. But, just as often, the doctor meets with the man or woman suffering from some mortal and agonizing malady, the existence of which is known only to their physician and themselves. Day in, day out—month in, month out—year after year, he sees men and women smitten by cruel disease, bearing their cross, with an unselfish, uncomplaining heroism which approaches the ideal, for it seeks no reward.

It is one of the doctor's privileges that to him are known some of the truest heroes and heroines of life's battlefield. He sees them receive unflinchingly their sentence of death. He has the honor of knowing those who spend their lives on beds of sickness and weakness and pain, and yet who are always cheerful, always uncomplaining, and always filled with thought and sympathy for every one else. It was a very distinguished London physician who lately complained that there were three prescriptions which he almost daily wished to give, but which no living chemist would make up. These were:—1. Sunshine for those who cannot go abroad; 2. Rest for those who need it but cannot get it; 3. Work for those who are ill for want of it.

As we have, very many of us, as we have already said, a certain unacknowledged tendency to regard our doctor as a superior machine, dedicat-

ed to our service and designed for the study of our health, we are sometimes apt to forget that he is, after all, merely human. It is a startling, but possibly wholesome surprise, to hear the doctor's family callously sweep one wholesale into a list of equally inhuman beings, called "The Patients." "The Patients" are regarded by the doctor's family as their natural enemies. Necessary evils of course they are, but evils, without doubt. For the doctor's time is not his own, nor that of his relations any more than is the convenience of the doctor's household the property of any one of them. They belong to the patients. The patient, as a general rule, seems freely to acknowledge this fact to him or herself. The cook may rage in the nether regions over a dinner that is slowly but surely committing suicide. The butler may sternly and persistently smite the gong. The doctor's wife and family may, so to speak, champ their bits and prance at the thought of the overture or first act on a first night which they are missing. But the patient only lingers longer, like the lady in the song.

In urgent cases, as even the doctor's wife generously acknowledges, the patient or patient's friends cannot take into consideration for a moment the fact that they are disturbing some nicely laid scheme for the doctor's relaxation by calling him out at untimely hours. Stalls at the opera, theater tickets, dinner parties, church services, concerts, and lectures—nay, even funerals, weddings and the christening of his own child—are given up without a murmur when the urgency of the case is indisputable. But who can wonder if the overworked physician bemoans himself a little, and his better-half uses intolerant language when a carefully planned and joyously anticipated pleasure has been knocked on the head by a frantic telegram demanding his immediate attendance at

a remote suburb, and he finds on reaching there that the sender of the unwelcome wire has been a hysterical lady or some of the over-nervous relations of a mildly ill patient.

The doctor's wife has, indeed, much need of patience. She sees but little of her husband, and when she does see him, late at night, early in the morning, or when they are driving together to a dinner party, their chances of sustained conversation are but few. This is why the consultant's wife rarely or never employs her own husband as family doctor, but entrusts the care of the family's health to a general practitioner. It might be weeks before the great man could find time to examine Freddy's eyes, or see whether baby was suffering merely from teething rash, or from measles. It is told of a celebrated physician, not long dead, that having one day met in Harley Street, not far from his own door, a nurse and two children with whose charming appearance he was much struck, he stopped and chatted with them. "May I ask whose children those are?" he said to the nurse, on parting. "Your own, sir," the nurse replied.

The doctor's meals, as a rule, are movable feasts. He very frequently lunches in his carriage, and even his long-suffering cook must feel murderous (although "Poor Lamb" is the kindly epithet we have heard that large-minded woman more than once use to her unconscious employer) when the dinner hour is changed at ten minutes' notice from 7.30 to 6, or is given two hours after its appointed time wherein to destroy itself. The patients, according to the doctor's family, are generally supposed to think that their physician requires no more sustenance than what is contained in the air he breathes. They have a partiality for consulting him at his luncheon or dinner hour. They arrive punc-

tually at 1 or 7.30 or 8, and insist upon seeing him. And, though the gong makes loud remonstrance, and the dishes clatter suggestively, they will not leave their victim until he has heard in detail all their symptoms, and given in detail his opinion. And then, having told them that, above all things, they must avoid all hurry with regard to their food, and take their meals leisurely and quietly, chewing each bite a certain number of times, and on no account doing anything so foolish as "bolting" their food, which must lead to dyspepsia, gout, and, after that, the Deluge, the doctor hurries back to his dinner table and takes a meal of four courses in exactly five minutes and a half. "An important case? we asked a distinguished Scot as he returned with a perturbed face to the ruins of a meal. "No, no," he said with tired despondency—"a hivering body." It is naturally an added aggravation that the most inconsiderate of patients are very frequently the most unprofitable ones from a monetary point of view. The person who has so little idea of the value of the doctor's time that he will waste it by never-ending garrulity and endless unnecessary questions usually is a person whose own time is of no value to any one, and who can, consequently, pay only half a fee, or, more probably, no fee at all.

The question of fees is a serious one to the rising physician. His engagement book may look fat and flourishing; he may have one patient succeeding another in rapid succession from nine till two, and yet at the end of that time he may find himself only two guineas to the good. The numbers of people who come to consult him as the parents or widows, or sons or daughters, or brothers or sisters, or uncles or aunts of medical men, and therefore with an immunity from fees is remarkable. Other patients, too,

by a curious process of ingenious reasoning, also frequently claim this immunity. Why the Church should be exempt, one cannot tell. Nor can the clergyman who is a credit to his cloth tell either, but this immunity is very frequently insisted upon. It is with real regret that the doctor feels obliged to explain to the struggling vicar with a large family and a small living, that in spite of his well-appointed and handsome consulting-room, he, too, has but a small living and a large family to support. But he has no such feeling when a clerical gentleman of unquestionable means, who does not hesitate to pay large sums for all possible luxuries, and who can even afford to be generous toward the building or restoration funds of his poorer brethren, and other more catholic charities, regards himself as a charitable object and requests advice gratis.

There is yet another class of patient—and usually a very aristocratic class of patient—which despises the ready-money system in regard to fees, and prefers to run up a long bill, which is paid—sometimes. If it is not paid, however, the patients frequently use their influence to induce their friends to consult their doctor, and as some of the friends are sure to pay, and our notions of morality are all so different, it may perhaps be considered that they are paying in kind. It was a shrewd old Scottish farmer who, when the doctor who had for many years attended him and his family, mildly suggested that the time seemed to him to have arrived when it might be well for him to settle his little bill, remonstrated in grieved surprise: "But, man, ye've had a' oor custom."

But the doctor of the distinguished patient not unfrequently has to take comfort in the same thought. The patient with a moral twist, who presents as his fee two bad shillings carefully wrapped up in tissue paper is, fortun-

ately, very rare; but he who chooses to regard two sovereigns as two guineas is met with every day. A lady of our acquaintance once consulted an eminent specialist and left what she imagined to be two guineas on his study table. On reaching home she found to her consternation that she was a pound to the good, but that a bright new farthing which she had had in her purse had disappeared. In great haste she drove back to the consultant's house and rectified her mistake with many apologies. "You are by no means the first of my patients who has made the mistake, madam," said the courtly old gentleman, "but you are the very first who has rectified it."

The long country journey is usually the doctor's easiest and pleasantest way of making money. The fur-coated gentleman in the first-class carriage who has bought all the publications of Sir George Newnes, and Gaboriau's latest, and who has settled himself down in a comfortable corner for two hours' uninterrupted bliss before beginning to skim the "British Medical," or tackle a German pamphlet that would unhinge the mind of a less great man, is the consultant whose arrival is being so eagerly looked for by the anxious family two hundred miles away. There is, of course, a certain ratio per mile, but even when he consents to go a long journey for half the regulation fee, the doctor can usually make in one day and by seeing one patient, double what he could make by staying at home and seeing a dozen. Even when other engagements have to be cancelled wholesale, a telegram calling on him to travel half across England at half an hour's notice is rarely an unwelcome summons. Such a summons was once received by a distinguished surgeon. As he was preparing to start a second telegram arrived. "Don't come too late," it said,

and so, to prevent any such unhappy contingency, the surgeon gave up every other engagement and went off by a still earlier train. After a journey of several hours he arrived, only to find the patient dead. "Did you not get my telegram?" asked the country practitioner who had been in attendance. "I wired you not to come, as it was too late." A more serious telegraphic slip than a mere want of stops was that which arose when a London physician got a telegram demanding his immediate attendance, and signed, "Richard the First, Twickenham." With a smile of pity for the harmless lunatic, the consultant was about to consign the telegram to his waste-paper basket, when it occurred to him that he possessed a patient, Mr. Richard by name, who lived at The Firs, Twickenham.

To the doctor's family the country patient is considered much the least objectionable. They do not, as a rule, hunt the doctor from his house after dark, nor are they to be found lurking in the study or dining-room, or run against in the hall, at the most inconvenient times and seasons. With them, too, are associated such very desirable tokens of gratitude as fruit, game, poultry, fish, eggs, flowers and Devonshire cream. For, in the matter of presents, the favorite curate is simply not in it when compared with the popular physician. His presents are as miscellaneous as they are numerous. Silver bowls and silver plate of all sorts, patent fireguards (the patient's own invention) which will not work, luncheon baskets, umbrellas, valuable paintings by famous artists, and flower paintings and poker and fretwork from the ambitious amateur; dogs, Persian kittens, monkeys and parrots, snakes and serpents that are a terror to the household, books, bicycles, chairs and tables. From abroad, too, come strange and delightful edibles—

cassava cakes and mangoes, barrels of oysters, chutney, buffalo humps, and groves of pineapples (with our own eyes have we seen a grove of forty pineapples in the house of a doctor in Stratford Place), and ornaments in gold and silver, Indian and African weapons and armor, and the skins of tigers and of grizzly bears. A tribute of fried fish comes from an East End Jewess, who also contributes an unappetizing form of biscuit called Pass-over cake. A brewer sends ale, a wine merchant champagne; stalls and boxes flow in from theatrical personages; authors, professional and amateur, are lavish with copies of their works, and the dear kind old lady that nearly all of us have the happiness of knowing, keeps up a continual gentle stream of tea-cosies, embroidered slippers, comforters, knitted gloves, and sofa-cushions worked in the most glaring and fastastic impossibilities ever contrived by means of "crewl" wool and aniline dyes.

If ingratitude seems to him a common vice, the physician must also acknowledge that gratitude is a common virtue. Amongst his poorer patients, perhaps, this virtue shines even more brightly than it does at the West End; and of poor patients he is likely to have had thousands. One who held for seven years the office of casualty physician in a large London hospital tells us that during that time, four times a week, he saw considerably more than sixty patients in an hour. The largest number he ever saw in a morning was three hundred and ten, while his average number on a Saturday morning—the busiest one of the week—was two hundred and thirty-five and one-fifth. It seems almost incredible that, with such a very short time devoted to each of them, the cases should be properly diagnosed and prescribed for; but this physician, whose statements are quite beyond appeal,

assured us that, while he was at work there, he would have been quite willing to allow any physician or physicians, selected by any responsible body whatsoever, to stand beside him, pick out any case at random, and criticize the treatment, knowing that if they judged fairly they must confess that it was, upon the whole, good. The possibility of such rapidity meant, of course, that the arrangements in the hospital dispensary were as nearly perfect as possible, and that the pharmacopœia was very complete indeed.

The duties of casualty physician are naturally the most wearing, but the office of assistant physician, and even the post of full physician, involves a very considerable amount of work. Sometimes, indeed, it may mean that on one day the physician may have to give a lecture of one hour or more, superintend a practical class, and see as many as fifty out-patients; and, should he happen to be one of the junior staff, or should one of his colleagues be unable to take his own work, he may also have the care of several wards entrusted to him. He sometimes has very full days indeed, this successful physician. Let us take a typical case and watch the doctor as he goes through his day's work, and, for choice, let us take a day in the season, which is for him, as well as for the great aristocratic Unemployed, the busiest time of the year. At 7.30 he breakfasts, reading his letters and just skimming through the morning papers as he does so. Eight o'clock finds him in his study, where most of the next hour is spent in dictating letters to his secretary. Eluding as best he can the importunities of one or two besieging patients, he then hurries out to his waiting carriage, for he lectures from 9 till 10 at the School of Medicine in which he holds office. At 10.30 he is again in his consulting-room, seeing patients. His luncheon is probably de-

voured in hasty mouthfuls in his brougham as he goes to see some patient who is too ill to come and see him, or as he drives to the station on his way to a country consultation. Supposing the country journey to be a short one, say to Surrey, he probably on his way back stops at Clapham Junction and there catches a train to Peckham or Highgate. From thence he goes to see a patient in town, and, about 9 p. m., he arrives home, tired, tealess and ready for dinner, which is more than ready for him, to find a messenger waiting to ask him to go at once to a serious case at Maida Vale or Hammersmith or in the wilds of South Kensington. He snatches an uncomfortable meal and goes off to return at midnight, "and so to bed," as Mr. Pepys would say, to rise again next morning in time for his early breakfast and ready for another round. In one point in particular does the consultant come better off than the general practitioner. His night bell is not rung more frequently than three or four times a month, nor does he, like that unhappy G.P., have to rise from his bed and return to it two or three times during the night. Now and again a specially important case must necessitate nightwork, but, as a rule, he only sees patients in consultation with their own medical men, and has, therefore, to take no active part in their treatment after he has once seen them and delivered an opinion on the case.

One considerable item in the consultant's day is his correspondence, as his secretary and his postman know to their cost. When a patient comes to see him, unaccompanied by a doctor, he almost invariably sends a report on the case to the patient's own medical attendant, to the patient's friends, or to both. We sometimes hear the general practitioner complain of the consultant's arrogance and ingratitude

when he owes a large number of patients directly to the recommendation of the G.P., and never so much as acknowledges that he has seen them; but, on the other hand, very many consultants send full reports on the cases they have seen, to the practitioners who have sent them, and are thanked for their trouble by one out of every twenty.

The consultant's correspondence has the charm of variety. He has letters from the wily individual who seeks by cunningly put questions to extract advice from him gratis. He has many notes asking for appointments, and many questions on medical points. Occasionally he has the pleasure of possessing a patient who has a horrid joy in describing his symptoms, and who, regularly three times a week, writes four sheets full of unpleasing details of his sensations and diet, crossed and written in an illegible hand. He has very many patients who, when they consult him, forget to ask him just those questions which they most want answered, and continue for the following month to treat him to a series of notes of interrogation.

The patient who dabbles in medical things is one of his chief correspondents. The patient always reads his prescriptions with great care, and usually wrongly, and returns them because bismuth does not agree with him, and quinine made him deaf, and phenacetin produced a feeling of numbness, and antipyrin did him no good at all. He believes that compound tincture of benzoin and "Friar's Balsam" are the same thing, and, if so, why do they both appear on one prescription? He supposes (doubtless glowing with the comfortable consciousness of his own profound knowledge, which is not to be overcome by a whole college of physicians) that this must be a mistake, and returns the prescription to have it rectified. Even

when the long-suffering physician explains that they are the same thing, and that "Friar's Balsam" merely appears as the name the druggist is to put on the bottle, the patient will have none of it. In evident fear of being poisoned, he again returns the prescription, giving, this time, as a reason, the fact that he "thinks he once had benzoin before, and it disagreed with him and caused singing in his ears."

If the consultant holds, or has held, a hospital appointment, scarcely a day passes without his writing at least one testimonial, and his acquaintance with the junior members of the profession also leads to his being applied to for information and assistance by men wanting partnerships, travelling appointments, private patients, and patients to whom to apply massage, electricity, or baths of various kinds. Men wishing to buy or sell practices ask his advice, and people who wish to undertake the care of delicate children, invalid gentlemen, or old ladies, assail him on every side.

Begging letters come by the dozen, and the number of people in indigent circumstances who appeal to him because their fathers, or sons, or brothers, or uncles were medical men, or because they once practised themselves, would be even more depressing than it is to the doctor were he always quite certain of the writers' veracity. As for the applications for photographs, autographs, presentation copies of his works, and donations to charities of every imaginable kind, their name is legion, and he has advertisements for every drug, patent invalid and infants' food, mineral water, and medical appliance under the sun. It is not very often that the patient takes the trouble to report his recovery. Now, as in Bible times, it is usually only the tenth leper that returns thanks. But the consultant need not

worry himself in case he does not hear of his failures. Of them he is invariably kept well informed.

With so many professional duties it may be imagined that the consultant has but little time for social ones. And yet we meet that indefatigable man at dinner-parties, late At Homes, and now and again even, when his pretty daughter is just "Out," at balls. Nor do we meet him only in one set or clique of society. We meet him everywhere. Even since the days of Mr. John Pendennis, of Bath and of Fair-oaks Lodge, the doctor's position in the social scale has enormously changed. And so it is with something approaching amazed horror that one hears of the hostess of one young doctor requesting him to allow himself to be announced as "Mr. —, as many people don't care to meet doctors in society;" and of an extraordinarily rare and perfect specimen of the snob, who recently announced in public that "of course if one was going to give a very select dinner, one wouldn't invite a doctor to it." What time the doctor is not seeing patients, he has so many engagements that may be called semi-professional that the wonder is that he has ever time for anything that is quite non-professional. Nearly every afternoon and evening, if he chooses, he can go to a meeting of one kind or another—a medical, or physiological, or pathological, or therapeutical, or pharmaceutical, or zoological, or medico-chirurgical. He belongs to innumerable committees. He is a Fellow of so many learned societies that it seems simpler to mention those of which he is not a member than those of which he is.

The doctor's coachman, perhaps, better than any other of the doctor's acquaintances, can give testimony regarding the treadmill life he leads. The interior of the doctor's brougham, could it only for once give voice, might

give even more moving testimony. For it would tell of rapid and fragmentary luncheons bolted on cold winter days; it might speak of an equally rapid consumption and digestion of medical books and medical journals; it might even reveal to an amazed public the secrets of the doctor's toilette. In our hearing a London surgeon recently complained that he had had two dresses stolen from his carriage within two months. We know the reason why, for to us was already known the fact that, when a doctor's brougham, with its blinds down, was met driving rapidly westward from one of the large railway stations at about 7.45 p. m., the great man inside it was, in all probability, engaged in the acrobatic feat of changing his morning for his evening dress. It is alleged that, in a carriage accident, the public was once amazed to find the occupant of the doctor's brougham, which had been charged into by an omnibus, in his white shirt and trousers. He was an occupant of "The Knight Nursery," as a certain portion of a certain street dedicated to *Æsculapius* has been profanely called, and his clothing seemed insufficient, until he explained that he was on his way from Euston to Park Lane, and was dressing for a dinner-party.

When we meet him clad in the rough tweed knickerbockers and Norfolk jacket of bold check so dear to his heart—mountaineering in Switzerland, shooting in the Highlands, or fishing in Norway, or where Tweed runs seaward past the "Three Crests" that have the purple plain beyond—we envy him. Apparently he has on his mind nothing of greater moment than the question whether it is a good day for climbing, or if the birds are shy, or the more momentous question of choice between a Jock Scott or another gaudy insect, and we are apt to think that it is a very good thing to be a suc-

cessful London consultant. A very good thing it truly is, for in its way, all success is good, and a doctor's life can be, and frequently is, a noble one. But when we see the doctor at work—when we know something of his daily routine and daily toil—we realize that for him who longs to tread the prim-

rose path a medical career is not one to be recommended, and that he who seeks for much ease and many pleasures as the well-deserved result of many years of arduous labor, must look for it elsewhere than in the life of a successful London consultant.

THOMAS HOOD'S FIRST CENTENARY.

Jealous, I own it, I was once—
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit—it would not do—
At tenderness—that failed me too.
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood!
—Walter Savage Landor.

Humor and Pathos, a century ago, linked their hands across the cradle of Thomas Hood to vow him for their own. And he was theirs till death. Over the events of his life, or the creations of his brain, that joint possession never slackened its hold for an hour. If, to visible seeming, Pathos holds supremacy to-day in the sufferings of the poet's body, Humor holds the guidance of his muse; if to-morrow humor should irradiate his outward life with laughter, we may be sure that Pathos will cast its shadow within. Tears and laughter are never very far apart in that strangely mingled life. Behind the smile there is a thinly-veiled sadness; through the tears there comes a gleam of mirth. It was a dual life he lived, an April day of shine and shadow.

Hood paid a visit once to Ham House, which nestles so picturesquely among stately elms at the foot of Richmond Hill, and within a stone's-throw of the "silver streaming Thames." It was summer-time, and the historic mansion and its famous avenues looked their best. But that visit was

responsible for the creation of "The Elm Tree." Hood saw nothing of the bright sunshine, heard nothing of the songs of birds, or rather, he saw and heard them, and saw and heard beyond them. As he wandered down those avenues of lofty elms he caught no bird melody, but a "sad and solemn sound" filled his ears, which seemed now to murmur amid the leaves over his head, and anon to rise from the green sward beneath his feet. It was not the wind sighing amid the branches, nor the squirrel rustling the leaves in its happy gambols from bough to bough, nor any Dryad making the forest voluble as in the olden time:—

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmured overhead,
And sometimes underground.

As the poet heard not the birds, so he saw not the sunshine, but in the stead of golden shafts of light in that shady avenue, his eyes caught a glimpse of the Spectre of Death, standing by a sturdy elm fresh felled by the woodman's axe. And he heard Death speak, and he knew then the cause of that mysterious murmur:—

This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,

The man who spreads the pall
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!"

Where other eyes had seen an elm-tree, verdant with vigorous life, the haven of birds, the playground of squirrels, Hood had seen—a coffin! Has any other poet so pierced through the smiling mask of nature to the symbol of human sadness hidden behind?

Again: when life was nearing its close, and his body was wasted with disease and racked with pain, the poet paused from his work one day to write letters to the three children of his devoted physician, Dr. Elliot, who was spending a holiday by the sea. There are no more delightful letters to children in English literature. Hood knew the measure of the child-mind to a fraction, and had full command of that reasoned nonsense which Lewis Carroll has made so popular since. But mingling with the bolsterous fun of these delightful letters there are gentle sighs of sadness, all too gentle, one is happy to think, to have been detected by the bright young spirits to whom the letters were addressed. What child could catch the undercurrent of pathos in such sentences as these?—

I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze-bushes to prick one at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prick. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles; and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate you could carry me to the postoffice and fetch my letters.

* * * * *

There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me

a bouquet, as you used to at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long time.

Humor and Pathos, too, mingle themselves in one of the latest sketches Hood drew for his own magazine. Prevented by a severe attack from keeping faith with his readers, he ventured to express his regrets by the pencil instead of the pen, and in his sick-bed drawing the title of his magazine is symbolized by a magpie wearing a hood, while the "Editor's Apologies" comprise a significant group of medicine bottles, a dish of leeches, and the picture of a heart with a line encircling it—typical of the enlarged heart from which he was dying. Thus, to the end, Hood was faithful to his own creed:—

There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

On the poet's monument, in Kensal Green Cemetery, the date of his birth is given as the 23d May, 1798, but in several biographies that event is stated to have taken place a year later. His own children appear to have been doubtful on this point, for his daughter, in her "Memorials," gives the year later on no surer authority than "as far as we trace." Henceforth, however the exact date of Hood's birth need be no longer a matter of uncertainty, for here is a verbatim copy of his natal certificate:—

These are to certify, that Thomas Hood, son of Thomas Hood and Elizabeth Hood his Wife, who was daughter of James Sands, was born in the Poultry, in the Parish of St. Mildred, in the City of London, the Twenty-third Day of May, in the Year One

thousand Seven hundred and Ninety-nine, at whose birth we were present.

Ruth Sands.
Jane Curlee.

Registered at Dr. Williams's Library, Redcross-street, near Cripplegate, London.

Thomas Morgan, Registrar.
Nov. 27th, 1817.

The original of this interesting document is in the possession of Mr. Towneley Green, R. L., whose mother was a sister of Thomas Hood's wife. It is to the same eminent artist's kindness that I am indebted for permission to use those extracts from some unpublished letters of Hood, which will be found below. What other valuable services Mr. Towneley Green rendered me in the preparation of these pages will be made manifest from time to time. To return to the birth certificate for a moment. It will be seen that this document makes known, for the first time, the Christian name of Hood's maternal grandfather (hitherto his mother has been spoken of as the "sister of Mr. Robert Sands"); that it definitely locates the Poultry as the place of his birth; that one of his aunts was present at the entrance into the world; and finally, that the registration was effected more than eighteen years after the birth took place. With regard to the second fact, it is interesting to know that the building now known as No. 31, Poultry, stands upon the same site as that in which the poet was born a century ago. It is, of course, impossible to explain the protracted delay in the registration of the birth, or why, after eighteen years, it should have been registered at all. But a guess may be hazarded. Hood was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Sands, the engraver, and it may be that the registration of his birth is connected with that event.

Thomas Hood attained his majority

without achieving any definite connection with literature, but his son ought not to have lent his authority to the assertion that prior to 1821 his father "had displayed no strong literary tendencies." During his visit to Dundee, in search of health, which lasted, there are sound reasons for believing, from December, 1814, to some time in 1817, he had written a large quantity of verse, and his connection, on his return to London, with the "private select Literary Society," of the "Reminiscences," kept him busy with his pen. In short, Hood did not enter the world of letters until after he had served a long apprenticeship to the pen. This is made clear by a letter (unknown to his daughter when she compiled the "Memorials") he wrote in 1820 to a Scottish correspondent, who had written to offer profuse apologies for having lost the manuscript of Hood's rhymed "Dundee Guide."

I will tell you a secret for your comfort, that the loss, even if great, would not be irreparable, for I could, if necessary, write afresh from memory, and nearly verbatim. It is the same with nearly all the rest of my effusions, some of which I shall hereafter send for your perusal, to show you that I do not consider you the "careless friend" you represent yourself to be. I continue to receive much pleasure from our literary society, and from my own pursuits in that way, in which, considering my little time, I am very industrious; that is to say, I spoil a deal of paper. My last is a mock heroic love tale of 600 lines, with notes critical and explanatory, which I lately finished after many intervals, independent of two poetical addresses to the society on closing and opening a fresh season, with various pieces, chiefly amatory.

* * * * *

I find that I shall not be able to send my poems to you for some time, as they are in the hands of an intelligent bookseller, a friend of mine, who wishes to look them over. He says that they are worth publishing, but I doubt

very much if he would give me any proof of his opinion, or I should indulge in the hope of sending them to you in a more durable shape.

These passages prove, beyond question, that when, on the tragic death of John Scott, in 1821, the London Magazine became the property of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, and those gentlemen enlisted the services of Thomas Hood, as sub-editor of its pages, the young engraver was amply qualified to throw away his etching-tools in favor of the pen. At first his duties appear to have been little more than those of a superior proof-reader, but ere long he began inventing facetious "Answers to Correspondents," and in a short time he took an established place among the contributors to the magazine. It was a famous circle into which he thus gained admittance, and at Taylor's dining-room, at 93 Fleet Street, with its windows overlooking St. Bride's Churchyard, Hood often shared in such merriment as only could have been created in gatherings which included such spirits as Elia, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Barry Cornwall, Horace Smith, John Clare, and John Hamilton Reynolds. With two of that illustrious band Hood was destined to enjoy an affectionate intimacy. The gentle Elia quickly appealed to his heart, and the depth of his feeling for him may be inferred from the fact that of the two portraits which accompanied Hood in all his wanderings and changes, one was that of Charles Lamb. The other member of the London Magazine circle to enter into close companionship with Hood was John Hamilton Reynolds, who is, perhaps, as much an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" as his intimate friend, John Keats. It was, no doubt, profitable for Hood to enter into such close companionship with Reynolds, apart from the fact that the friendship culminated in his marriage with his sister,

Jane Reynolds. Keats himself was often indebted to the fine literary instinct of John Hamilton Reynolds, and it is highly probable that Hood also reaped material advantage in the same direction. Keats and Reynolds contemplated collaboration in a volume of poems; Hood and Reynolds carried such a scheme to fruition. Hence the volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People," which Coleridge so confidently attributed to Lamb, and of which, while still in the making, Hood wrote to Reynolds: "I think the thing is likely to be a hit, but if you do some I shall expect it to run like wild-fire."

Unhappily, this promising friendship did not survive till that final severance which ends all friendships. The two quarrelled, but why they quarrelled will never be known. Neither the children of Hood nor his other close relatives knew how the estrangement came about. Nor is it known when the rupture took place; all that is certain is that it was subsequent to Hood's marriage with Jane Reynolds, and also subsequent to John Hamilton Reynolds' own marriage with Miss Butler. That the latter was the case is proved by a document, in Hood's writing, among the unpublished papers belonging to Mr. Towneley Green. This is a humorous account of Reynolds' wedding, drawn up in the form of a program of a State procession, and it provides another illustration of the lively spirit with which Hood was wont to celebrate all important family occasions. Here it is:—

A PROGRESS FROM LONDON TO WEDLOCK THROUGH EXETER.

People of Exeter with Banners.

Glovers.

Honorable Company of
Match Makers.

Banner.

Beadle

With His Banner.

Hymen and Amen
 With their Banners.
 1st, 2d and 3d Times of Asking
 With their Axes.
 Page
 Bearing the Matrimonial Yoke with
 the Milk of Human Kindness.
 The Happy Pair!
 Banners: Mutual Benefit, Hand-in-
 Hand, and Union, with the Sweet
 Little Cherub that sits up aloft.
 Domestic Habits
 in Livery, Attended by
 Domestic Comfort.
 Banner.
 Carmen Nuptiale.
 Cupid with the Ring.
 Gentlemen of the London.
 Editor with his Staff.
 Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Allan
 Cunningham, Richard Woodhouse,
 Theodore W. Hazlitt, H. Cary, C.
 Vinkbooms, James Weathercock,
 Thomas De Quincey, W. Hilton, C.
 Lamb, as Diddle Diddle Dumpkins
 with one shoe off and one shoe on, and
 his man, John Clare; J. Rice,
 W. Proctor, Mr. Riley-Parker.
 The lamb flags carried by
 Mr. Montgomery.
 Lion's Head
 With his two Pages.
 Placard "The Head of the Family"
 Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Butler.
 Train Bearers—Cupids in Livery.
 Banner—The Family Crest.
 The Three Misses Reynolds.
 Trainbearers.
 Banner—Cupid with a White Bow.
 Three Gentlemen *after* the Three
 Miss Reynolds?
 Placard "The Bride's Character."
 Friends.
 Musicians:
 A Blind Bard Harping on one String.
 Wind Instruments.
 "Piping to the spirits ditties of no
 tone," etc., etc.
 Banner.
 The People of Exeter.

It was, of course, in the family
 home of his friend Reynolds that Hood
 met his future wife, Jane Reynolds.

The family lived in Little Britain, in
 one of the "Master's houses," as those
 buildings were called which were de-
 voted to the use of the Tutors of
 Christ's Hospital near by. The father
 was Writing and Mathematical Mas-
 ter in that famous school, and he and
 his wife and children were evidently
 friends and abettors of all those who
 found their chief pleasure in litera-
 ture; Keats and Lamb were frequent
 visitors, and many lesser lights in the
 early nineteenth-century world of let-
 ters were often found under that con-
 genial roof in Little Britain. Mrs.
 Reynolds herself was possessed of fine
 literary instincts, and in 1827 she pub-
 lished, under the pen-name of "Mrs.
 Hamerton," a delightful little tale
 bearing the title of "Mrs. Leslie and
 her Grandchildren." A copy of this
 rare volume is in the library of Mr.
 Towneley Green, and on its half-title
 page there is pasted a brief extract of
 a letter from Lamb to Hood. The ex-
 tract reads thus:—

Dear H.,—Emma has a favor, besides
 a bed, to ask of Mrs. Hood. Your par-
 cel was gratifying. We have all been
 pleased with Mrs. Leslie; I speak it
 most sincerely. There is much manly
 sense with a feminine expression,
 which is my definition of ladies' writ-
 ing.

Hood's wooing of Jane Reynolds ap-
 pears to have met with some opposi-
 tion from within the Little Britain
 family circle, but the young poet evi-
 dently had a zealous advocate in the
 person of his betrothed's mother. The
 following hitherto unpublished letter
 from Hood to Mrs. Reynolds witnesses
 to a warm spirit of affection between
 the two. The date of the letter is un-
 certain, but it was prior to the mar-
 riage of Hood with his "dear Jane."

Lower Street, Islington.

My Dearest Mother,—I was to have
 written to you yesterday evening, but

my hand was so tired with transcribing all the morning that I was obliged, unwillingly, to let it rest. I do not know how I am to put interest enough in these lines to repay you for the long time I have been indebted to you for your kind ones; I know they were written designedly to put me in heart and hope, and indeed they were more than a pleasure to me in the midst of pain. Then they were not only kind, but enlivened with such smart and humorous conceits as might account for some part of my difficulty in finding a reply. You know I am not used to flatter; and if I were to begin now, Heaven help me, but you should be the last woman for my experiment. I know you have a "smashing blow" for such butter-moulds.

I am a great deal better. My hands are now returned to their natural size. From their plumpness before with the little nourishment I took, and their afterwards falling away, you would have thought I sustained myself like the bears, by sucking my paws. I am now on a stouter diet, a beef-eater, and devour my ox by instalments; so provide yourself against I come. I have nursed a hope of seeing you on Sunday. It has been one of the greatest privations of my illness to be debarred from a presence so kind as yours; but I trust, weak as I am, to make my bow at your next drawing-room. You know there is a hope for everything; your old rose-tree has a bud on it.

I wish you could patronize my garden, you should walk about it like Aurora, and bedew the young plants. It is quite green, and the flowers that were sown are now *seed* coming up from the ground. I am just going there as soon as I have achieved this letter. The fresh air feeds me like a chameleon, and makes me change the color of my skin too. I shall need all my strength if you expect me to come and romp with your grandchild. My dear Jane writes that, owing to Mr. Acland's delay, it is likely they may not come up till the week after next. Pray make use of the interval in double-bracing your nerves against the tumults of "the little sensible Longmore." She will put you to your Hop Tea. I expect she will quite revolutionize Little Britain. The awful brow of Marianne, the muscular powers of Lotti, the serious remonstrances of

Aunt Jane, the maternal and grand-maternal authorities will all be set at naught with impunity. As for Green and I, we shall come up empty about dinner-time, and in the hubbub, be sent empty away. The old china will be cracked, like mad; the tour-terelles, finger-blotted and spoiled; the chintz, —now *couleur de rose*—all rumpled and unfloanced! You will get some rest never!

I had a note from that unfortunate youth, Haley, on Sunday. It commenced: "Saturated with rain," as if to show me what use he had made of my dictionary; and ended by begging a trifle to help him into the 99th. I played the sergeant's part and gave him a shilling, not from any bounty of my own, but because all the girls cried out upon me for their parts, "they could not resist such entreaties." However, do not blame me, for I mean to cut him off with it, and be deaf to his letters in the future.

I have been obliged to avail myself of the sunshine, and wish I could send you some by this letter, to sit in your thoughts. I hope you dwell only on the pleasant ones; for, with all your cares, you must have many such. Think of your good and clever daughters who paint sea nymphs, and sing and play on the piano; and of your son John, dear to the Muses. I think few families have been dealt with so well, if indeed any. There's Jane and Eliza, Marianne, and Lottie—four queens; and John—you must count "two for his nob." I was glad to hear that he came to you, and in such excellent tune, and highly pleased with his praise of my Poem. It was worth all the commendations of a London Magazine to me; with its Editor at the head or, if you please, at the tail. Pray tell Marianne that I have written a long, serious, Spanish story, trying not to be more idle than I can help, which, as soon as it is transcribed, I shall send to her. I have almost written some songs for Lottie, but want rhymes to them. I have never been allowed yet to sigh to your "Willow Song" for the Album. Lambkins and Willows were indispensable to the old songs, but I thought such *fleecy-osiery* poetry went out with Pope. I almost think it a shame, amongst all my rhyming that I have never yet *mused* upon you; but please God you and I mend, you shall

adorn a sonnet yet, and if it be worthy of you I shall think myself some "Boet," as Handel used to call it. I might have a much worse subject and inspiration than the recollection of your goodness, and with that happy remembrance I will leave off. God bless you, my dearest Mother! You say you wonder how it is I respect and esteem you as such, as if I had not read in you a kindness towards me, which in such a heart as yours must always outrun its means; nay, as if in thinking me worthy of one of your excellent daughters, you have not in all the love and duty of a son made me bounden to you forever. Perhaps after this you will bear with my earnest looks in knowing that they are attached to you by a gratitude and affection which could never enough thank and bless you, if they did not do so sometimes silently and in secret.

Pray distribute my kindest love amongst all, and believe it my greatest happiness to join with your own in all duty, honor and affection as your son,

T. Hood.

It will be evident from the above letter that, by the time it was written, Hood had become perfectly at home in the house at Little Britain, and was enjoying the familiarities of a prospective son-in-law. Indeed, his relations with all the members of the family were of a characteristically affectionate nature. As may be inferred from the letter just quoted, one of the sisters—Eliza—was already married to Mr. Longmore; Jane was betrothed to Hood; Marianne was to marry the Mr. Green who was to share Hood's mealless fate through the "hubbub" over the advent of the Longmore grandchild; and Charlotte, the subject of Hood's "Number One," was fated to die single. If the poet had a favorite among his three sisters-in-law, Marianne was undoubtedly she. One of his letters to her will make that predilection clear. It should be premised that when it was written Marianne Reynolds was on a visit to her sister,

Mrs. Longmore, at Chelmsford, Essex, and that the date again was prior to Hood's marriage.

Lower Street, Islington,

Tuesday morning.

My very dear Marianne,—Such kind messages as yours are irresistible, and I must write again if only to show you that I feel more than repaid for my last letter. I know that you, do not like to correspond yourself, but it shall be enough for me, dear, if I may believe that I am not quite the last person you would write to. Indeed I know that I should not, if I could, imagine how very much I am pleased with whatever you say or do; which is far too much to let me become the graceless and ungrateful critic. But I know that you do not wrong me by any such fear, and, therefore, till you write to others, and not to me, I shall consider that my letters are answered by the pleasure they may give you. I am sure they are not without their delight to myself, and still more when I learn that you are to keep them; for I know whatever kindnesses they may contain, that they will never be belied by time. I might even crowd them with more affection, and still be justified, for I have a thousand reasons for loving you, if you were not my dear Jane's sister, which is a thousand reasons in one. But I can afford to waive that for your own sake, tho' when I remember that I might have had a Drew instead, I cannot feel too happy, too proud, or too fond of you in that relation. I wish I could but give you a tenth part of such causes to make me dear to you; however, it is some merit to love you, and you must give me the benefit of that consideration. Therefore, dear, do store up these letters, and if, hereafter, you should lack a true wight to do you suit or service, let them remind you of the hand and heart of a Brother. Would he were as potent, as proud of this title, for yours and others' dear sake; but it is not the fault of my wish that I cannot make you Queen of the Amaranths, or pluck a bow of green leaves and turn them into emeralds for your casket.

There is a tale of a little prince, who had a ruby heart, and whatever he wished on it was instantly granted; but it is not so with mine. Neither

have I Aladdin's Lamp, or it should have been scrubbed bright ere the Chelmsford Ball. But now it is a dark Lanthorn, and the glory of Fairyland is bedimmed forever. Only the fiery dragons remain, which be cares, many and fearful; and the black cats, and the demons and imps and the ogres, who are the Booksellers, except that they have no eye in their forehead. But I am not writing King Oberon's Elegy; so away with this lament for the little people, and let's think of the living!

The interesting little Miss Kindred has enquired after you, and you have been missed at the LeMercier's. We met the former at Mr. Butler's last night, and she seemed what the world would call a sweet girl, full of sensibility and commerce. Her sister, I should think, has a smack of Prudence Morton. I like her best, for she was absent. Jane has made a very pleasant addition to her friendships, by her introduction at another party (LeMercier's) to a Mrs. Simpson and a Mrs. Cockle. I quite wish you had the former at Chelmsford. There was a Mr. Capper, too, with a facsimile of Woodhouse's profile, as if such a one was worthy of two additions; and I wish you could have seen him too. You should have him in for nothing, in exchange, with all the others, against Green, when it shall please you to export him. The ladies of Chelmsford might grow their own. They have had time enough to shred him like Angelica. No doubt he hath often gone, purposely, to the coach, when it was too late, like dear Miss Longmore,

"Farewell so often goes before 'tis gone!"

He has been so long expected here that we are afraid he is coming by a hearse. Tell him the house of Blackheath has been robbed, and his little nephews Wielanded. Only think that Butler likes "St. Ronan's Well," and does not doze on old Im—"Old Mortality!" Have you any blue-stockings at Chelmsford? Tell them that you know a gentleman who knows a friend of Barry Cornwall. We are plotting here to go to the play when it shall be worth seeing, but do not let that hasten you. If you stay a week longer you shall have another letter, and a better. Now I am rather hurried, and

must put in an appearance before Mr. Hessey. So God bless you, dear, tho' I say that deliberately, accept my sincere love and kind wishes, and believe me, forever,

Your affectionate Brother,
T. Hood.

P. S. for Miss Longmore.—London is very dull and foggy, and the baked codlins very dear. Pray wear list shoes this nasty, slidy weather, and keep your feet warm; there's nothing like that. I have got a sprained ankle, but do not let that grieve you. Some people like a well-turn'd one, but I don't. It gives me a great deal of pain but I must say good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, go-goo-good, by-by-bye.

Notwithstanding the opposition to his suit, Hood, in due time, reaped the reward of his sincere affection for Jane Reynolds. There were dark days in store for these two, days of unceasing buffeting with adverse fortune, made all the more trying by persistent ill-health, but their devotion and affection never faltered for a single moment. Through good report and ill, Jane Hood was a true and faithful wife, the inspiration of some of her husband's best work, and his ever-ready helper in preparing his manuscripts for the printers. On his part, too, Thomas Hood never failed in love and duty towards his wife; "he was an ideal husband," testifies Mr. Towneley Green, "and wholly devoted to Mrs. Hood." The honeymoon was spent at Hastings, and from thence there came to Marianne and Charlotte Reynolds a letter as rich in the peculiar qualities of Hood's genius as any production of his pen.

The Priory, Hastings,
Tuesday morning.

My dear Marianne: My dear Lot,—I shall leave Jane to explain to you why we have not written sooner, and betake myself at once to fill up my share of the letter; Jane meanwhile resting her two sprained ankles, worn out with walking, or rolling rather, upon

the pebbly beach; for she is not, as she says, the shingle woman that she used to be. This morning I took her up to the Castle, and it would have amused you, after I had hauled her up, with great labor, one of its giddy steps, to see her contemplating her re-descent. Behind her, an unkindly wall, in which there was no door to admit us from the level ridge to which we had attained; before her nothing but the inevitable steep. At the first glance downwards she seemed to comprehend that she must stay there all the day, and, as I generally do, I thought with her. We are neither of us a chamois, but after a good deal of joint scuffling and scrambling and kicking, I got her down again upon the Downs. I am almost afraid to tell you that we wished for our dear Marianne to share with us in the prospect from above. I had the pleasure besides of groping with her up a little corkscrew staircase in a ruined turret, and seeing her poke her head like a sweep out at the top. The place was so small, methought it was like exploring a marrow bone.

This is the last of our excursions. We have tried, but in vain, to find out the baker and his wife recommended to us by Lamb as the very lions of green Hastings. There is no such street as he has named throughout the town, and the ovens are singularly numerous. We have given up the search, therefore, but we have discovered the little church in the wood and it is such a church! It ought to have been our St. Botolph's. (Pray tell Ma, by the way, that we read our marriage in the morning papers at the library, and it read very well.) Such a verdant covered wood Stothard might paint for the haunting of Dioneus, Pamphillus, and Flammetta as they walk in the novel of Boccaccio. The ground shadowed with bluebells, even to the formation of a plumb-like bloom upon its little knolls and ridges; and even through the dell windeth a little path chequered with the shades of aspens and ashes and the most verdant and lively of all the family of trees. Here a broad, rude stone steppeth over a lazy spring, oozing its way into grass and weeds; anon a fresh pathway divergeth, you know not whither. Meanwhile the wild blackbird startles across the way and singeth anew in some other shade. To have seen Flammetta

there, stepping in silk attire, like a flower, and the sunlight looking upon her betwixt the branches! I had not walked (in the body) with Romance before. Then suppose so much of a space cleared as maketh a small church lawn to be sprinkled with old gravestones, and in the midst the church itself, a small Christian dove-cot, such as Lamb has truly described it, like a little temple of Juan Fernandez. I could have been sentimental and wished to lie some day in that place, its calm tenants seeming to come through such quiet ways, through those verdant alleys, to their graves.

In coming home I killed a viper in our serpentine path, and Mrs. Fernor says I am by that token to overcome an enemy. Is Taylor or Hessey dead? The reptile was dark and dull, his blood being yet sluggish from the cold; howbeit, he tried to bite till I cut him in two with a stone. I thought of Hessey's long backbone when I did it.

They are called *adders*, tell your father, because two and two of them make four.

* * * * *

I resume. Like people with only one heart, we are writing with a single pen. Mrs. Fernor does not let more with her apartments, and we are obliged to ride and tie on the stump of an old goose-quill. In a struggle for possession we have inflicted the blots above. "Some natural drops he shed, but wiped them soon," as Milton says. Our fire is beginning to burn on one side, a sign of a parting, and Mrs. Fernor is already grieving over our departure. On Thursday night we shall be at Islington, and then I shall rejoice to see you as well as we are. I hope you have been comfortable, dear, and accustomed my house to the command which it is to comply with. I hope Green hath been often on Islington Green, which loveth you; you will have learned from our topography to approach the *Angel*. I hope Ma hath hanelled our teacups. I hope my garden is transplanted into Mr. Oldenhaws'. I hope Dash is well and behaves well. But shortly I shall have an answer to all my anticipations. Now we must leave Hastings, the pleasant scene of our setting half-honeymoon. Oh, Lot, could'st thou but see the teapots at Mr. Davis's! Thou would'st shed some drops at quitting

this place! Pots, there is enamel, there is quaintness and richness of pattern! Not tea merely, but kettles with gilded handles, gorgeous coffee-pots, transcending even thy own shelf. In one thing thou wert selfish, in not giving us that brown teapot. Nay, thou art worse than Mr. Davis, for his are to be got for money, if not for love.

To-morrow we go to Lover's Seat, as it is called, to hallow it by our presence. Oh, how I wish we had you upon Lover's Seat, which took its name from the appointments of a fair maiden with a gallant lieutenant. He was in the preventive service, but his love was contraband, and in a romantic bay they used to elude the parental excise. Good-bye. God bless you, my dears, till we meet again. I long to meet you again as your Brother most proud and happy in your affection. My love and duty to our good Mother and to our Father.

Your own affectionate friend and Brother,

T. Hood.

It would appear from the above letter that the young couple began house-keeping in the Islington district, but ere long they removed to Robert Street, Adelphi. During the twenty years of their married life, the Hoods had no fewer than eleven homes, but in the first three they seem to have dwelt for rather longer than the average of two years suggested by comparing both totals. The house they resided in at Robert Street from about 1825 to 1829, was No. 2—a fact now, for the first time, established by Mr. Towneley Green's papers—and, save that the building has lost its numerical identity by absorption into the hotel which occupies the whole of the left-hand side of the street, this early home of the poet has changed but little during the past seventy years. Here their first child was born, and, breathing its last almost with its first cry, here arrived those tender lines of Lamb, "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born." While still dwelling in Robert Street, Hood edited one of those *Annals* so popular

seventy years ago, the title being "The Gem," and the date of publication, 1829. He was an industrious editor, casting his net far and wide. A letter from the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, in answer to a request for a contribution from his pen, has so many points of interest that it deserves quotation in connection with this phase of Hood's literary enterprise.

Woodbridge,

April 26th, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I had almost, not sworn, for we friendly folk use not such attestations, I had well-nigh affirmed I would have nothing more to do with *Annals*, saving that of my old friend Ackerman, which I write for from mere habit; but an application for an article to one conducted by thee and contributed by Ella will go far to induce me to try what I can do. Pray let me know, as early as may be, what is the latest I can be allowed.

If anybody can make aught of such a speculation I know no one whose chances of success are better than thine; but I doubt the day is somewhat gone by. The thing was overdone, I fear, last year; and I hear of new ones starting. I had a letter a day or two ago from one of the joint authors of "Body and Soul," stating he was about editing a new one. Whether it was the Body-man, or the Soul-man who addressed me, I know not. If only the former, there are hopes for thee; if the latter thou must prepare for a rivalry for Spirits. But I never read their joint production, so perhaps there may be little difference betwixt them.

What is thy *Annual* to be called? and who is to publish it? "These little things are great to little men," and to little books too. I am glad the old sentimental Title is to be abandoned. The "Pledge of Friendship" must have been hit on, I opine, by some enamored swain, or sighing Nymph; it is an unmeaning designation, for anything, everything, or nothing may be a pledge of what passes by courtesy for Friendship. How to supply its place, however, by anything appropriate and new is beyond my powers of suggestion; the change cannot well be for the worse, that's one comfort.

Hast thou seen or heard aught of

Elia lately? I had a few lines from him a day or two back, written in worse spirits than I ever saw him exemplify. He said he was ill, too; pray let me know he is better, for I should be loth to think him so bad as that notelet indicated.

In conclusion may I hope for the indulgent forgiveness of one cautionary hint, suggested by no meddling spirit of officious impertinence, but by a cordial desire for the success of the new undertaking, and a hearty interest in thy enduring fame. No one, I believe, ever under-valued wit who had the slightest capacity to appreciate its point and brilliancy; I am well aware of the temptations to which so seductive a faculty is likely to expose its lively and mercurial possessor; but, "Hal! and thou lovest me," Pshaw! that's nothing—I mean if thou hast a due regard to a still more lasting, pure and enviable Name, do not in thy contributions, or in those accepted from others, suffer these merry gulps and cranks to exclude totally more simple and sober articles. Heartily as I have laughed over many of thy lively sallies, several of these, despite their point and originality, I have forgotten; but not a letter or line of the verses "I Remember, I Remember," have from the first perusal of them been long absent from my recollection. The touching simplicity and the deep pathos of those few witless verses electrified more at the moment by their perusal than the same quantum of poetry ever did before or since. I would rather be the author of those lines than of almost any modern volume of poetry published during the last ten years. This may seem extravagant, but I know it is written in no complimentary mood.

Thine truly,
B.Barton.

Tempting as it might be to show how far this letter bore fruit, and to dwell upon the literary activity of Hood, in its various ramifications, it is necessary to turn once again to the more personal aspect of his life. How he celebrated one marriage in the Reynolds family has already been illustrated, and it now remains to dwell

for a moment on a characteristic water-color sketch, with which he commemorated the wedding of his favorite Marianne. The bridegroom was that Mr. Green who has figured frequently in the letters given above, and he is depicted in the guise of one of those "Jacks-of-the-Green," so ubiquitous on May Day in London a generation ago. As he takes his bride by the hand, the while the parson recites the words which make the two one, her face assumes a *greenish* hue. A gentleman in obtrusive goggles at the rear of the bridegroom is Mr. Green's brother, and the lady on his left with a hook instead of a hand, is intended for Miss Charlotte Reynolds, the only member of the family to retain her single state. Behind her again is her sister Eliza, Mrs. Longmore, and on the extreme left of the sketch stand Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, senior. Nor did the perpetrator of this humorous wedding record spare himself, for Hood is to be observed in the right-hand corner, quaffing wine from a communion cup!

Notwithstanding that formidable hook, and, what was more to the purpose, a winning sweetness of disposition, Charlotte Reynolds remained faithful to the character Hood made her assume in his "Number One." She attained a ripe old age, dying in 1882, after having lived many years in the Hampstead home of her two gifted nephews, the late Mr. Charles Green, R.I., and Mr. Towneley Green, R.I.

When the Hoods removed from Robert Street, some time in 1829, they found their next home in a picturesque cottage on Winchmore Hill. Probably some additions have been made to the rear of the building since that date, but otherwise it is unaltered, and with roomy bay-windows, its creeper-clad walls, and its lovely garden, it remains to this day a picture of an ideal home for a poet. Hood's home instincts took

deeper root at Winchmore Hill than anywhere else; "he was very much attached to it," wrote his daughter, "and many years afterwards I have known him point out some fancied resemblance in other places, and say to my mother, 'Jenny, that's very like Winchmore!'" In 1832 there came another removal, this time to Lake House, Wanstead. Here, again, there has been little change since the days of Hood's tenancy. Wedged in between the borders of Wanstead Park and that narrow tree-covered promontory of Epping Forest which reaches out as far south on the left, there may still be seen the picturesque few acres which constitute Lake House Park. The house, built almost wholly of wood, contains nine or ten bedrooms, a spacious kitchen and a large dining-hall, which occupies almost the entire length of the building in the rear. In the garden behind the house are two old cherry-trees, and some years ago the larger of these was adorned with a copper plate, bearing this inscription: "In pity for the woes of womankind, beneath this ancient tree Thomas Hood wrote the 'Song of the Shirt'—'Stitch, Stitch, Stitch.'" The tablet is gone, and the hope may be expressed that if the desire to replace it should ever have a practical issue, care will be taken not to perpetrate the falsehood of the old inscription; for it was not here, and in 1832, that the "Song of the Shirt" was written, but in the Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood, in 1843.

Some family portrait-painting of abiding interest was achieved during the Lake House days, for it was here, in the opinion of Mr. Towneley Green, that the portraits of Hood and his wife in the National Portrait Gallery were executed. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, senior, happened to be on a visit to Lake House at the time, and the latter was induced to sit for her portrait also.

But no persuasion availed to lead Mr. Reynolds to face the same ordeal. Thus it happens that the only surviving record of his personal appearance is a time-stained pen-and-ink sketch. But if his son-in-law could not persuade him to sit for his portrait, he had little difficulty in inducing him to assume one day the character of a J. P. of the County. Several small boys had been caught in the act of plundering the cherry-tree above mentioned, and Hood could not resist the temptation of reading them a lesson by a mock trial. So the culprits were haled before the old gentleman sitting in state in the dining-hall, and were duly sentenced to instant execution on the tree from which their thefts had been committed. The poet's infant daughter had been previously coached to plead for mercy, and at her entreaties the sentence was as solemnly revoked as it had been pronounced.

From the early months of 1835 to the autumn of 1840, Hood was an exile, living first at Coblenz and afterwards at Ostend. It is not necessary to dwell upon the sequence of monetary misfortunes which drove him to the Continent for the sake of cheap living, but those misfortunes ought never to be mentioned without the reminder being given that they were due to no fault on his side. When at last it became possible for him to return home, he resided for a brief season near Camberwell Green, removing to No. 17 Elm-tree Road, St. John's Wood, towards the end of 1841, on his being appointed editor of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine at a salary of £300 a year. In this house he resided until the Christmas of 1843, when he made his final fitting to Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road. That building, however—the scene of his death in 1845—is no longer standing.

Hood's appointment as editor of the New Monthly Magazine was hailed

with genuine satisfaction on all hands, and through the whole of 1842, and well on towards the end of the next year, he continued to discharge the duties of that position in such a manner as to fulfil all the favorable prophecies of his friends. Then there arose some misunderstanding between Mr. Colburn and his editor, in the midst of which the latter received the following letter from his staunch friend Charles Dickens. It will assist in its interpretation if the reader bears in mind that when Hood received it he was on the eve of a visit to Scotland.

Broadstairs, Kent,

Twelfth September, 1843.

My dear Hood,—Since I received your first letter I have been pegging away tooth and nail at "Chuzzlewit." Your supplementary note gave me a pang, such as one feels when a friend has to knock twice at the street door before anybody opens it.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any honorable man, that the circumstances under which you signed your agreement are of the most disgraceful kind in so far as Mr. Colburn is concerned. There can be no doubt that he took a money-lending, bill-broking, Jew-clothes-bagging, Saturday-night-pawnbroking advantage of your temporary situation. There is little doubt (so I learn from Forster, who had previously given me exactly your version of the circumstances) that, like most pieces of knavery, this precious document is a mere piece of folly, and just a scrap of waste paper wherein Mr. Shobal might wrap his chitly-snuff. But I am sorry, speaking with a backward view to the feasibility of placing you in a better situation with Colburn, that you flung up the Editorship of the magazine. I think you did so at a bad time, and wasted your strength in consequence.

When a thing is done it is of no use giving advice, not even when it can be as frankly rejected as mine can be by you. But have you quite determined to reject his offer of thirty guineas per sheet? Have you placed it or resolved to place it, out of your power to enter into such an arrangement, if you

should feel disposed to do so, bye-and-bye? On my word, I would pause before I did so, and if I did, then most decidedly I would open up a communication with Bentley, and try to get that magazine. For to any man, I don't care who he is, the Editorship of a monthly magazine on tolerable terms, is a matter of too much moment in its pecuniary importance and certainty, to be flung away as of little worth. It would be to me, I assure you.

I send you letters for Jeffrey and Napier. If the former should not be in Edinburgh, you will find him at his country place, Craigcrook, within three or four miles of that city. Should you see Wilson give him a hundred hearty greetings from me; and should you see the Blackwoods, don't believe a word they say to you. Moir (their Delta) is a fine fellow, and you will like him much. In all probability he will come to see you, should he know of your being in Edinburgh. A pleasant journey and a pleasant return! Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Hood, and I am always, my dear Hood,

Faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.

P. S.—The light of Mr. Colburn's countenance has not shone upon me in these parts. May I remain in outer darkness!

Notwithstanding the advice of Dickens—perhaps it was too late—Hood's rupture with Mr. Colburn was complete before the year ended, and January, 1844, saw the first issue of his own venture, bearing the title of Hood's Magazine. He had suffered so much from publishers that he determined to issue the magazine himself, and an office for that purpose was secured at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. Here he worked early and late at his editorial labors, and here he occasionally slept when the pressure of work was high. The magazine was a pronounced success from its first issue, and, had life and health been in store for Hood, there can be no question but it would have proved a valuable property. But the sixth issue of the

Monthly contained those pathetic "Editor's Apologies" which have been already referred to, and although he rallied somewhat from the attack by which they were occasioned, henceforth there was little hope for any material prolongation of life. With the issue of the magazine for March, 1845, there was given an engraving of the bust of the Editor, and it was this portrait, specially printed on large plate paper, which Hood chose as his farewell gift to his friends. Between the attacks of pain, he sat up in bed to inscribe on each copy his signature and a few affectionate words, the number in the end reaching upwards of a hundred. These were to be his last messages to those who knew and loved him. He died on the 3d May, 1845, and a July day, nine years later, Monckton Milnes unveiled the monument which rests above his grave in

Kensal Green Cemetery. Beneath the bust there runs the legend, "He sang the Song of the Shirt," and on either side of the pedestal are bas-relief medallions of "Eugene Aram's Dream," and "The Bridge of Sighs"—all pertinent reminders of the fact that there was a serious as well as a humorous side to the genius of Hood. He himself, there can be no doubt, would have elected to live by his serious verse, for, when the public refused to purchase his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," did he not buy up the edition to "save it from the butter-shops?" If, even after death, there can be no dissolution of the dual domination of Humor and Pathos, at least let it be confessed that, in his graver moods, Thomas Hood achieved work which is not unworthy to be garnered with the choicest fruits of English poesy.

H. C. Shelley.

The Fortnightly Review.

LIFE INVISIBLE.

About our nest in these high boughs may whirl
Fierce winds of dread that never seem to cease,
But clamor night and day; yet all shall fail
To shatter Love's uncovenanted peace.

No voice have I to lift in ringing song
Of all the glories under heaven unfurled;
Yet who shall dare to say another hears
More clear than I the music of the world?

Rude hands may with the threshold lay our roof,
The ripening harvest of our fields destroy,
And steal our plenishing: but who shall find
Our love's invisible retreat of joy?

The garish jewels of the multitude
From fire or misadventure suffer scath:

Nor flood, nor flame, nor earthquake can deface
The tear-like gems of Love's unspoken faith.

And though the length of all the kingdom lie
Between us, other manners, other speech
Surround us as a web; who nearer dwell
Than thou and I, beloved, each to each?

The Argosy.

Elizabeth Gibson.

THE SOCIAL NOVEL IN FRANCE.*

People in England are constantly complaining that French novels are not what they were. And that is true: the crop is slighter, and the quality has abruptly varied. "Ye cannot gather grapes of thistles." A few months ago one of the first of French novelists told me how impossible he found it to lose himself in an imaginary world while such ominous rumors fill the streets of Paris. The intricate Chinese puzzle of fashionable psychology, seems, after all, a trivial thing compared to the tremendous issues of reality. And if the author feels this, judge of the sentiments of the reader! The effect of the "Affaire Dreyfus" on literature has been the sudden disappearance of the *roman-à-trois*, the old Provençal theme of the married lady, her husband and her lover. After a brilliant renaissance, after occupying almost the whole area of fiction, this theme has subsided; and if people read and write novels still, to a certain extent, these novels, or at any rate the best of them, have a wholly different motive, interest, and intent.

Only last April, M. Gaston Deschamps, in a brilliant essay, compared this sudden ebb-tide of imaginative literature with a similar phenomenon, of which we possess the record, a century

old. In 1785, no less than in 1890, letters in France were stricken dumb; they were dumb, because had they spoken ever so loudly, they would have found no one to listen to them; for every one was aflame for *l'Affaire*; the diligences and "water-coaches" carried to the depths of the provinces the latest details and revelations concerning *l'Affaire*. In the salons of Paris no other subject was mentioned, and to mention that was dangerous, provocative of stormy passions. The whole Diplomatic Corps of Europe was in travail of *l'Affaire*. The Cabinet Councils were occupied with nothing else. The butterflies of Versailles, and the wiser ants of the profoundest courses of learning and philosophy, were equally impassioned, fevered, and thrown out of their normal round by the tragic, the fantastic, and the scandalous, the impenetrable mysteries of *l'Affaire*. On August 19, 1785, the Prince de Condé writes to the Princess of Monaco: "Ah! mon cher amour, quelle horreur que cette Affaire! Je me'n doutais bien, c'est une atrocité! Ah! cher amour, quel temps que celui-ci!"

The *Affaire* was the affair of the Diamond Necklace. Shortly afterwards there was a revolution in France.

In such a crisis, the intrigues of Ma-

* A Lecture delivered before the Women's Institute, May 29, 1890.

dame de Moraines, or even of Madame Bovary, will pall upon minds accustomed to more searching problems and more violent sensations. It may be, indeed, that evolution is carrying us beyond the limits of what I have called the Provençal theme. It was Auguste Comte, I think, who first predicted that the art of the future would produce, as its triumph, the sociological poem: that is to say, the work of fiction which shall occupy itself less with the comedies and tragedies of sentiment, or with the incidents of history, than with the gradual evolution of a society. I doubt it. In every state of society the human heart remains the same. And, so far, I believe, almost every novel-reader, in his inmost self, prefers the novel which is a love story. Yet Auguste Comte's ideal novel has begun to exist; it persists and flourishes in despite of our resistance. Nothing is more significant in art. Many of us can remember the coldness, the bewilderment, the sheer boredom, with which the mass of the musical public greeted, some twenty years ago, the epic operas of Wagner. There was then more scorn than homage in the voices that proclaimed the great trilogy the music of the future! Wagner continued none the less to beat out his meaning; and, as I have said, the form of art which, in spite of opposition, exists, persists, insists, is nearly always destined to triumph in the end. Now we are all Wagnerians. In twenty years, perhaps, we may all of us admire the social novel.

I.

As an introduction to a form of art still somewhat harsh and crude and new, we have, by a great good for-

tune, the masterpiece of a master. We can all read the exquisite satires of M. Anatole France. And yet, no less than "Les Déracinés," the unreadable epic of M. Barrès, these delicious pages compose what Comte would have called a sociological poem. The still unfinished series of social studies, which so far consists of "L'Orme du Mail," "Le Mannequin d'Osier," and the quite recent "Anneau d'Améthyste," appear under the general title of "Histoire Contemporaine." Contemporary History! The title might serve for almost every important work of fiction that has seen the light during the last four years in France, including (besides the novels of M. Anatole France and M. Barrès) M. Bazin's "La Terre qui Meurt," and two extraordinarily strong, harsh, and vivid studies by a new writer, Edouard Estaunié (a name to remember), called respectively, "L'Empreinte" and "Le Ferment." We may extend the title to M. Paul Adam's Napoleonic novel "La Force," and perhaps even to such dramas as M. Octave Aubreau's "Les Mauvais Bergers," and M. François de Curel's "Le Répas du Lion," for all of these are, in truth, sociological poems, studies in contemporary history. And we could cite others, such as "Le Sang des Races," the colonial novel of M. Louis Bertrand, which pictures French Algeria, peopled by Spaniards and Maltese. These are the best; and the list, though incomplete, suffices to show the recent growth and the vigor, already mature, of the sociological novel in France.

With the exception of the three volumes by M. France, every book on our list is a novel with a purpose. M. France is as incapable of a purpose as Laurence Sterne himself; his fancy

¹ The Uprooted.

² The Elm Tree on the Mall.

³ The Wicker Dummy.

⁴ The Amethyst Ring.

⁵ The Decay of the Land.

⁶ The Stamp.

⁷ The Ferment.

⁸ Might.

⁹ The Unfaithful Shepherds.

¹⁰ The Lion's Meal.

has a myriad eyes, and beams genially to-day on that which it will delicately dissolve tomorrow. No writer was ever more aware of the relativity of things in general. He sees that, taken as a whole, Nature is everywhere much of a muchness. The party which is always in the right; the course of action which is invariably just, disinterested, and intelligent; the country which never causes its truest patriots a pang—these be phantoms due to a limitation of our vision. M. France is a clear-sighted critic: he believes in none of these. And yet, in his latest novels he has taken a side; he has assumed the part of a man of action, almost a leader; he has thrown in his lot with a definite body of men—although it may be somewhat in the spirit of M. Renan, who when asked if he would vote with his party were he elected Senator, replied sagaciously "Sometimes."

M. Anatole France begins his *Contemporary History* in 1895. At that time there were not, as there are to-day, two great parties in France engaged in a vital struggle, the one fighting for the maintenance of authority as established, the other striking out for an enlarging of the bounds of liberty. No; four years ago France was in a ferment of inchoate factions. Panama had completed the discredit of the Parliament; and the different fragments of the Republican party held together chiefly through fear of the Socialists and Anarchists, having no common aim or unity of purpose. Disgust of the corruption of politicians had done much to attract the thinking class towards a possible Orleanist monarchy; while the army was known to be disaffected towards a Republic, which dreads and distrusts a victorious general as completely as it condemns an unsuccessful one. The Church, on the other hand, by an unexpected evolution, had gone over

from right to left, apparently in the hope of transforming a Government which it had found itself unable to overthrow. And all over France, but especially in the South, the poorer classes, while profoundly distrustful of the Parliament, were distinctly Republican, inclining in Provence and Gascony to a shade of Radicalism, almost Socialist in the redness of its flag. Such is the state of affairs when M. France, taking us by the hand, leads us to his anonymous "Cloud-Cuckoo-town," and especially to that shaded seat beneath the Elm Tree on the Mall, where the principal personages of State, Army, Church, and University love to linger awhile on quiet afternoons and talk over the affairs of the nation.

Such is the *milieu*; the theme of the series is the election of a bishop to the historic See of Tourcoing; the theme may sound bald and dry; trust M. France! No theme equals it in variety of wit and play of imagination. It may appear void of what is called feminine interest. Trust M. France again. It is only too full (much too full) of feminine interest of the most startling kind. "L'Anneau d'Améthyste" is no book for the young person. It is a cinematograph from which all the most conspicuous features of French society unroll themselves and flash before our faces; the clerics with their tact, their learning and their falsity, beginning with the Archbishop, unparalleled for his exquisite manner, vacuity of mind, and gingerly knack of handling human souls and interests—*ad majorem Dei gloriam* . . . the General of Division, a true General of the Third Republic, spectacled, lean, formal, exact, and timid; of so abstract a turn of mind that the troops he commands scarce seem real to him, till he has docketed off every man jack of them on to a separate card, like books in a library

catalogue. Then, indeed, there are no manœuvres he cannot accomplish with his phantom armies, shifting and sorting his little packs in their tin boxes, while he contemplates officers, sergeants, and men in a form superior to reality in its exactness, regularity, and ease of manipulation. . . . the University, split up into endless factions in 1895, but some three years later cohesive and solid over three parts of its bulk, owing to the—may I say—*coagulating* action of the *Affaire Dreyfus* upon the class which recent slang has dubbed intellectual. . . . the country gentleman, whose open mind contrasts so quaintly with his inherent prejudices; indeed, M. de Terremonde makes us suspect an English strain connecting him with all the Brookes of Middlemarch. . . . Strongest of all is the unrivalled portrait of the Jewish Prefect, Worms-Clavelin, wise enough in his generation to affect no vain zeal towards Ministers—for Ministers in France are false and fleeting phantoms; so Worms reserves his confidence and service for the great Government offices, the *Bureaux*, which outlive a score of Ministries, and in reality accomplish the administration of France. Towards these humble and invisible omnipotences Worms bears himself assiduously; but the dearest aim of this little Republican Jew, grown up in the garrets and the *bonis-bouis* of Montmartre, common to the core, with the mind and manners of a traveller in imitation jewelry—his true ambition is to be on good terms with the few fine old Royalist families he is called to rule over. And he is not unpopular in these exclusive spheres. After all, for a politician, Worms is fairly honest. He is honest enough to be respectable, and yet not too honest to be serviceable and good-natured. He is tolerant, accepts good-humoredly the monarchical principles of the Duc de Brécé and the Marquis

de Gromance, knowing that these principles are purely platonic, and, like the matches of his Government, warranted not to strike, either on the box or anywhere else. Facetious, indulgent, indifferent and infinitely sceptical, he admits without rancor the variety of human judgments. He is even almost *bien-pensant*, and the daughter he has by his marriage with Noémi Coblentz is educated in the strictest shade of fashionable Catholicism in the Convent of the Sacré Cœur at Neuilly. Loud as he is, familiar, grotesque, absurd, his vulgarity is somehow a point in his favor, and passes for a sort of unpretentiousness. The county nobles admit him more readily than a starched University Professor, or a Cabinet Minister *nouvelle couche*, who, one or other, might possibly suppose their hosts looked upon him as an equal. And when, by some lucky shot, the Prefect does not fire his loaded gun in their faces, or insult his entertainers downright in the indulgence of his sense of humor, then these well-bred and agreeable persons say that Worms is, after all, less awkward than one would suppose, and at bottom not devoid of a certain tact and *savoir vivre*. And the odd thing is, they are right!

Worms is a snob, and therefore anti-Semitic. "*Les Juifs ne sont pas mes amis*," he says. But to every one of his *administrés* Worms is himself a Jew, a foreigner, a cuckoo in the nest. Personally he is popular enough. The Conservatives prefer him to some red-hot Radical from Marseilles; the Radicals think him less dangerous than a *Rallié*, always suspect of a latent tenderness for the altar and the throne. Worms-Clavelin belongs to no one and compromises no one. Just as the Florentine Republic used to choose a foreigner for Podestà, the French Republic long ago has found out the utility of the tolerant, easy-going He-

brew as a "fender" to prevent the clash of parties. But all the while the future is preparing her revenges. And before long, poor Worms will discover that he was but a tool, a very cat's-paw for all his slipperiness. Already his one hope of justice lies in the sole party he has always consistently despised, neglected, and discouraged—in Socialism. And there is an irony, particularly dear and delicate to the palate of M. France, in this transient importance of the political Jew who so largely administrates an anti-Semitic France.

Worms-Clavelin, of course, has his candidate for the See of Tourcoing. He, or rather his wife, inclines towards Monsieur l'Abbé Guitrel, owing to whose good nature the salon at the Prefecture is re-furnished with marvellous old chasubles and church furniture, bought really, you know, for an old song. But it is another little Jew, M. de Bonmont, who gives the affair the last turn of the screw. Ernest de Bonmont (he has had the social tact to translate his Austrian name of Gutenberg) is one of the richest young men in France. Though still occupied for the most part in grooming his horse, making a bran mash, or peeling potatoes for the regimental mess, in company with youthful ploughmen or mechanics of his own age (M. de Bonmont, you divine, is undergoing his term of military service), still our young man has had time, at twenty-one, to have exhausted the pleasure-giving powers of almost everything that money can buy, and the list of them is long. "The things that money can't buy easily," said Swift's Stella, "are the things to choose for a present." It is on a present of this sort that young Ernest de Bonmont has set his resolute, tenacious, adroit, ingenious mind.

The one thing he wants and cannot buy is the silver hunt-button of Brécé;

the *bouton* which gives the right to wear the colors of the Ducal Hunt, and to join the pack, not as a mere guest, but as a member, one of the inner circle. The difficulty of the thing is its spice. For the Duc de Brécé, if not as ingenious, is as obstinate as young Gutenberg—I mean Bonmont. In vain the young soldier induces his mother to offer to the Ducal Chapel a magnificent gold *ciborium*. The Duc is half offended and growls out: "What mania sends these Jews poking in our churches?" Nor, when the Abbé Guitrel observes that, after all, Madame Jules de Bonmont is a good Catholic, will the Duke say more than: "Converted or no, a Jew's a Jew for a' that!"

Therefore when Ernest de Bonmont quietly asks M. l'Abbé to procure him the hunt-button of Brécé, the wise cleric shakes his head, and hints that the thing is not easy, nor to be obtained through so slight an influence as that of a poor Professor of Eloquence at the local seminary. The will is his, indeed, but the means are insufficient. Bonmont looks at the shabby priest in admiration and surprise, for he recognizes a spirit as subtle as his own.

"I see! I have it, M. l'Abbé! For the moment you can do nothing. But once a bishop, you would just flick me off the hunt-button as easily as a hoop from a merry-go-round."

And the "Anneau d'Améthyste" chronicles the efforts of young Bonmont, private soldier and arch-millionaire, to obtain the Bishopric of Tourcoing for his advocate and client.

But what has happened? I have not said a word of the most important, the most living, the most singular personage of these novels—of a character as truly a type as an individual, as completely an individual as a type. And that is natural enough, for in relating the intrigues, the manœuvres, the par-

ty politics, which form, so to speak, the woof of these studies, M. Bergeret inevitably slips through the meshes. He is elusive, detached, indifferent as a stoic philosopher. But M. Bergeret's is an elegant stoicism, dashed with an epicurean grace—the philosophic irony of a Sterne, which turns more and more to the scathing satire of a Swift. M. Bergeret, you gather, compared to his illustrious creator, is as the image in the glass to the object it reflects: one surface and one appearance of a complex reality. M. Bergeret is M. France; and yet M. Bergeret is a modest Professor of a provincial university, at once timid and distant, stoical and sensitive, indifferent and susceptible, affectionate and rancorous. He gives but a scant attention to the affairs of the world about him. He is absent-minded; he is remote; M. Faguet has even complained that he is stupid. But we know that a paradox is dear to the heart of M. Faguet. This century, as a fact, has known few spirits more intelligent than M. Bergeret; but this intelligence of his is usually concentrated on the probable degree of civilization attained in Mars, or the systems of naval architecture which Virgil had in view when describing the fleets of the *Æneid*. Meanwhile he dwelt obscure:

M. Bergeret was not happy. Honors had not been thrust upon him. It is true that he had small esteem for such honors. But he felt the better part would have been to have despised them, whilst in receipt of them. He was obscure, and less known in the town than M. de Terremondre, author of the "Tourist's Guide;" or than General Milher, locally distinguished in more than one branch of letters. He was even less celebrated than his own pupil, M. Albert Roux of Bordeaux, whose decadent poem, "*Neræa*," had at least seen the light. Certes, he had scant esteem for the fame of letters, knowing that the universal glory of Virgil reposes upon two misconstruc-

tions, one fantastic misreading, and a sort of pun. Yet he suffered in having no commerce with such writers as MM. Faguet, Doumie, or Pellissier, in whom he fancied he detected some affinity with his own mind. He would like to have known them, to have lived in their society in Paris, to have written like them in the great reviews, to have contradicted them, equalled them—who knows?—perhaps surpassed them. He had, he knew it, a certain delicacy and fineness of mind, and he had written passages which he felt to be agreeable. He was not happy. He was poor, crowded with his wife and three daughters in a narrow set of rooms where he tasted to excess the incommunities of family life. He liked not to see his writing table bestrewn with ladies' hair-curlers, and his manuscripts shrivelled at the edge where the curling tongs had been tried upon them. In all the world he had no place to himself, no agreeable retreat, unless it were the shady bench beneath the old elm tree on the mall, or the corner where the second-hand books were piled in Paillot's book shop.—("L'Orme du Mail," p. 239.)

Solitary, melancholy, and a lover of solitude and melancholy, M. Bergeret had scant desire to impose his opinions even on his dearest friends, and has too much taste ever to wish them adopted by the common herd. A man accustomed to look into the core of things, quietly passing by the explanations which habit and fashion pass off upon the most of us, he is well aware that current evils spring from profound and hidden causes, and that even those who most cavil at them will have, when it comes to the point, neither the strength, nor the patience, nor the boldness, to uproot them. Therefore, M. Bergeret accepts things as they are, with the tranquil ataraxy of a stoic philosopher. Only once or twice in his quiet days does some considerable injustice so inflame him, and spur him to such a passion of impatience, that, for a while, he conceives it possible to do something, after all,

in the way of a reform. The second novel of M. France's *Contemporary History*, "*Le Mannequin d'Osier*," contains the recital of Bergeret's tilting against the institution of matrimony as by law established. It might have been written by a New Woman—only I never met the New Woman who could have written it. The third volume, "*L'Anneau d'Améthyste*," in which M. Bergeret appears as a champion of Dreyfus, has a tilt at *most* institutions as by law established—and gives a fairly true picture of a human society in which war is a recognized and honored institution, wealth a badge of merit, and a title to consideration, credulity and ignorance expected in people of taste, and ambition or intolerance apparently the only forces capable of stirring men to public action.

M. France has looked upon contemporary society and has seen that it is bad, and not only bad but ludicrous and ineffectual. The basilisk, they say, when it sees its own image reflected, dies of horror. So, with this charitable purpose well in mind, our Academician holds up the mirror to modern society.

II.

M. France as we have said had a tilt at most things with that delicate lance of his which shines as keenly as it dislocates. But of all the great forces of a State, Army, Administration, Church or School, that which he attacks the least is education. M. Leterrier and M. Bergeret, both professors, are the two most sympathetic characters of the "*Anneau d'Améthyste*." Five years ago they detested each other, for the one is an idealist and a philosopher, and the other a critic and a sceptic. Over the *Affaire Dreyfus* they have

buried the hatchet; and in the union of these two devoted servants of Pallas-Athene, in the creation of the party of the "Intellectuals," M. France sees the brightest feature of the future.

Meanwhile another body of novelists headed by M. Maurice Barrès and M. Estaunié, is engaged in a formidable warfare with the public schools, attacking them with serious reasoning and vivid demonstration. According to them, a false system of education is at the base of all that is wrong in France, and by a timely reform the national character may yet be strengthened and a social crisis averted. I hardly know whether M. Barrès or M. Estaunié was the first to maintain this theme. At the very time when M. Estaunié, a young inspector of telephones, little known to letters, brought out in the *Revue de Paris* the novel "*L'Empreinte*,"¹¹ which first revealed his dry, powerful, acrid, and indignant talent, M. Barrès published that great book, "*Les Déracinés*,"¹² which it is impossible not to consult if one wishes to study modern France, and almost as impossible to read—should one wish to enjoy a novel.

"*L'Empreinte*" arraigns the system of religious education, as illustrated in the fashionable schools of the Jesuits—a system which extracts the principle of volition from the human soul, and substitutes obedience to authority. The pupil of the Jesuits is the pupil of the Jesuits all his life—the officer at the staff college, the author of talent, the man of action, no less than the missionary, obeys the impulsion of a conscience that is not his own, of a will imposed by a higher power infinitely respectable, it may be, a court of higher appeal constantly deciding what is right and what is wrong. But this court of higher appeal ought to lodge in our own hearts: it is that un-

¹¹ The Stamp.

¹² The Uprooted.

written law which Antigone dared obey. The noblest and most disinterested education which disregards this inner tribunal, and substitutes the authority of any ready-made moral code, is of a necessity condemned to be second rate, and can only bring up a generation of Cleons and Ismenes.

In his second novel, just published, "Le Ferment," M. Estaunié brings much the same charge against the education supplied by the State. Here, too, the individual is brought up, not to be an individual with the free play of all his faculties, but a definite part of the mechanism of the State. "Le Ferment" is the tragedy of ultra-specialized education, the sad history of young minds formed, at infinite expense, to fill one definite place in the complicated wheel-work of the social machine, and to find that place already filled. Poor little useless heap of cog-wheels, in a world that has already more cog-wheels than it wants! What use or beauty is there in a surplus cog-wheel? The thing is trash. . . . But these cog-wheels feel and think and reason with a rancor and indignation not given to the leavings of machinery. For, after all, no education, however imperfect, can really make a man into a machine. However complete the process of professional deformation which has stunted or thwarted his development, Nature will assert her power, will try to redeem matters, perhaps in a startling, a formidable fashion of her own. The young engineers out of work, who are the heroes of M. Estaunié's new book are, one and all, and each in their degree, destined to swell the ranks of anarchy.

Listen to Chenu, the Socialist, the best of this band of the State-maimed, State-blinded, State-starved; hark what he says:

Every year, whatever the commercial demand, the number of state manufac-

tories, the condition of private enterprise, every year alike two hundred beings, precisely similar, are turned out of our Engineering School. That is nothing. The Technical School, the School of Mining, the Schools of Bridges and Highways, the innumerable private schools with which Paris is covered, send forth at least five hundred more. And that's nothing still! The provinces have caught the complaint. Lille, Marseilles, Nancy, Bordeaux, are full of Chemical Institutes, Technical Schools, Schools of Engineering. If there were a Mop Fair for engineers at the end of the year, there would be at least a thousand seeking employment. And every one of the thousand exacts a due interest on his expensive education; every one of them, armed for conquest, is resolved to succeed in the struggle for life. . . .

Ah, you can't throw them on the dust-bin, all these strong, young lives, who have toiled and learned and mastered—and who starve! They have lost their color over their books and problems; their bodies are stunted and enfeebled by an exaggerated production of brain.

What will you do with them? Throw them on the dust-bin as so much mere surplus and rubbish? No; that shall not be! That cannot be! There is more life in them than that! Cast them away on the dunghill if you will. They'll germ there and sprout there, and you'll see yet their strange harvest! And your honest *bourgeois* turns pale when he thinks of the workmen who have "got no work to do." Imbecile! The workman is the right hand: *we* are the brain that prompts! The workmen are the dough. The yeast is such as *we*—the yeast, the invisible ferment, that, in the struggle for life, transforms, decomposes, recomposes, the matter that surrounds it. Ah, ah, have you ever thought of it, this yeast of a novel sort? All the out-of-work and the over-worked of science, all the dupes, all the disabused and disenchanting, who, knowing no justice awaits them after death, claim from this world their due share of all this world can give? Have you ever seen it, this intellectual yeast, secretly preparing the new bread of the future—a ferment of death, or a ferment of life, I don't pretend to say? The es-

sential is that it shall modify the dough and transform the food of the world; for the food *must* alter.¹

No less than the two novels of M. Estaunié is M. Barrès' "*Déracinés*" concerned with the problems of education; in this case, too, the State school is the villain of the plot, and it may be thought strange that the three most successful novels of the last three years should be occupied with this question. But in France it is a burning question. All this last winter ministers and professors have been holding solemn conclave inquiring into the causes of this insufficiency of public education. This very year, during the April Sessions of the Councils-General, many departments (departments, you know, are the French counties) formulated the hope that the public schools might be re-modelled, rendered less uniform, decentralized, and adapted, in the different regions and provinces of France, to the special needs and situation of those regions and provinces. Then there is the question of what we call in England the "modern side." Not only in the provinces, but among the eminent *savants* and professors consulted in Paris, we hear at every turn of the necessity of improving and raising the standard of the modern side. There is no doubt of it, France is weary of the centralized and rhetorical form of education which, for near a hundred years, has developed the memory, the elegance, the orderliness of France at the expense of her initiative and her critical faculty. Under the Second Empire there was a famous Minister of Public Instruction, who used to impress his friends by suddenly drawing out watch, glancing at it, saying:

Ah, it is just a quarter to eleven [for instance]; at this moment every

Fourth Form in France is busy construing [say] the third book of "Cæsar."

And now France is tired of so much uniformity. She has at last remembered that she is, perhaps, the most varied country in the world by nature and history. And she sees no reason why at Lille and at Bordeaux, at Nancy and at Nantes, Aix en Savoie and Aix en Provence, all these little schoolboys who are so unlike each other by tradition and habit, by race and by the requirements of their future lives, should be forced into the same mould and compelled, willy-nilly, to learn just the same tasks at just the same hours. "Less rule," she cries, "and more liberty! Let us follow the diversity of Nature! Let us teach our children, not only to think with freedom and to reason with exactness, but let us teach them also to observe, to invent, to feel, to act, and to dare! Away with the generation of state-bred functionaries, who can be excellent civil servants, but nothing else: let us breed up a race of *savants*, inventors, farmers, tradesmen, manufacturers, and colonists, as befits a modern nation, great in peace no less than formidable in war!"

All this may seem a digression in a paper on French novels. But French novels are full of these things nowadays. In fact, to understand them at all one has to begin by reading Mr. Bodley's "France!" There is hardly any love story in any of them, and least of in "*Les Déracinés*." This romance of the "Uprooted" narrates the fortunes of seven young Lorrainers educated together at the Lycée of Nancy. The attraction of Paris draws them from their natural provincial orbit, for the end and aim of their education has been to prepare them for Paris and to estrange them from Lorraine. The society into which they were born no longer suffices them.

¹ *Le Ferment*. Edouard Estaunié. Paris: Perrin. 1899.

And, if it is insufficient no one has thought of showing them how to improve it and make the best of it. So Paris takes them, and then they are as young foxes without a den, as young coney without a warren. They, too (no less than the heroes of M. Estaunlé), swiftly become fresh candidates to Anarchy. . . . If there is indeed to be a revolution in France, as the English papers love to say, we may say that the state has done her best, involuntarily, to foster and nurture and breed such a revolution. I speak of the stormy sort. Myself, I believe as firmly as any one, that there will be one day soon a revolution—a great revolution—in France: a turn of the wheel that will push things on surprisingly. But then I believe it will be wholly pacific, wholesome, and profitable, to France and thereby to the entire continent.

The seven young "Uprooted" do not go down without a struggle. Ah no! they believe in the struggle-for-life: they believe in it not wisely, but too well! Their education has been denuded of the religious idea—of what Renan used to call the Category of the Ideal. They have little inner life, but they have tremendous undirected energies and they are determined to use them. Several of them are young men who, so to speak, stick at nothing. Listen to Racadot, who supposes himself to be imbued with the scientific spirit:

"Everything in nature lives and succeeds at the expense of something else, and behaves as if self-preservation were the one law, the end it was made for, and as though its own duration were the chief object of the universe. To each of us, at heart, other people are only *means*, only conveniences or obstacles!"

Ah, Racadot, that might be true in theory, if, beyond the individual, beyond *man*, there were not a *society*,

"bound by every law of self-preservation," as you would say, to safe-guard the rights of the weak! Racadot forgets this and—in an evil hour—he commits the crime of Dostolevsky's student-hero: he assassinates a light woman in order by her gains to assure his own well-being and expansion. And the sharp snap of the guillotine ends the theorizing of Racadot. Thereupon M. Barrès solemnly assures us that the real criminal was the Minister of Public Instruction. If Racadot had been brought up to his natural position at Nancy he would not have gone to the bad in Paris. M. Barrès continues:

"A wise administrator attaches the animal to the pasture that suits him, gives him a reason for living and persisting in his natural surroundings, and places every human being in such a situation that he recognizes his native place as naturally his. Such a one finds for every man under his control an employment among the group he was born into, and thus educates him not only to respect a society of which he feels himself a part, but, if needs be, to waive his own interests before those of the whole collectively.

"But we bring up young Frenchmen as though they might some day be called upon to do without a mother-country. . . . The University, so pious, so indulgent, so hospitable towards the civilizations of antiquity, has not yet ventured to own an enthusiasm for the various forms of national life in France."

This page from a novel as yet barely two years old might have inspired more than one of the Councils-General last April.

If novels in France are less read abroad to-day than they were ten years ago, they make up for that by the different and superior influence they have acquired at home!

III.

What M. Barrès and M. Estaunié have done for educational reform, a younger novelist still, M. Louis Bertrand, in his new novel, published last month, has done for another question of the hour—for the Colonial question. M. Bertrand, a young professor of rhetoric at the Lycée of Algiers, has been, I think, much impressed by the genius of Kipling. What Kipling has done for Anglo-India he has striven to do for French Algiers. And he has, in truth, produced an extraordinarily brilliant and moving and animated picture of France Beyond the Seas, which by a *tour de force*, is at the same time a social thesis of an ingenious audacity.

According to M. Bertrand, the French colony of Algiers is a sort of magic bath, in which exhausted Spain, almost dead on her own shores, wakes to a new life, to a wonderful renewal of youth. The characters of this remarkable book are chiefly carters, carriers, or muleteers, and almost all Spaniards. A few Maltese, Piedmontese, and Arabs diversify the scene. But here is the point of the story!—In this French novel of a French colony *there are hardly any Frenchmen!* By no display of rhetoric could M. Bertrand have brought home his point so convincingly as by this impressive silence, this clinching argument of the empty place. France holds a colony, one of the fairest in the world, rich, splendid, beautiful, temperate, the glory of Africa—capable of regenerating the most effete and impoverished of nations—and, excepting some few hundred functionaries, there are no Frenchmen there! Thus, with the natural heightening of all true art, but yet with an emphatic sobriety, with that

"exaggeration of under-statement" which, of old, Greek taste admired—M. Bertrand puts the case. Colonization has had many advocates across the Channel of late. One is almost ashamed to stay at home in France—and especially in Paris—so many eloquent apostles bid us sell all we have and go plant the vine in Algiers, or corn in Tunis, or coffee in Madagascar, or india-rubber in Dahomey. This gospel has been preached by the whole army of explorers, by more than one man of science, by an Academician as brilliant as M. Jules Lemaitre and a novelist as well known as M. Hugues-le-Roux. We doubt if any of them have pushed the matter home so closely as this young professor from Algiers unknown six months ago.

"*Le Sang des Races*"¹⁴ came out this winter in the *Revue de Paris*; at the same time the *Revue des Deux Mondes* was bringing out a novel by that pathetic and charming writer M. René Bazin, an Academician of to-morrow. No less than all the other novels we have spoken of, "*La Terre qui Meurt*"¹⁵ is a sociological poem: it treats of the decay of agriculture, of the desolation of the under-worked country districts whence the big towns and the colonies (*pacc* M. Bertrand) drain the necessary hands. But it is also an exquisite love-story, an admirable landscape of a country unique in its kind: the salt marshes of La Vendée, a misty land all palest green, where the roads are canals and the wagons are punts—a land of meadows and water and willows. And you may read it, if you like a novel, whether or no you care for a sociological poem.

Well, of all things there must be an end, even of sociological poems. Time and space are nowadays too closely crowded for any one subject to venture

¹⁴ *The Genius of the Race: Le Sang des Races.* Bertrand. Paris: Calman Levy, 1899.

¹⁵ *The Decay of the Land: La Terre qui*

Meurt. Par René Bazin. Paris: Calman Levy, 1899.

on an epic length. I will say no more of the social novel in France. But I hope to have suggested that French novels are not extinct. They have only

Suffered a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

Something more complex, more earnest, more intellectually stimulating, deeper, too, and more opulent in ideas and information, if less sentimentally interesting, than their immediate fore-runners. Should the subject appeal to one there are plenty of them to study. I have not said a word of M. Paul Adam's extraordinary Napoleonic nov-

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el, "*La Force*;"¹⁶ nor of two remarkable plays (which treat of the relations between capital and labor), "*Les Mauvais Bergers*,"¹⁷ by M. Octave Mirbeau, and "*Le Repas du Lion*,"¹⁸ by that extraordinary and unequal genius, M. François de Curel, the man who, perhaps, with M. France, has the most original mind of any living French writer. His play, also, is a sociological poem. But what does that matter? And, now I come to think of it (a little late in the day, to be sure), what a pity it is I did not devote this hour to M. François de Curel, instead of prosing away about the social novel in France!

Mary James Darmesteter.

THE GOSPEL OF THE AIR-BALL.

I.

Along a shimmering white road in a rocky heat-reflecting plain, beneath a sky of molten lead, three figures rode slowly westwards to the mountains. One was a sahib. The other two were men of his levies escorting him, and mounted on mules for the occasion. These two rode behind at a respectful distance, and since they were permitted to ride at ease, they talked with each other. Soon their conversation became animated, and they were evidently arguing; they gesticulated and pointed to a strange object fastened above the tree of the sahib's saddle, and of which they got glimpses now and again, when his horse swerved a little sideways. It was a light-brown circular thing, and it bobbed up and down. Yusif Khan, one of the escort, told Mohamed Ali, the other, how he had once inadvertently surprised the sahib in his bath, and that he had seen him scrubbing his white skin with a

thing of that color and size (meaning a sponge), and this was probably such an one. Mohamed Ali was confident that it was a musical instrument or part of one, and said that he had seen an instrument with a round belly just like this at the end of a yard-long stick, and that the whole had made sweet sounds. They argued on, and being carried away by the heat of the discussion, made more noise than was consistent with the solemn duty of escorting a sahib in a dangerous frontier country. The latter turned about, and confronting them demanded sternly what was the matter.

"It is nothing, sahib," answered the readier liar of the two, "and it is finished; 'twas but a matter of our household, for by your honor's kindness, we are cousins."

"Shut up, then, and let me hear no more such unseemly noise," answered the sahib.

He was then about to turn and ride on ahead of them, but caught all their four eyes gazing with intelligent inter-

¹⁶ *Might*.

¹⁷ *The Unfaithful Shepherds*.

¹⁸ *The Lion's Meal*.

est at the round object that hung over his pony's withers.

"What are you looking at?" he asked. "At this?"

"Yes, oh mighty one."

"Do you know what it is?"

"No, we were just asking one another," replied the hitherto silent one, giving the lie direct to his comrade's recent statement.

"Look then," the sahib explained as he rode on, motioning to each to ride alongside of him. "It is made of the skin of a cow, and inside it is breath from a man's body; it is light as air, but very strong; with it to-morrow at sundown, I and some men of my two companies will play a game. We will kick it with our feet, and run after it, and fight with each other for the mastery over it, and men's hearts will grow very warm with the contest. But all this I will explain to you and the others later."

And as he hinted at the bare outlines of the game of Association football, to two ignorant men of his levies, Daly's eye glistened and his blood coursed merrily through his veins, for he was young and active, and had a few years since been the best public school forward in England.

He had now been for three months in a desolate spot some fifteen miles from the nearest military station, in charge of two companies of irregular infantry levied from the neighboring tribes. He had played no game all this time, and his soul had yearned for one. He had been very lonely and oppressed with the growing heat of the hot weather. At times he had grown almost desperate. On the night before it had come as an inspiration to him that he should teach his levies football to drown his own care and bring out their manly qualities. And that day he had ridden the fifteen miles into Derajai and was riding the fifteen miles out again, with a brand-new,

tight-blown, English-made football dancing before him on the saddle.

XL

On the evening of the next day the parade ground outside the fort of Sala was laid out with the red flags of the levies' camp equipment. The ground was hard and sun-baked and in parts stony, but was fairly level, and though the weather was scarcely good football weather according to English ideas (since the thermometer still stood at 100 degrees), yet a short spell of half an hour's play would do no harm to black man or white.

There had been no mincing of matters, no request to the men to try their hands at a new amusement. Daly's methods were different from this. He had given the order that the next eleven men on the roster of each company should fall in at 6.30 p. m. for fatigue duty in fatigue dress.

The men came; he divided them into two teams and to one side to distinguish them he gave blue sashes, made that morning by his bearer from the inside fly of an old tent. He then arranged each side and explained the rules of the game. He had been used to explain to them the elements of tactics in the course of their military training, and it proved easier to use military expressions in his present explanation. He therefore addressed each side much as follows, using English technical military terms mixed with the vernacular:

"Of you eleven men, five are the firing line. At the beginning you stand along this line, two on the right flank, one in the center and two on the left flank.

"Three men, you three, are in support, one on the right, one in the center, and one on the left.

"Two men are in reserve, one on the right, one on the left.

"One man remains. He is the sentry over the fort, and the fort is the space between the two big flags. Should the air-ball be kicked into the fort, then the fort is taken. Therefore it is your object to keep the air-ball from your fort, and to drive it with your feet into the fort of the enemy. To the sentry in the fort alone is it permitted to strike the ball with the hand. Yonder is the frontier (pointing to the boundary line); "beyond this line you must not fight with the enemy, but the air-ball must be thrown in and the fight begin anew."

And so on.

The game of football was thus duly inaugurated. The men were playing it recklessly, unskillfully, dangerously, yet still playing it; some in shoes that flew off at tangents and hit their opponents in the eye, some in bare feet, kicking the ball with naked toes that were as hard as iron.

Ever and anon a man came to Daly showing a lump on the shin where he had been kicked, or a cut knee, where he had fallen on the hard ground, with some show of grievance in his manner, but on the whole proud of being wounded in so great a cause. Daly had clad himself in the lightest of garments, in an almost transparent vest, and a thin pair of shorts. His intention at first was merely to move about and direct, but soon he drifted willy-nilly into the game and joined one side.

The crowd of sepoys standing round marvelled, as they saw him run, dodge, dribble, and pass. He took the ball from end to end, when he found no one in the right place to back him up, and deftly got a goal. He did this three times, and then weary of easy victory retired to "full-back." The players and the crowd all marvelled at his swiftness, his skill, his strength, and, not least, at the whiteness of his bare knees and arms.

Said Subadar Abdul Karim to Jamadar Jamaludin as they stood watching:

"Verily is the strength of the black man in his skin, while the skin of the sahib is soft, and remains white and tender as that of a new-born babe. But the strength of the sahib is not in his skin but in his heart."

And Jamadar Jamaludin assented.

Wonderful they thought it all. Much they talked of it in their barracks that night, and very keen were the next twenty-two men told off for the new "fatigue" on the following evening. In a few nights all had played, and of these some began to improve, while there was none that in this dull secluded spot did not look upon the evening game as the great "tamasha" of the whole day. Nay more, there seemed something more solemn in it than this. The sahib was in such earnest about it. It seemed almost a sacred matter to him. Some thought that the rites of the game had something to do with his religion, and wondered whether perhaps this was the way in which in his own country the sahib worshipped his God. Half in jest, half in earnest, they christened the ball "Shaitan" (Satan), and kicked it the more viciously; and side by side, with the idea of mock warfare that Daly himself had at first instilled into them with regard to the game, there grew up a semi-religious idea that it celebrated in some fashion the overthrow of the Evil One.

The levies were not blind heathens. Ethnologically they were Mussulmans, and as naturally intolerant of religious interference as any Eastern race. But practically when left to themselves in their mountain fastnesses, they followed no religion. In times of great Mohamedan enterprise their tribes had joined in "Jahada" (religious crusades) against other tribes or against the Government. But for some time they had led a fairly peaceable and so un-

godly life in their hills and valleys, and so it was that with their religious fervor cooled for the time being, these representatives of theirs that served the British Government were particularly prone to such a heresy as that which they had now themselves devised, and in which of their own free wills they now indulged freely.

Daly cared for none of these things. He had his football, kept fit and was less bored with his exile. He noted vaguely that his men seemed happy, and that the introduction of football among them was apparently a success. He noted not at all that they loved him, and held him in high esteem. Such a feeling on their part was merely a sahib's due, and called for no special exultation.

And so life went well with him and well with them through this hot, hot weather, till the back of midsummer was broken, and there remained but a few scorching days till a few showers of rain should come and cool the air.

III.

One morning in early July after parade was dismissed, Subadar Abdul Karim reported that all was well with the levies, but added that he had a request to make. Daly bade him make his request, and the pompous old man, drawing a deep breath that strained his sword belt, straightway held forth.

"There were two companies of levies. A. Company was recruited from the Lazarai folk, B. Company from the Taranis. The Lazarai folk loved the Taranis, and the Tarani folk loved the Lazarais."

This seemed a true and self-sufficing statement, and after making it Subadar Abdul Karim drew another long breath, and paused as though this was the end of the matter.

Daly knew from experience that it

would not be the end, but a mere preamble, so begged this respected native officer, with some impatience, to proceed to the point.

Subadar Abdul Karim drew a third long breath, and started on with what might have been an entirely new subject.

"The 'battle of the air-ball' was a very good game. All the sepoy folk loved it, and some had indeed made good progress."

Another deep breath and another mental jog from Daly at length brought him to the point.

"It was known that B. Company, the Tarani folk, excelled A. Company at the game, yet the Lazarai folk of A. Company had declared that with the sahib on their side they would beat B. Company. And B. Company had expressed a strong desire to put the matter to the test.

"Therefore would their lord and master, their commanding officer, permit the match that same evening, and bringing the light of his august presence thither, aid the Lazarais against the Taranis?"

It seemed a very reasonable sportsmanlike request, for all the cloud of words with which it was embellished. Daly acceded gladly, and looked forward through the heat of that long day to a bit of real amusement in the evening.

Evening came. The massive ball of red sun diffused itself in a mist of dust on the horizon. The air grew still. From the barracks to the parade ground trooped twenty-one scantily-clad ruffians. Daly joined them from his quarters, with "Shaltan," the air-ball under his arm, and made the twenty-second. The Lazarais putting on the blue sashes ranged themselves along with Daly. The Taranis wearing no sashes faced him. The ground had been marked out with the flags, and all was ready.

Daly tossed with a rupee, won the toss, chose his direction, and gave "Shaitan" a judicious kick to the outside right forward, and the match had begun.

In a zig-zag course the ball was passed hither, thither, from Daly back to Daly, from him again to the right, back to him and on to the left, and back again, but always forward towards the goal. "This is a match," said Daly to himself. "I will play my best."

Hitherto he had always held himself somewhat in check, lest by his greater skill he might monopolize the game, and so check the sepoys' ardor. But now he felt that he might play as though he was on the Repton playing fields once more, for had he not allied himself for the occasion with the Lazarais against the Taranis, and was not this as keen an interest as any of those of old?

At the end of this first rush Daly kicked a goal, and a yell went up from some hundreds of spectators, that made him look around him. It reminded him of days of schoolboy enthusiasm, but more than that he was thrilled with the wonder of these men's keenness, and felt an honest pride in the success of his enterprise.

He noticed also that the crowd of onlookers was bigger than usual, and that many men from the villages around, the fathers, the uncles and the brothers of his sepoys, had come to see the "tamasha," each carrying in zealous hands his roughly-made jazall, or some ill-gotten treasure of a rifle, for it was the custom of these men to bear arms wheresoever they went.

The game was started again. The ball kicked off by the Taranis, was stopped by a Lazarai half-back and passed to Daly. Meeting it with his head, he passed it to Yusif Khan on the right. Yusif Khan, dribbling it and dodging a half-back, passed it back to

Daly. It seemed that the same would happen that had happened before, but one of the Taranis full-backs was on to it too quickly and sent it up the field. A half-muffled, half-hearted, cheer from the crowd greeted this achievement. The ball soon came Daly's way again, and he would have again got a goal, had not this same full-back, coming upon him from behind, deliberately tripped him, so that he fell sharply on his knees on the hard ground. Getting up angrily, he abused the full-back for his foul play. As he looked at him he was puzzled. He did not know the face, and this was strange, for he prided himself on knowing all his men. And as he looked again he was more than puzzled, for the face wore an expression of hate, insolence and defiance.

He made a mental comment that he must find out who the man was, and see that he played the game no more; and the game proceeded.

Later on this same full-back getting the ball, refused to pass it to the forwards, but himself dribbling it the whole length of the field, and dodging even Daly, got a goal for the Taranis, and the Taranis contingent in the crowd gave a more pronounced, less half-hearted cheer than before.

Half-time was called, and till within a few minutes of the end of the match there was no further score. At last Daly got the ball. All his forwards were fagged, out of their places and lagging behind. Nothing lay between him and the goal but three of the other side and their goal-keeper. Of the first two he made short work, dribbling the ball past them and leaving them standing. The last of the three was the same sinister-looking full-back that had fouled him earlier in the match. He felt a moment's hesitation as he approached him, wondering what devilment he might this time be contemplating. However, he rushed forward

to meet and pass him. The man was nimble and clever. He impeded his way. It was all over in a moment, but, as they met, Daly saw him deliberately thrust out his foot to hack him, and received a bruise on the shin that, except in a heated moment, would have dropped him like a stone.

The spectators saw this too and groaned, both Lazarais and Taranis alike; and the groan, though in miniature, was yet not unlike that which rises to heaven from a full-blooded, myriad-tongued Anglo-Saxon crowd when aught unseemly happens in a league match.

But the groan was quickly followed by a cheer, no half-hearted cheer this time, but the unanimous straining of many hundred wild guttural voices, for the sahib, albeit kicked so foully, had met his man with such a momentous rib-crunching charge as had sent the fellow rolling breathless in the dust. And just before Abdul Karim, who kept the time, blew his whistle, Daly had triumphantly scored the winning goal.

Such a cheer again went up from all sides as filled Daly with wonder and exultation, and he hobbled and limped to his quarters with glad thoughts in his heart and with his sepoy all yelling like madmen around him.

IV.

When he reached his quarters he remarked that it was the evening of Wednesday, and it was his rule on Wednesdays to mount the guard himself instead of delegating that duty to a native officer.

After a moment's natural reluctance and hesitation due to his bruised limbs, he decided not to break his rule, and after the hottest of hot baths followed by a cold douche from the bhisti's mussack, he struggled into his uniform, drawing tight Khaki breeches

over two sore knees, and wrapping tight putties over two bruised shins. This done, he was ready, and also in the worst of tempers. He hobbled to where the guard mounted, in no state of mind to pardon a fault, for his putties pinched his shins and his breeches chafed his knees.

On his arrival the native officer on duty should have reported to him at once that all were present, but instead, Daly saw him pretending to look as though he did not see him, and gazing anxiously in the direction of the barracks.

In a moment or two, two sepoy, buckling their belts as they ran, and carrying their rifles anyhow, rushed up breathless.

This was slackness indeed. To an officer whose instinct it was to see everything done decently and in order, and up to time, this was intolerable. Daly called them up before him and asked what they meant by turning up late and in such a slipshod manner. They were speechless. Looking at them he saw that they were two sepoy of A. Company, and that one of them had played in the match that afternoon. He bade them fall in, adding that he would tell them off when their guard was finished.

In due time he inspected the rifles; two of them were dirty, and not only that, but soiled with the particular kind of dirt that can only come from firing. Turning his eyes from the muzzles of the rifles to their owners' faces, he saw that they belonged to the same two men who had fallen in late. This was a serious matter. They had evidently been up to some mischief. He told the native officer that these men should fall out, and be made prisoners, and that two other men should be fallen in for guard instead of them, and also that the prisoners must be allowed no communication with one another, or opportunity of fabricating an

excuse together, till he had seen them on the morrow at orderly room.

At length the guard was inspected and marched off to its duties. Daly went off to his quarters to take off his uniform and read a dreary novel, till his servant should bring him his solitary dinner.

Something was wrong about something, and he could not tell what. His dinner came, and he found he could eat little of it. He puzzled over the dirty rifles and the two men late for guard. He puzzled over the strange, forbidding face of the man who had fouled him on the football field, and yet had played so well, and yet whom he could not recognize. He puzzled over the extreme enthusiasm shown that afternoon by players and watchers alike, and over the large numbers of the latter, the like of which he had not known before, but all which at the time had so pleased him.

At last losing patience with himself, he muttered:

"Hang it all, I'm getting jumpy. I've got fever from playing football in these Indian dog-days, or from the pain of these cursed hacks on my shins. I'll take twenty grains of quinine and go to bed."

After tossing about for some time he slept a fitful sleep till morning. Through it all he saw the same face with a hideous expression of hate in it, the face of the strange man who had played full-back against him. Again and again the face appeared in his dreams, now as the man ran with the football between his feet, now as he passed it with his head, now as he kicked at Daly's shins, now as he simply stood scowling; and once he seemed to be trampling on Daly, and holding the football in one hand he struck him full in the face with it, and at that moment up ran two sepoys in uniform, with their coats unbuttoned, swinging their rifles over their heads,

and shouting, "Shaitan, Shaitan." He woke with a start and found his bearer calling him.

V.

"What have you got to say?" asked Daly of the first of his two prisoners that morning.

"Sahib, the rifle that I brought on guard was not mine. Some one—I know not who—had taken mine, and put this in its place; and in looking for mine, oh my father and mother, I became late for guard."

"Look at the mark on his rifle. Is it the same as the man's own number?" asked Daly of Subadar Abdul Karim.

"It is the same number."

"Then he lies; march off the rascal and bring in the other; it may be he will lie better."

Yasln Khan was marched out, and Yusif Khan marched in.

"What have you got to say?" asked Daly to him.

"Oh, protector of the poor, I have lately been firing my rifle on the range and I had forgotten to clean it. It was a fault. Forgive me, sahib. And as for my being late, the battle of the air-ball was late, and my whole body was dirty, and I took long to clean myself."

"Subadar Sahib, when was this man last at musketry?"

"Oh, great one, it is a whole month since."

"Then he, too, is a liar, for his rifle must have been inspected many times since then. March him out also, and make all present retire and wait outside, save only you, Subadar Abdul Karim, for with you I wish to speak on this matter."

The order was obeyed. Daly, left alone with Subadar Abdul Karim, asked him whether he knew aught of the matter.

Subadar Abdul Karim, drawing a

deep breath, answered gravely and verbosely—

"Oh, lord and master, I do indeed know the whole matter, and I will explain everything, so that the sahib shall know all. But first it is necessary that I should lead you to a spot two miles hence. There will I, by your honor's kindness, point out to you that which will make all plain.

"Be pleased to accompany me now. Your horse is outside and ready. I will come on foot; and be pleased to permit these two youths, the prisoners, to bring their rifles and accompany us as an escort, for we shall go far from the fort, and the Sirkar's order is that an escort should be present. It is true that it is not customary that the sepoy when a prisoner should perform such duties. But on this occasion, oh sahib, it is better so. All will be made clear hereafter."

Was this a trap? Was there some devilment brewing? And was Abdul Karim—his trusted, confidential friend—the archplotter of them all?

This thought occurred to Daly, but dismissing it as but a remnant of last night's fever, he acceded to Abdul Karim's request and set forth to see this mysterious sight that was to make all clear.

Abdul Karim walked alongside, keeping pace with Daly's pony, while behind, at a respectful distance, walked the two culprits carrying their still dirty rifles.

As they came to a bend of the rough road on which they were moving, Abdul Karim addressed Daly—

"Oh, sahib, it would be well that these two youths should stand on yonder hillock and watch against surprise."

Daly assented. The men were posted on the hill.

And as he and Abdul Karim proceeded a few yards further on the road it occurred to him to ask whether he

knew aught of the strange man who had played such a foul game on the evening before.

Abdul Karim, solemnly, and for once briefly replied—

"That also, oh sahib, will be made plain."

Then he led Daly down a nullah, at the top of which the latter, dismounting, tied his pony's bridle to a tree.

They were still in view of the two sepoys on the hillock, when Abdul Karim stopped, turned about, and with a theatrical wave of the hand, said—

"Sahib, here is the sight that I spoke of."

Daly, looking forward, saw a scantily-covered, putrefying corpse.

After the first shock of revulsion, he examined it more closely, and in the livid, dangling face beneath him, recognized the look of hate and the repulsive features of the strange man that had played full-back for B. Company.

More puzzled than ever, he rounded sharply on the Subadar, saying—

"This is enough. Tell me quickly what you know of this matter. Speak not in riddles, but plainly and briefly. I must know all, and that quickly."

"Oh, dispenser of favors, be not angry; I will now explain all. But forgive me if the tale is long, for much hath happened of late that I must first tell, before all will be plain. This, then, is the story—

"The battle of the air-ball that the sahib taught us is thought highly of among us. Much have we talked about it in the barracks, and the fame of it has reached our villages. Much have we desired to learn to fight well in this battle, and seeing the sahib kick the ball, and toss it with his head, and do with it what he would, we said that this indeed was magic. Nay, more, when we saw how the sahib loved the battle, and what stern orders he gave concerning it, we held that the matter was sacred to him. And since the

sahib thinks it sacred, so we, too, came to look upon it as in some sort sacred. We call the air-ball 'Shaitan,' and when we play we say that we are beating Satan with our feet, and that this is better than the saying of prayers. Your honor knows that we are Mussulmans, but in our villages we think little of our religion, and observe the laws of the Prophet hardly at all, for it is long since any holy man came near us to teach these matters, and these matters, without teaching are hard to understand and remember.

"But a few days since there came to the country of the Taranis one Ghulam Habib, who was himself of the Taranis, but from childhood had been in the south, learning much about many things. He had been on the holy pilgrimage, and had seen many holy men, and had seen also many sahibs, and had also travelled to the north, to Ispahan and to Rhum. Some days since he came to his own village, and talked much with his own people. He brought news of the world, and told them how the Faringhi people were in great trouble throughout the world, and that the sword of the Prophet was everywhere triumphant. He blamed his people much for their carelessness in religion, but blamed them more for their obedience to the Sirkar.

"In a word, oh lord and master, he came preaching a Jihad against your people. He desired that the levies—both the Tarani folk of B. Company, and the Lazarai folk of A. Company—should name a day, and, seizing their rifles and many bullets, should escape to the hills and gather round them a large army.

"Very eloquent was he, and much and long did he speak, both in the villages, and also by stealth in the men's barracks.

"Of the Tarani folk many hearkened to him, and were ready to leave the service of the Sirkar, but of the Laz-

arais very few, if any at all. Two nights ago there was much talk in the barracks, and at last one of the Lazarais of A. Company spoke to him before them all—

"Say you, oh Mullah, that the Faringhis are weak, that the power of the Sirkar is gone from them, that the sahib-log are not what they were? Have you seen our sahib? Have you seen him fight with 'Shaitan,' the air-ball?"

"And at that many voices cried, 'Yes, oh Mullah—Ji, have you seen our sahib fight with the air-ball?'

"He asked what the air-ball was, and we told him. He laughed in scorn and told us that he, too, played that game, that in Hindustan he, too, had learned it when studying English at a college under the Padri-log.

"Then he abused us much for thinking so highly of this game of infidels; but the Lazarai folk were angry, and said that they would hear no evil spoken of it. Then he laughed, and said, 'So be it, the game is surely sacred. Let it, then, be a sign that my words are true. I and the Tarani folk will play the game of the air-ball against the Lazarais and their sahib, and if we win the fight then are my words true, and we will agree that all shall follow me; if we lose, then do with me what you will.'

"This he said confidently, for he, indeed, was skilful with the air-ball, and withal had not seen your honor's skill.

"But we, on our side, had no fear, for had we not seen your honor's prowess? So we knew that all would be well.

"Therefore I came to you and made my request that this fight of the air-ball should take place, and oh, sahib, the rest will be clear to you.

"This"—pointing to the corpse—"this is Ghulam Habib, of the Taranis, the Mullah, who played in the reserve of their force in the fight of the air-ball.

"He played well, but with much vil-

lainy, doing hurt, indeed, to your honor's limbs, contrary to the orders of the fight, so that we were all very wroth. And as to these two youths, deal with them not hardly."

"Why, what of them?" asked Daly, still bewildered.

"Deal not with them hardly, oh lord and master, for the heart in them is good, though to be late for guard is indeed a crime; but truly were their livers hot at the moment."

"What, then, did they do?"

"When the fight of the air-ball was over, they ran to their barracks, and

Temple Bar.

seizing their rifles, pursued Ghulam Habib as he fled from our wrath. They followed him hither, and here, in this nullah, shot him down. Thus was it that they were late for guard, and that their rifles were dirty.

"Oh, dealer of favors, deal with them not hardly, for see, the shooting was assuredly good. Behold, under the ear of the corpse is one bullet-hole, and in his stomach is the other. Therefore, oh sahib, deal with them not hardly."

And the sahib dealt with them not hardly.

Powell Millington.

BENEFICENT GERMS.

The maleficent germ is known to all men. Its atrocities are telegraphed to the newspapers, discussed in clubs, and shuddered at in the family circle. Who has not heard of the microbes of cholera, leprosy, and the plague? Who has not execrated the small assassins that lurk in our drinking water and contaminate our milk? Their deeds are so notorious that the average man, unskilled in bacteriology, commonly imagines a microbe to be a loathly insect that squirms and bites; and he is nearly always disappointed, if not incredulous, when he sees the real thing under a microscope. "Is that all?" he asks, when he is shown an insignificant little rod or a couple of minute beads which no amount of magnification can render impressive. But though very few people know what germs are everybody knows the mischief they can do, and the public regards a "bacillus" as a necessarily evil thing—nay, as a veritable incarnation of the spirit of evil.

Now, this is very unfair to the microbes. It is a case of blackening the

character of a whole family on account of the wickedness of a few of its members. And this family, far from being wholly disreputable, is largely composed of useful workers in Nature's laboratory, so useful, in fact, that they are quite indispensable. A germless world would not be worth living in. The proposition can be demonstrated easily enough; but first it may be well to glance at the nature of germs in general.

Germs, then, or microbes, are microscopic unicellular plants which produce more or less alterations in the substance in which they grow. Such a definition is sufficiently exact for the present purpose, and will include the *budding fungi* or yeasts, and the *fission fungi* or bacteria, the two great groups to which belong nearly all the forms usually known as germs. They are lowly members of the vegetable kingdom; every individual consists of a single cell showing little, if any, structural organization; all are so minute as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, except when they occur in closely packed

multitudes; and all (or at least all that deserve to be called germs) have the property of profoundly altering the soil which nourishes them. In this property consists their power for good or ill.

A notable characteristic of most of these humble organisms is the great rapidity with which they multiply when placed in favorable conditions. The exceedingly active propagation of yeast is well known; a very little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. And in the case of the *fission fungi* the vegetative life of a single bacterium may last for just half an hour, at the end of which period it ceases to be an individual. But it does not die—death is not a necessary event so low down in the scale of existence—it divides into two; half an hour later four have made their appearance; and at this rate of multiplication, supposing no untoward accident to occur and the supply of nutriment to be sufficient, there will be more than a thousand in five hours, and in ten hours from the origin of the first individual a million bacteria will have come into existence. While all *fission fungi* do not multiply at this rate (which has actually been observed) some are doubtless still more rapid in their increase. In order to flourish all microbes require moisture, warmth, and food supply. For each species there is a certain temperature which suits it best, and a certain soil in which it produces the largest crops. They all love darkness rather than light, and direct sunshine is very bad for them. But they do not necessarily perish when the conditions are unfavorable. They may cease to grow, and yet retain their vitality; and some species produce *spores*, which (like the seeds of the higher plants) have a much greater power of resistance than the vegetating forms from which they spring.

Such microscopic organisms are found in great number and variety al-

most everywhere around us. Readers who have followed the progress of the very new science of bacteriology will remember the late Professor Tyndall's ingenious and beautiful experiments with a luminous beam and test-tubes filled with putrescible infusions, experiments intended to investigate the diffusion of atmospheric germs. Much was learnt from these researches, but Tyndall's methods were imperfect and his results not free from error. They appeared to lead to the conclusion that nearly all the invisible floating matter—the matter which scatters light and renders a beam luminous—consists of this form of life. According to that view, the number of micro-organisms suspended in the air would be absolutely incalculable; but we have come to know that, though very widely distributed, they are by no means always present in great multitudes. In fact they are not normal inhabitants of the atmosphere at all; their presence may be said to be accidental; they are carried into it, like any other form of dust, by chance currents; and they are usually found adhering to those coarser particles, dead fibres, tissue fragments, and heterogeneous *débris*, of which ordinary dust is composed.

Dust, however, though in a sense accidental, is pretty universal in this atmosphere of ours, and floating germs can generally be found if they are sought for. In the air of dwellings they are not numerous so long as the dust is not disturbed, but then it nearly always is being disturbed. Consequently, in any inhabited room, when we close the blinds and let in a beam of sunshine through a chink, we see what Lucretius saw:

Multa minuta modis multis per inane
videbis
Corpora misceri radiorum lumine in
ipso,
Et velut æterno certamine proelia pug-
nas

Edere turmatim certantia nec dare
 pausam,
 Concillis et deciduis exercita crebris!

And many of these motes carry with them a living burthen, a bacterium, a mould-spore or a yeast-cell. Out of doors the air, of course, is hardly ever still, and its currents sweep dust from every dry surface, carrying up a varying number of germs. Many ingenious methods have been devised since Tyndall's time for the purpose of numbering such floating organisms. Without entering into minute details, the general principle of one such method may be briefly described. A jelly, compounded of materials known to be favorable to the growth of germs, is liquefied, poured out upon a clean glass surface, and cooled till it sets; the dust suspended in a certain volume of air is allowed to fall upon the jelly; the germs, thus separately deposited, grow where they settle, and in time form distinct colonies, visible to the eye and easily counted. The results so obtained can never be more than approximately correct, but it may be interesting to note that there are usually not less than one hundred living bacteria in every cubic metre of air just above the surface of the ground; that there are not at all so many higher up, unless by chance the air is full of dust; and that they are very scarce over mid-ocean and in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

But while germs are thus only accidental inhabitants in the air, and by no means universally distributed, it is quite otherwise with soil and water. The superficial layers of the soil teem with them to an incredible extent. There are always many of them in water, even in our best drinking water in its natural condition. And our bodies (as well as those of lower animals) are coated, externally and internally, with swarms of micro-organisms. They do not, indeed, occur in our blood and tis-

sues in health; but nevertheless we all afford hospitality to a multitude of invisible guests, which find an admirable home and nursery in portions of our frame. Now if all these hosts around us, upon us, and within us were necessarily our foes, the case of man would be pitiable indeed, for there is no escape from their presence, and it is wholly impossible to exterminate them. But is their extermination desirable? How would the world ever get on without them?

The active imagination of Mr. H. G. Wells has lately discovered a germ-free world in the planet Mars, and he tells what happens when the inhabitants invade the earth and are exposed to the assaults of microbes against which they have not acquired power of resistance. But he does not attempt to picture the condition of things in the germ-free world itself. Let us try for a moment to imagine the state of the earth deprived altogether of this form of life. Suppose, then, that air, water, soil, animals, and plants have all been thoroughly *sterilized* in the bacteriological sense; suppose that by the universal application of an ideally perfect germicide every microbe has been killed, while higher living things remain unharmed; and suppose that no new agents have been created to perform the functions of the extinct families. What is the result?

First, we observe with gratitude that we have done with a large number of diseases, acute and chronic, affecting beasts and men. Rinderpest and glanders have disappeared; anthrax no longer slays its thousands among sheep and cattle; tuberculosis in all its forms is unknown. The plague has vanished, never to reappear in East or West. Leprosy, the mysterious scourge of many ages and many lands, at last dies out. In all probability we may expunge scarlatina, measles, and all the common infectious fevers from our text-books; certainly no one need fear

cholera, typhoid, diphtheria, or erysipelas. Boils, carbuncles, and the like

Embossed sores and headed evils

no longer vex humanity. Nay, even toothache is, if not extinct, at all events a rare affliction. In this changed world wounds and injuries are robbed of half their terrors, and surgeons take no precautions against septic trouble. Food-poisoning by ptomaines is never heard of. Sanitation becomes easy; evil odors are almost banished from our streets. Various minor sources of annoyance have been abolished; milk does not turn sour, or butter rancid; eggs keep always fresh; in the hottest summer our meat never becomes "high." It would almost seem that everybody should be satisfied, except the bacteriologist, whose occupation is done.

But very soon we begin to miss some things in our germless world. There is no beer, wine, or brandy, all the yeast plants having perished by the germicide. No doubt chemists will sooner or later devise a substitute, but natural fermentation is at end. For the same reason artificial methods of aeration must be universally employed in making bread; the leaven that has been used for so many ages has lost its potency. Our cheeses will not "ripen," owing to the absence of certain bacilli that used to effect the change; and there is a distinct falling off in the flavor of our best butter. The manufacture of vinegar is stopped, because there is no longer a *bacillus aceticus* to work upon weak alcoholic solutions. Along with these changes in our diet we seem to notice some impairment of our digestive powers, which may be explained by the absence of those innumerable micro-organisms which used to inhabit our alimentary canals and which assuredly had some influence upon the processes therein. Certainly

the health of our herbivorous animals suffers on this account; they lose the power of digesting the cellulose which enters so largely into their food. And the extinction of the cellulose-decomposing bacteria has also a serious effect upon our textile industries, the tough fibres of flax and hemp no longer separating after maceration in water. Another important source of the world's wealth disappears with the disappearance of microscopic organisms connected with the production of saltpetre; in future there are no fortunes to be made out of nitrates.

Such, we have every reason to believe, are a few of the inevitable results that would follow the annihilation of germs. Doubtless numerous other losses would be suffered, for the useful fermentations and decompositions set up by minute vegetable organisms are as yet very imperfectly known. The inconveniences mentioned might, however, be overcome, or at least tolerated, in consideration of the concomitant lessening of disease. Far more serious consequences have yet to be described.

When a pinch of garden mould is shaken up in a wineglassful of water, it is easy to prove that every drop of the infusion contains hundreds of bacteria. Far from being inert matter, the soil everywhere teems with life and manifold activities. It is especially the home, the nursery, of the *florion fungi*; in its superficial layers they swarm in incalculable multitudes; from it they are carried into the air with the dust raised by wind-currents, and into it they ultimately return. Here, in the course of their growth and multiplication, they perform work of quite inestimable value, for it is mainly, if not exclusively, to them that we owe the nitrification and other chemical processes which fertilize the earth and afford nourishment to plants. If the soil were rendered "sterile" in the bac-

teriological sense—that is, if all the lower fungi in it were destroyed—it would soon be sterile in another sense also; our crops would perish, and agriculture would come utterly to an end. Neither grass, nor herb yielding seed, nor fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, could survive the deprivation of their natural nourishment; and as animal life is ultimately dependent upon plant life, the fatal consequences would not be confined to the vegetable kingdom.

But, indeed, when we consider the matter from another point of view, it becomes still more evident that the activity of these lowly forms is a condition essential to the continuance of higher life on the earth. For nothing is more certain than the fact that the processes by which organic bodies, animal and vegetable, are converted after death into simpler combinations or into their ultimate elements—the processes known to us as putrefaction and decay—are absolutely dependent on microscopic organizations, especially bacteria. But if such processes did not

take place, whence would be derived the materials for the construction of successive generations of animals and plants? The amount of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, etc., available for the composition of living bodies is not an unlimited quantity, but is constantly utilized over and over again; there are necessary economies in the working of the laboratories of nature. At present all living things die and return to the earth from which they are derived; and their substances are again used to construct the substances of new living things. A part is at once assimilated by “necrophagous” creatures, the scavengers of the soil; but the important economy consists in the slow decompositions set up by bacteria, resolving dead organic matter into elements available for fresh life. If these decompositions were to cease, if animals and plants were to remain incorruptible after death, how can we escape the conclusion that sooner or later the supply of such available elements must be exhausted, and life itself must come to an end?

The Nineteenth Century.

Henry S. Gabbett, M. D.

MEMORABLE.

And did you once find Browning plain?
And did he really seem quite clear?
And did you read the book again?
How strange it seems and queer!

And you were living before that,
And you are living after
“Red-night-cap Country,” think of that;
It almost moves my laughter.

I read it once, or was it?—No!
“Sordello,” that was it, no doubt:
The “History of a Soul,” you know,
Six thousand lines, or thereabout.

But thoughts I picked up as I read it,
And one, indeed, should be confess't
If Guelph you put in Ghibelin's stead, it—
Well, I forget the rest.

C. W. Stubbs.

RUSSIA'S GREAT NAVAL ENTERPRISE:

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF INTERCOURSE BETWEEN THE BALTIC AND THE BLACK SEA.

The introduction of the railway, as a factor in the development of the resources of Siberia and Central Asia, is justly regarded as marking an epoch in the history of the Russian Empire; but, so far as Europe is directly concerned, the political and economic advantages resulting from this great achievement are of comparative insignificance to the latest project of the Russian Government—the establishment of naval and commercial communication between the Baltic and the Black Seas. This is to be accomplished by means of a waterway, extending from Dunamunde, in the Gulf of Riga, to Kherson, on the estuary of the Dnieper.

Although the importance of the new undertaking, when judged by the strategic and commercial advantages likely to accrue from it, is comparable to that of the great railway, it will be even more remarkable as an engineering exploit; while the outlay of money involved—a not inconsiderable sum—and the time occupied in the work,

will, in view of the magnitude of the enterprise, be relatively insignificant. It is estimated that when the railway is finished, the total cost will have amounted to 400,000,000 roubles, while the revenues will, for a long time to come, be unimportant, and out of all proportion to the money invested; but from the new enterprise there will be considerable and immediate returns when the waterway is opened for traffic.¹ The waterway, when first projected, was estimated to cost £20,000,000, and the work was to be completed in five years.²

The Siberian Railway traverses a country which, to an area of 400,000 miles, has only 100,000 inhabitants, while the cities and towns connected by it are yet in their infancy; whereas the waterway across western Russia will connect important cities and towns already in a flourishing condition, which, with increased facilities for the export of their produce, could double, and even treble, their present output.

¹ The public are led to suppose that the traffic on the Siberian Railway is greater than is actually the case; for in the official reports of the thousands of passengers transported East, and the millions of pounds of goods conveyed West, no mention is made of the fact that the imposing totals include soldiers and Government stores.

² Although this estimate of the time it will take to construct the waterway is generally accepted, I think it highly improbable, in view of the enormous obstacles to be overcome, that it can be completed in less than eight or even ten years.

These great cities, such as Kief, Kremchug, and Ekaterinoslav, will be in direct communication with Kherson in the south and the Port of Riga in the north. At present, although the Dnieper for hundreds of versts is the highway of traffic, the rapids, about 217 miles above the city of Kherson, entirely divert trade from the latter city, most of it going overland to Nikolaief and Odessa. I purposely refrain from mentioning in this connection cities like the capital of Minsk, through which province the route will lie, for many towns, now unimportant, being on the main artery of intercourse between the northern and southern ports, will increase in importance at the expense of the old-established centres not so fortunately situated in this respect: while others will spring up in a short time at the confluence of navigable rivers—such as the Prypet, the Desna, and the Svislotche—with the Dnieper, that will in a very few years surpass in importance any yet existing.

The whole course of the waterway will lie through some of the most naturally productive, if not the most producing, "Governments" of the Empire, and goods usually transported by rail from Odessa will go much cheaper *viâ* the waterway of St. Petersburg. The enormous and ever-increasing output of petroleum, salt, iron, and other products of the Western Caucasus and Don Cossacks, with which the Vischenel-Volotschosk Canal³ is inadequate to deal, can be transported *viâ* the Don, the Straits of Yenikelye, Kertch, and so on to the Dnieper and the Baltic; returning with rye from Minsk and Vitebsk, and wheat from the provinces of Kiev and Podolia—the best grown in Russia—for there is

nearly always a scarcity of these commodities in the mining districts before mentioned.

But leaving commercial considerations for the moment apart, let us consider this enterprise with regard to its strategic importance, and we shall find that what the railway system is to the Army, the canal will be to the Navy. While the former enables Russia to mobilize her troops with an economy and dispatch formerly impossible, the waterway will enable her to concentrate her naval strength in either the Baltic or Black Sea as occasion may require—an achievement altogether impossible under the present circumstances.

For some time to come, Russia will probably rest content with her recent territorial acquisitions and occupy herself with their internal development; but can we reasonably expect that, should opportunity occur, such as would be furnished by a general European war, for instance, she would not avail herself of it to extend her waterway to the Mediterranean, via the Black Sea and the Bosphorus? The Bosphorus is, in more than one sense, a continuation of what will be the great naval waterway, for the entrance to the former will be just opposite to the exit from the latter: and it is a geographical, or rather a hydrographical, fact that the influx of fresh water into the Bosphorus is due to currents that cross the Black Sea direct from the mouths of the great Russian rivers. There is no knowing when Russia will be in a position to promote a European conflict—for while the peace doctrine is preached abroad it is vigorously suppressed at home—and, under such circumstances, the inter-communication between her northern and southern

³ This canal traverses central Russia from the Baltic to the Caspian Sea, and it is estimated that not less than 6,000 barges pass along it annually. Water communication for lighter traffic exists by no less than three different

routes between the Baltic and the Black Seas; the total length of navigable waterways in European Russia, including rivers, canals, and tributaries, is no less than 32,353 versts.

naval establishments will enable her to muster all her available battleships in the Black Sea, and almost before the Powers realize her object.

I need not point out that such a waterway could easily be rendered impregnable; but I may observe that the estuary of the Dneiper is not less than 15 miles long and six broad, with a great arm of land stretching out into the sea, which, well fortified, would command the entrance not only of the great waterway but of the River Bug as well. The naval docks of Nikolaief are situated on the latter river, practically inland, behind Kherson.

It would be going beyond facts to assert that this undertaking will make Russia a great naval Power; but it will at least strengthen her position, and, while she will be a constant menace to Constantinople, it will render her practically unassailable in her own waters.

The route to be taken in constructing the waterway is marked by three rivers, the Duna or Dwina, the Beresina, and the Dneiper, all united by means of a canal and tributaries of the two former in the province of Lithuania, in the government of Minsk. In this district the land is flat and marshy, though fertile in parts; but a little north of Minsk there is a ridge of low hills which determines the course of a number of small streams, that flow thence in opposite directions, some north to the Baltic, others to the Black Sea. Two of these streams are the Ulla and Sergatch, the former a branch of the Duna, the second a tributary of the Beresina. The latter river flows into the Dneiper at the eastern extremity of the Pinsk Marshes. The

connection between the Duna and the Beresina is effected by a canal,⁴ which unites the Ulla and the Sergatch. By this means commercial intercourse was instituted in the early part of the century from Dunamunde, in the north, to Ekaterinoslav, in the south. Below the capital of this province, however, navigation is interrupted for a distance of 40 miles.

The Dneiper flowing through the provinces of Smolensk and Mohilev is unnavigable till it joins the Beresina at Goryal, in Minsk; but it becomes deeper and broader all the way southward as far as Ekaterinoslav, a matter of nearly 600 versts (or 400 miles). The Beresina is navigable for vessels of moderate draught; but as the great waterway is to be of an uniform depth of 28 feet—a foot deeper than the Suez Canal—the channel of the watercourse will have to be considerably deepened. The depth of the Dneiper will also have to be increased, especially where it passes through the Pinsk Marshes, and what we should call forests, but which are known locally as the *polyesiye* (the woods).

The river Duna, from Polotsk to the Gulf of Riga, is navigable for ordinary traffic, but only during the spring floods for larger vessels. All Russian rivers get shallow as they approach the sea, and even at Riga, one of the most important shipping ports on the Baltic, vessels drawing more than ten feet of water cannot enter the inner harbor. Riga stands five miles above the mouth of the river, the harbor being in reality at Dunamunde, where there is a fortress appropriately situated to command the entrance of the future great naval waterway to the Black Sea.⁵

⁴ This canal was projected in 1797, and finished in 1801-3.

⁵ The whole route is lined by great fortresses, some of them of great antiquity. They mark what was formerly the frontier of Poland, prior to the absorption of that country into the Empire. Those of Borosov and Bobruisk, on the Beresina, are the most noted, the latter having

held out successfully against Napoleon when the French marched on Moscow. They are now important as commercial centres, and when the great waterway is constructed, they will, undoubtedly, attract most of the trade of the province from the capital, which stands some fifty miles back on the Switschlock, a tributary of the Beresina.

The deepening of the bed of the Duna from the Gulf of Riga to Polotsk will entail much labor and time, but will offer no serious obstacles that skillful engineers will not be able to overcome. The chief obstructions to traffic are loose, sandy formations and aquatic vegetation of the *Butomus umbellatus* species, which sometimes grows to 22 feet in length.

The Dneiper below Kiev is very deep and broad, but the depth varies, owing to huge masses of drifting sand. Practically speaking, however, it is navigable for ships of heavy draught for the 150 miles that intervene between this city and Ekaterinoslav. Ekaterinoslav is situated immediately above the rapids called by the native *Porogi* (literally steppes) that stretch away for 40 miles to Alexandrovsk, whence to Kherson, another 200 miles, the river again becomes navigable for vessels of moderate draught.

From Kremchug the river flows calm and smooth, though here and there great masses of granite stand out of the water; to careful navigation they are no serious obstacle, however, as the river is broad, and the channel deep.

From Kremchug there is a great change in the formation of the river bed. On reference to a map it will be seen that the river takes a turn in a south-easterly direction, a few miles above Ekaterinoslav. This is due to a great plateau of granite that resists the full power of the stream, and forces it through a sand-formation of the tertiary period. This solid mass of granite is a natural dam, which holds back the flood between the steep banks of the river, and accounts for the great depth of the water. Peitzhold, in his book, "*Reise im Westlichen und Sudlichen Russland*," observes that, had not the water succeeded in breaking through the solid granite at

Ekaterinoslav, Russia would have one great river the less flowing into the Black Sea. Continuing in a south-easterly course, and uniting with the river Don, it would have debouched into the Sea of Azov, by Taganrog. The force of the water, however, burst through the mass of granite below Ekaterinoslav, and the river now, with a rage that is indescribable, hurls itself down the 40-mile incline marked at intervals by the *Porogi*. Ships have to be unloaded at old Samara above the falls, their merchandise being conveyed 40 miles overland, and reshipped at Alexandrovsk, from which town the river is again navigable the rest of the way to Kherson—an unbroken stretch of 200 miles.

Under these circumstances it is scarcely to be wondered at that merchants prefer to send their wares by rail to Odessa or Nikolaief, and that Kherson, the capital of the government which includes the two former towns, should take second rank. Kherson has, perhaps, the best position of any port on the Black Sea, and were it not for the rapids of Ekaterinoslav would command the export and import trade, from and to the cities and towns on the banks of the Dneiper, Beresina and Duna, a distance of 994 miles—that is, from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The present state of things will, of course, be remedied when the waterway is constructed, and then, doubtless, the great trade of Odessa and Nikolaief will, together with the shipping, be transferred to Kherson, which offers a sure and secure harbor. The estuary of the Dneiper is 15 miles long, and from four to six broad, being sheltered by a great arm of land, that not only commands the entrance to the waterway of the future, but to the mouth of the Bug—that is, the approach to the Naval Docks of Nikolaief—as well.

The opening of direct communication with the Baltic will result not only in the transfer of the trade and shipping to Kherson, but the export produce from the interior will find its way thither too. The immense amount of traffic, by means of queer flat-bottomed boats, between the interior of Poland and the Black Sea will no longer follow the course of the Bug, but, taking the River Prypet, which is eminently suitable for this kind of navigation, will strike the main waterway a hundred miles above Kiev, and float down with the current to Kherson. At present the river craft mostly go by the Bug to Nikolalef, and by the Dneister to Odessa.

The most difficult part of the enterprise will be the circumventing of the cataracts, and to accomplish this many attempts have been made. 1. By blowing up the Porogi themselves. 2. By constructing canals. Fifty years ago a canal from above the falls to the Black Sea, via Nikolalef, was projected. It is just possible, but by no means probable, that this project will be realized; for below the falls the river is navigable, as I have observed, for 200 miles, and to cut a channel for 40 miles is a lighter undertaking than to deepen and widen a shallow stream for 200.

The throwing up of dams, in the shallow parts of the Dniel, would serve to deepen the lower river as the granite obstruction does the upper. The river as it flows into the province of Kherson is very broad, and, save in mid-stream, very shallow. Therefore,

the surface of the water could undoubtedly be raised by this means: for although the country is almost flat, being a gradual depression extending for many miles from the interior, it is high above the river bed, so there would be little danger of an inundation, especially if a few locks were constructed to meet the emergencies that might arise in the spring.

After the breaking up of the ice, when the water is very high, the rapids of Ekaterinoslav are sometimes navigated by small boats, rafts, and even barques of light draught, the owners being tempted to make the perilous passage by the desire to avoid the cost of transport overland; but merchandise of any value is rarely conveyed in this way.*

Not only are the *Porogi*[†] to be feared, but there are innumerable rocks and shallows still more dangerous, because less accurately known. These latter create whirlpools that frequently draw vessels to destruction, in spite of the extraordinary skill with which they are manœuvred.

Although immense amounts of timber are floated over the rapids and down stream to Kherson, the route is, to all practical purposes, closed to traffic at Ekaterinoslav.

The construction of the waterway will involve the cutting of a canal between the latter town and Alexandrovsk; but to avoid the necessity of blasting the granite formation, which might be attended with serious consequences owing to the pressure of the river, it will probably be made to skirt

* Alexandre Peltzhold records that, in the years 1832-4, no less than 49 ships and 107 rafts were wrecked and 30 men drowned. In the year 1842 the passage was wholly impassable, and a boat that attempted to make the passage was literally ripped up (*reisen*) in the space of one second.

† The *Porogi* are ten in number. The Kaidak Porog is half-a-verst below Woloschniow; the next is the Lochanski, half-a-verst below the Kaidak; at the distance of another half-verst

is the Wolonski. Between this and the Porog of Sworonetz two versts intervene, and also another two between the Sworonetz and the Ne-Nasaytels. The remainder at various shorter distances apart are called the Wolmachski, the Lischnol, and the Wolnol respectively. They have a total fall of 107 feet. An exhaustive account of these *Porogi* is given by Alexander Stuckenberg, in his great work, "*Hydrographie des Russischen Reichs*," vol. III., pages 252, 253, 254.

the granite plateau and join the main river higher up.

Of the great cities and towns situated on the main waterway the most important is Kiev, the recognized center of commerce for south-western Russia. Not only is the produce of the surrounding country brought thither down the tributaries of the Dniéper, but great impulse has been given to manufactures.⁹

Kremchug, which is situated at the confluence of the Pset with the Dniéper, has progressed evenly with its neighbors; manufactures are making great progress, and agricultural implements, which used to be imported at Odessa, are manufactured here, the iron being mined in the neighborhood. When we consider the enormous amount of land under cultivation, no more need be said of the prospects of this new industry.

But it is in the government of Ekaterinoslav that the most extraordinary progress is being made. At the end of the last century this province was a wilderness, peopled only by a few nomadic Tartar tribes; at the present time it is the best populated province in the Empire.¹⁰

The great progress made in the districts of Little Russia is not to be wondered at; with such undeveloped resources it is a matter for surprise that it has not been more rapid. Take the

government of Minsk, for instance. True, it is marshy and unhealthy, and is considered one of the poorest districts in southwestern Russia; but it can boast a list of industries that any English county might envy. It produces more corn than is needed by the inhabitants, but little is exported, owing probably to the lack of facilities for cheap transport. Hemp, flax, rye are cultivated, and great trade is done in leather. Horses and cattle are reared, and iron is mined. Other industries of equal importance have been introduced within the last few years.¹¹ This great progress in industries is not a little due to the German colonists, of whom there are some 25,000 in the province of Minsk alone. In the north they are even more numerous.¹²

What might not be expected of a country with such natural resources under proper administration, and with facilities for transport cheaper and more direct than the railway!

The government entertain the project for a waterway across western Russia chiefly for its strategic value, but the commercial advantages to be derived from the undertaking are not ignored. Alexander III. was the first to give the project serious attention, and by his direction a survey was made. When the present Emperor was approached on the subject, he referred the matter to the Ministries of

⁹ In 1838 Kiev (the town) had a population of 17,089; at the present day it numbers nearly 200,000. Large sugar refineries and tanneries have started up, also steam flour mills, chemical and iron works. Woollen cloths are also manufactured, while great trade is done in hides, tallow, sugar, glass, china, saltpetre, which are transported to Odessa by rail. The great fair of last year showed returns amounting to one million sterling.

¹⁰ The population which in 1830 was 600,000, increased in 1860 to 1,138,000, and in 1888 it amounted to 1,905,540. The southern extremity of this province commands the trade of the Sea of Asof.

¹¹ But here, as almost everywhere else in Russia where there are forests, timber-cutting is the chief industry.

¹² Germans are about 5 per cent. of the population of the south, but in the north, especially on the Dñna, the descendants of the early Teuton settlers have the commerce almost altogether in their own hands. They have completely Germanized the country; the names of the cities—Friedrichstadt, Jacobstadt, Dñnamñnde, etc.—bear witness to this. Notwithstanding the government policy is to encourage foreigners, they are beginning to draw the line at having foreign names for their cities and fortresses, and some time ago a decree was issued by which Dñnaburg is to be called Dwinsk. I doubt if Dwinsk will be substituted for Dñna, for a Polish or Russian equivalent for Dñnamñnde would cause considerable trouble to foreign navigators on the Baltic.

Finance and of Ways and Communications. But although extreme reticence is observed in official circles, and imposed on the press, there is no doubt that the establishment of naval intercourse between the two seas is but a question of time. A desire on the part of the government not to increase the national expenditure, which has dur-

The Fortnightly Review.

ing the last few years been enormous, prevented this enterprise being promoted in 1897; but for such an object, there would be plenty of money forthcoming, if the Russian Government, instead of drawing on the national funds, sanctioned the formation of a private syndicate.

S.

AN IRISH POET.*

"A. E." is one of a group of Irish writers whose works have been much ridiculed where they have been but little read. These writers are united by a common bond, and their work is largely directed to a common end. The tie which binds them is a deep-rooted love for Ireland, and the aim which they have set themselves is the revival of a literature which shall be essentially Celtic in its character. This movement in favor of a Celtic revival is many-sided. It not only deals with the restoration of an ancient language, but seeks also to encourage in the works of modern writers a distinctive national stamp. The word Celtic is chiefly associated in the mind of the average Englishman with strange dialects which he cannot understand, and long names which he cannot pronounce, and he therefore finds it hard to sympathize with this revival. But the writer who is the subject of this review, is not one of those whose genius lies concealed in a language of which few have knowledge. He is Celtic rather in the spirit of Matthew Arnold's definition:—

"The Celt's quick feeling for what is

noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, and wild flowers are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and under her secret in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress that it seems impossible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and the Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power and her fairy charm."

In this sense the word Celtic need inspire no terrors in the most unmitigated Anglo-Saxon, for it is one which can be applied to Shakespeare himself when he writes:—

* The Earth Breath and other Poems, by A. E. (John Lane.)

The moon shines bright. In such a
 night as this,
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss
 the trees
 And they did make no noise, in such a
 night
 Troilus, methinks, mounted the Tro-
 jan walls
 in such a night
 Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
 Upon the wild sea banks, and waved
 her love
 To come again to Carthage.

Some of these Irish writers, such as Mr. Yeats, are already well-known in England, but "A. E." has hitherto attracted little attention, and his poetry has received no public recognition. His first volume was published a few years ago, and was called "Homeward Songs by the Way." This book is now out of print in England, and can only be obtained in America. It was followed in 1897 by another volume containing fifteen of the poems originally published, together with several others. This volume reveals the mind of a true poet and an original thinker. His imagination is sometimes so fantastic, and the expression of his ideas so brief and sudden, that it is easy to reject his work for its obscurity, and to leave unnoticed its rare qualities of thought and feeling; but a patient and sympathetic reader will find something delightful in almost every verse.

The central idea of his poetry is the revelation of the divine in nature. Humanity is dwarfed and cramped and surrounded by a "vestiture of pain," but in rare moments when nature speaks to us through cloud or sunshine, dawn or twilight, mountain or sea, we transcend the limits of mortal sense and feel thrillingly our divine birthright. Nature then ceases to be a mere effect of field and sky, a beautiful thing to be described, and becomes an actual being to be intimately known and loved. These poems show us how great a power she can

exercise over the human mind when once a communion has been established. "The Mighty Mother" is constantly spoken of as an influence at once soothing and inspiring; she is the recipient of all the poet's secrets, she only knows "the wounds that quiver unconfessed." Thus through the medium of nature we get an insight into the character of the man himself, and become aware of that other great characteristic of the Celt, his "indomitable personality." In reading a poem, for instance, on "Morning" or "Dusk," we are at first chiefly occupied with the scene which has called it forth, but gradually we find our interest shifting to the human being through whose eyes we are looking at the picture, until at last the poet rather than the poem is uppermost in our thoughts.

The varied and subtle personality of "A. E." has already been presented to us in Mr. Yeats' exquisite little sketch "A Visionary," in "Celtic Twilight," and my object is to illustrate it yet further by quotations from his own poems. I cannot hope to do so thoroughly, but I will try to make clear some of its chief characteristics—his "Celtic longing for infinite things the world has never seen," his strange communion with those fairy beings who still find a home among the peasants of Ireland, and above all his big sympathetic heart which draws to him "all those who like himself seek for illumination, or else mourn for a joy that is gone."

The scenes which he describes are the ordinary background of a simple country life, but surely the "magic of nature" is in such verse as this:—

Dusk wraps the village in its dim ca-
 ress;
 Each chimney's vapor like a thin
 grey rod,
 Mounting aloft through miles of quiet-
 ness,
 Pillars the skies of God.

And this again:—

Still rests the heavy share on the dark
soil;

Upon the black mould thick the dew-
damp lies;

The horse waits patient; from his low-
ly toll

The plough-boy to the morning lifts
his eyes.

The unbudding hedgerows dark
against day's fires

Glitter with gold-lit crystals: on the
rim

Over the unregarding city's spires

The lonely beauty shines alone for
him.

And day by day the dawn or dark en-
folds

And feeds with beauty eyes that
cannot see

How in her womb the mighty mother
moulds

The infant spirit of eternity.

The every-day scene is here invested
with a solemn grandeur by the artist
who is accustomed to see beyond the
outward aspect of his surroundings,
and obtain communion with the in-
most soul of nature. This close inter-
course is established in the first in-
stance through his genuine and unre-
strained delight in life, a sort of pagan
joyousness which makes him hail the
sunshine and the flowers as friends.
As he himself explains—

It is because I always dwell,
With morning in my heart.

This spirit of hope and joy is espec-
ially remarkable in the poems which
describe the glories of the sunrise and
the first hours of early morning:—

While the earth is dark and grey
How I laugh within. I know
In my breast what ardors gay
From the morning overflow.

Think me not of fickle heart
If with joy my bosom swells.
Though your ways from mine depart,
In the truth are no farewells.

What I love in you I find
Everywhere. A friend I greet
In each flower and tree and wind—
Oh, but life is sweet, is sweet!

What to you are bolts and bars
Are to me the arms that guide
To the freedom of the stars,
Where my golden kinsmen bide.

More striking than this description
of the joyous spirit of the morning is
the mystery which is revealed to him
in the starlit night. The grandeur as
well as the magic of nature is then
felt most keenly:—

Here in my thoughts the dome
Flashes about me with familiar
gleams
Of birth-place and of home.

Memories awaken of a once glorious
existence among "the dark embattled
planet nations." In those days far
back in the past, men were still heroic
and divine, and "moved in a joyous
trance." Such recollections make our
present existence seem vain and petty,
and kindle a burning desire to achieve
some real and lasting work—"to write
upon the book of life" while there is
yet time. Dreams and visions, how-
ever beautiful, however consoling, un-
less they lead to reality of love and
thought and action, are no more than
smoke which vanishes in air.

We must pass like smoke or live with-
in the spirit's fire:
For we can no more than smoke in-
to the flame return:
If our thought has changed to dream,
our will unto desire,
As smoke we vanish though the fire
may burn.

Lights of infinite pity star the grey
dusk of our days:
Surely here is soul: with it we have
eternal breath:
In the fire of love we live, or pass by
many ways,
By unnumbered ways of dream to
death.

This poem deals with a great thought but one which is almost beyond the range of words. Immortality, as here conceived, is a continuous development, not a future to be dreamed of, not a past to be brooded over, but an ever-moving eternity to be grasped by each human soul at one point in time which is the present—a present, the very existence of which implies the eternal future and the eternal past. If we live wholly in this present, disregarding the gains which have slowly been accumulated in the ages which preceded us, and careless of what may follow our own departure, we shall lack that motive power which alone can urge us to attain perfection. But, at the same time, to let life fade in contemplation of the past or in vague dreams of the future is to retard the true development of the soul, and “we shall pass like smoke” without contributing one iota to the general good of mankind. Life must be lived in the fire, and thought must lead to action, not to dream. Such is the ideal which the author of this poem has put before him, but we gather from other passages how difficult he finds it to achieve. His dreams and visions are his most precious treasures; they are what distinguishes him from other men; they are the source of his strength and his joy. But on the other hand, there are times when they begin to take entire possession of his life, and make him dissatisfied with mortal existence. At such times they become a curse and not a blessing, and he is forced to relinquish them. Always aware both of the strength and the weakness of an emotional life, he is constantly wrestling with himself, striving to preserve his inheritance from the stars, and yet half doubting whether it be a hindrance or a help. At times, when he is conscious of his power, his poems are full of confidence and vigor:—

Pure at heart we wander now,
We have hopes beyond to-day;
And our quest does not allow
Rest or dreams along the way.

We are in our distant hope
One with all the great and wise;
Comrade, do not turn or grope
For some lesser light that dies.

We must rise or we must fall:
Love can know no middle way:
If the great life do not call
Then is sadness and decay.

But sometimes he sinks under the struggle, and the more human side of his nature asserts itself. Visions of former glory fade away; the secret power arising from the consciousness of a divine origin vanishes; and the weary dreamer turns sadly for comfort to that “mighty heart” whose consoling influence never fails him even in his darkest moments:—

Fade the heaven-assailing moods:
Slave to petty tasks I pine
For the quiet of the woods,
And the sunlight seems divine.

And I yearn to lay my head
Where the grass is green and sweet.
Mother, all the dreams are fled
From the tired child at thy feet.

Another most fascinating characteristic of these poems is their author's firm belief in the connection between our own world and a world of fairies. In England there are many who will own to a belief in ghosts or spirits, but I doubt if there be any, even among peasants or children, who genuinely believe in the good, kind, and beautiful people called fairies. In Ireland it is quite the reverse. Mr. Yeats has told us of a woman who “did not believe either in hell or in ghosts. Hell, she thought, was merely an invention got up by the priests to keep people good; and ghosts would not be permitted, she held, to go ‘traipsin about the earth’ at their own free will; ‘but

there are fairies,' she added, 'and little leprechauns, and water-horses, and fallen angels.' In Ireland the spirits of earth and sky, of mountain and river, form part of the national life. "They stand to reason," as another peasant said to Mr. Yeats. So it is with "A. E." His fairies are no mere visionary embodiments of ideas, but as real and familiar to him as the most commonplace details of business life are to a London stockbroker. They appear in his poems in three forms. Sometimes they are the lost companions of a former life, now almost forgotten:—

They bathed in the fire-flooded fountains:
Life girdled them round and about:
They slept in the clefts of the mountains:
The stars called them forth with a shout.

They prayed, but their worship was only
The wonder at nights and at days,
As still as the lips of the lonely
Though burning with dumbness of praise.

At other times they appear as playmates in his everyday existence:—

Out of the teeming dark what dusky creatures flit,
That through the long leagues of the island night above
Come by me wandering, whispering, beseeching love;
As in the twilight children gather close and press
Nigh and more nigh with shadowy tenderness,
Feeling, they know not what, with noiseless footsteps glide,
Seeking familiar lips or hearts to dream beside.

And lastly we see them as companions of his dreams. When the body becomes unconscious, the soul escapes from its prison, and wanders free "down the twilight stairs of sleep," to meet once more on equal terms the in-

habitants of the spiritual world. At such times the visions become more glorious, and are described with delightful extravagance—opal fire kings who move on "pathways of rainbow wonder," or flaming stars that "swing along the sapphire zone"—visions that fade with the daylight, leaving only a lingering memory behind:—

Glories of opal and white
I watch the whole night long.

Until I needs must lay
My royal robes aside
To toll in a world of grey,
Grey shadows by my side.

And when I ponder it o'er
Grey memories only bide,
But their fading lips tell more
Than all the world beside.

All these poems I have quoted deal with the ideal or the fantastic. There are others which treat of more palpable subjects and appeal more directly to human interests; and yet even in these he never loses that vagueness and yearning after the infinite which are the very essence of his nature. There are a few poems which deal with human love, though they cannot be called love poems in the accepted meaning of the phrase. It is the abstract more than the actual which appeals to him, and love is represented rather as a spiritual communion of souls than a definite intercourse of persons:—

I did not deem it half so sweet
To feel thy gentle hand,
As in a dream thy soul to greet
Across wide leagues of land,

Untouched more near to draw to you
Where, amid radiant skies,
Glimmered thy plumes of iris hue
My Bird of Paradise.

Let me dream only with my heart,
Love first and after see;
Know thy diviner counterpart
Before I kneel to thee.

Inasmuch, then, as love is only a part of his dreams, as real and yet as unreal as the companionship of the fairies or the influence of the stars, it has to be fought against together with the other emotional influences of his life, and subordinated to those hopes which are "beyond to-day." Love must nourish and not stifle ambition:—

When our glowing dreams were dead,
Ruined our heroic piles,
Something in your dark eyes said:
"Think no more of love and smiles."

Something in me still would say,
"Though our dreamland palace goes,
I have seen how in decay
Still the wild rose clings and blows."

But your dark eyes willed it thus:
"Build our lofty dreams again:
Let our palace rise o'er us:
Love can never be till then."

His attitude towards human sorrow is the same. The sadness which is found in his poems is something quite different from morbidness, or from that despair which follows disillusionment and paralyses effort: it arises rather from the consciousness of an ever-fleeting ideal of a goal that is forever out of reach, or from the longing after a loved one that is lost. For this kind of sorrow there are many sources of consolation—nature herself offers a superficial comfort; but above all there is the great faith which opens to his spiritual insight wide domains of unceasing joy, and carries him far beyond the misery of earth.

Out of the vast the voice of one replies,
Whose words are clouds and stars
and night and day,
When for the light the anguished spirit cries
Deep in its house of clay.

This voice is not one of hope alone. It belongs to the past as well as to the future. The strengthening power arises from a sense of unity with a vast

and eternal order of the universe, which combined with the conviction that serenity and joy are the final goal produces a calmness and exaltation of soul before which the troubles of mere earthly existence sink into oblivion. The strength with which such a faith may arm us against all human sorrow is beautifully shown in the following poem:—

He bent above: so still her breath
What air she breathed he could not say,

Whether in worlds of life or death:
So softly ebbd away, away,
The life that had been light to him.
So fled her beauty, leaving dim
The emptying chambers of his heart
Thrilled only by the pang and smart,
The dull and throbbing agony
That suffers still, yet knows not why.
Love's immortality so blind
Dreams that all things with it con-

joined
Must share with it immortal day,
But not of this—but not of this—
The touch, the eyes, the laugh, the kiss,

Fall from it and it goes its way.
So blind he wept above her clay,
"I did not think that you could die,
Only some veil would cover you
Our loving eyes could still pierce through;

And see through dusky shadows still,
Move as of old your wild sweet will,
Impatient every heart to win
And flash its heavenly radiance in."
Though all the worlds were sunk in rest,

The ruddy star within its breast
Would croon its tale of ancient pain,
Its sorrow that would never wane,
The memory of the days of yore
Moulded in beauty evermore.

Ah! immortality so blind,
To dream all things with it conjoined
Must follow it from star to star
And share with it immortal years.
The memory, yearning, grief and tears,
Fall from it and it goes afar.
He walked at night along the sands,
He saw the stars dance overhead;
He had no memory of the dead,
But lifted up exultant hands
To hail the future like a boy,
The myriad paths his feet might press.
Unhaunted by old tenderness

He felt an inner secret joy—
A spirit of unfettered will
Through light and darkness moving
still
Within the All to find its own,
To be immortal and alone.

It is just this power of rising superior to his own sufferings which enables him to comfort others. His genius for sympathy with his kind finds striking expression in a poem which describes the ideal of a future life entertained by a man whose highest happiness on earth is found in bringing back smiles to the tear-stained faces of those around him. To him Paradise would only be acceptable if he could capture some breath of its joy to carry back to the fallen earth:

Ere I storm with the tempest of power
the thrones and dominions of
old,

Ere the ancient enchantment allure
me to roam through the star-
misty skies,

I would go forth as one who has
reaped well what harvest the
earth may unfold;

May my heart be o'erbrimmed with
compassion; on my brow be the
crown of the wise.

I would go as the dove from the ark
sent forth with wishes and pray-
ers

To return with the Paradise blos-
soms that bloom in the Eden of
light;

When the deep star-chant of the ser-
aphs I hear in the mystical airs,
May I capture one tone of their joy
for the sad ones discrowned in
the night.

Not alone, not alone would I go to my
rest in the heart of the love;

Were I tranced in its innermost
beauty, the flame of its tenderest
breath,

I would still hear the plaint of the
fallen recalling me back from
above

To go down to the side of the mourn-
ers who weep in the shadow of
death.

The National Review.

With this quotation I will leave the author to the judgment of his readers. If examined critically, his poetry, like everything else, has its faults. Many may find it unmusical. It is certainly lacking in the kind of beauty which belongs to the poetry of Tennyson. Its characteristic is not smoothness, but it has unquestionably a music of a wild and irregular kind, a natural open-air music like the sighing of the wind, or the yearning murmur of the waves on the seashore.

Others again may think him obscure and eccentric. Now and then, where he has given free play to his imagination, some effort is certainly required to follow him. But as a rule, if we accept his utterances as merely expressing the transitory moods of a highly imaginative nature, and do not press their meaning too closely, their very extravagance has a peculiar charm.

Those, however, who require great culture and study in a poet will be disappointed. For them "A. E.," the mystic, will have no charm. For while his mind has subtlety, delicacy and beauty, it yet lacks the distinction of a scholarly education, and something also of the great commonplace which humanity requires of its heroes and teachers. For this reason it is possible that he may never appeal to a wide public, but time alone will show whether his merits or his faults are the greater. Beside the highway of genius along which the master spirits of the world have passed in triumphal procession, there are narrower lanes and bye-ways where spirits rare and beautiful shine for a few. A small number of these become recognized as star-born by future generations, but commoner is the lot of those who sink into oblivion—"the world's rejected strangers."

Lytton.

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

Dear "Maga,"—

To "rub off the rust" by means of a trip to "town" is an ambition to the full as innocent and natural to-day as it was in Mrs. Hardcastle's generation. That good lady's neighbors, it will be remembered,—the two Miss Hoggs, to wit, and Mrs. Grigsby,—were accustomed to go to London for "a month's polishing" every winter; and most of those who are lucky enough to live in the country are not indisposed to copy their praiseworthy habit. Some, indeed, may be apt to share Mrs. Hardcastle's apprehension that vanity and affectation may be brought back from the metropolis. But these qualities flourish tolerably well everywhere; and not even the most bigoted enemy of the capital can nowadays accuse your "man about town" of being "woundily like a Frenchman." On the contrary, it is the lively Gaul who, if he aspires to be up-to-date, *très-smart*, *teuf-teuf*, *dernier bateau*—call it what you please—models himself in dress, bearing, and general appearance upon the inhabitant of Albion. A good excuse for a visit to town need never be wanting. The silk hat which, since it left London in your hat-box, has been present upon forty-eight occasions, or thereabouts, at church, to say nothing of a few weddings and funerals, must instantly be replaced by a new one. You must really get some more clothes. A man who boasts a figure which "comes out where it ought to go in, and goes in where it ought to come out," cannot retain his self-respect and at the same time trust himself to the mercies of the provincial tailor. You must see your stock-broker, consult him about the boom in copper, and find out what is going to happen in Kaffirs and Rhodesians. Besides, you

may as well take the advice of a specialist about your growing tendency to *embonpoint*. If these arguments fail to carry conviction to your conscience, there is one which will never play you false. Fire the spirit of "the predominant partner" with hopes of unlimited shopping and a large supply of new frocks or gowns (who shall say which word is technically the correct one?) and the business is as good as done. You will find your portmanteau packed and yourself at the railway station before you are many days older. The two Miss Hoggs took their month's polishing in the winter. The prudent country cousin of the present age takes his in spring, or early summer. By so doing he scores heavily. It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the delights and the beauty of springtime in an English rural neighborhood. Listen to the prose-poet:—"There is a vernal freshness in the air, redolent of happiness and coming warmth; the long expected flowers peep out" ("peep" is at once so original and so true!), "and all is sunshine and like a long-delayed promise at last fulfilled." Conspicuously inaccurate, every word of it, of course, so far as the wretched season of this year is concerned; but, no doubt, a certain license must be allowed to our great writers. "Turn we, then," proceeds our author, "to thoughts of"—hullo! what's this?—"thoughts of spring attire, to charming colors and to deft designs, and Messrs. Tête and Rybbon think it not *malapropos* to present a complete and useful forecaste of the fashions for spring or summer, 1899, the outcome of several weeks' thoughtful endeavor in London, aided by the earliest and most direct information from Paris." What a downfall is here! To imagine that one was

mouthling the latest tid-bit of a Dr. Parker (with the swearing eliminated) or a Miss Corelli, or a Canon Scott Holland, and to find that the choice morsel was but a haberdasher's circular after all! Truly, it is a wondrous art, this of writing advertisements: a branch of literary composition which the Society of Authors should in no-wise neglect. It embraces many styles, all vicious, nauseating and depraved; all calculated to appeal to the ignorance and imbecility of the public. Yet, style for style, the flamboyant manner of the draper is perhaps preferable to the affectation of reasoning and logic—with its "of courses," its "to be sure's," its "for the matter of that's"—whereby great newspapers stoop to puff the second-hand wares they have taken to selling.

But beautiful and delightful as spring is in the country, it is no less beautiful and delightful in London. In the early days of summer London is seen at her very best. She has the air of life, youth, and vigor. She is not yet jaded or *passée*. Piccadilly and the Park are a joy to the eye of the beholder. The trees are in full foliage, but not parched or dusty. The grass is the quintessence of greenness. The flower-boxes in the windows are a blaze of gorgeous color. The rigor of the east wind is tempered by a genial sun, but the air is not yet like the blast from a furnace. Upon such prospective pleasures the traveller may muse and ponder as he manfully tries to kill time in a close and sun-baked railway carriage, where the blinds may possibly keep out glare, but certainly concentrate heat. The daily papers once exhausted, what has he to fall back upon? He has carefully provided himself with a few of the "books of the day." He tries Mr. Conan Doyle's "Duet." Heavens! What blatant, howling, stupefying vulgarity! Would that one were a wicked reviewer, to

denounce the stuff in seven newspapers at once! He tries "The Double Thread" with some misgiving, and after a fair trial sorrowfully puts it down. For he is fresh from "The Fowler," which he galloped through in a couple of sittings in an easy-chair, finding in it a striking and fresh delineation of the new woman—giving that battered phrase a natural and sensible meaning. Miss Harraden's characters are vivid, consistent, and human—not mere vehicles for the publication of epigrams. And what "epigrams" are they in "The Double Thread!" Damp fireworks are positively nothing to them. The dissenting idea of *le highlif* may be interesting for a little while as a side light on dissent—as interesting, say, as Mrs. Todger's idea of a wooden leg—but not for long, Oh! not for long. He dips into something more promising. Here is the celebrated Mr. Dooley—Mr. Dooley the boomed, the belauded. After five minutes' gallant struggle our traveller succumbs. His jaw drops, the volume falls from his nerveless hands, and outraged nature revenges herself by a restless and unrefreshing nap. For if ever a work professing to be humorous *sensu Americano*, was duller, or couched in a more abhorrent dialect, it has not yet come within our traveller's ken. No; books are "horff" in the meantime. He must content himself with the society of "Miss Milligan" who is perhaps as agreeable a travelling companion as a man could desire. She is a young and fashionable member of the good old Patience family; she is quite in the "smart push" (the social antipodes of the "swell mob"), and she can keep you entertained without an effort until the train arrives at the London terminus.

One of the most striking changes in London during the last twenty years is the enormous increase in the num-

ber of enormous hotels. The building of such abodes has no end. At the present moment a gigantic "hostelry" (as the reporters dearly love to call it) is approaching completion in Russell Square, another in Pall Mall East, and a third at the station of the Great Central Railway Company. These hotels have apparently created their own custom, and they never outrun the demand for accommodation. It was a sagacious aphorism of the late Dr. Boyd's that he was a wise man, though he might not be a good one, who posted his own letters. The same may be said of the man who writes to engage rooms at a London hotel after the cowslips have come into bloom. To drive about from one hotel to another in quest of a humble apartment *au cinquième* is not amusing, and is a trifle costly. At such anxious moments visions of a bench in St. James Park, a sack in a two-penny doss-house or a two-pair back in Bloomsbury, are apt to flit across the mind. Even if the worst is avoided, how on earth are you to be in time to dress, dine out and do a music-hall? It is now a quarter past seven precisely, and your host's hour is a quarter to eight sharp. All such carking cares and gnawing anxieties may be avoided by the exercise of a little forethought, and at the expenditure of a penny upon a postage-stamp. If you are as regular in your visits to London as the two Miss Hoggs and Mrs. Grigsby, you have probably some "howff" in a street off Picadilly or Eaton Square, where your wants (like those of Charles Honeyman and F. B.) will be ministered to by an ex-butler of my Lord Todmorden. But those wants will be few and simple. A good breakfast and a decent bed will satisfy them. You will lunch at Prince's, dine at the Cecil, and sup at the Savoy, principally for the sake of seeing the other people who are taking their meals there. The leisure moments of

the day may be filled in at your club, and if you have friends you will occasionally partake of their hospitality. Failing a position in the lodgings of Mr. Samuel Ridley or Mrs. Brixham, some huge "caravanserai" (another pet word of the pressman) will swallow up the stranger. Nor is his lot altogether miserable. In such establishments he may find excellent quarters, good cooking, and reasonable charges. There are many worse places in the world to stay at than a monster hotel, properly organized. But let the innocent from the country beware. At certain houses of the sort in fashionable or quasi-fashionable neighborhoods he will have to pay through the nose for his entertainment. It is not only that he will have to "ground-bait" the place heavily if he wishes decent attendance. If the Lord Chief-Justice of England would abolish tips as he proposes to abolish other "secret commissions," he would earn the gratitude of at least half a nation. But besides an inordinate outlay upon porters, waiters, and chambermaids, the traveller will find that the syndicate in whose premises he has taken up his temporary abode can pile up bills to some purpose for one person. Not many weeks ago a dinner consisting of fried fish, mutton cutlets and a quail, was entered in the reckoning at the modest sum of one guinea, no wine being included in that amount. Even Fenton's, which, in the brave days of old, was supposed to represent the acme of luxury and extravagance, could hardly have beaten that extortion.

There is one duty which must be faced without flinching in London, and that is a visit to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. It will not do to put it off. One may see the Australians play cricket, or Sloan ride a winner, later on. To go to Lord's or the Oval, to Epsom or to Kempton Park,

is no effort. But in the case of the Academy, to procrastinate is to be lost, and he who wilfully passes the gates of Burlington House may never summon up courage to cross its threshold afterwards. Therefore the moment the morning papers have been read, the moment the hatter and the tailor have been visited, let us hasten to the pictures. It is always insufferably hot there, but the crowd is smaller before than it is after luncheon. No one has a good word to say for this year's show, and no wonder. Such a quantity of vapid rubbish has rarely been collected. It is not surprising that the sales get smaller year by year. Rather is it marvellous that good-natured millionaires should continue to encourage art (as they suppose) by purchasing so many square yards of painted canvas as they do. Apart from the number of Episcopal portraits on the walls, the Academy of 1899 presents two outstanding features. One of these is the large amount of illustrated journalism in oils. To this category, of course, belong the pictures of the Jubilee service at St. Paul's, which are legitimate enough in their way. To this category also belong the numerous pictures of which "Naval Manœuvres" (No. 101) and "A Real Good Story" (No. 630) are typical. "Naval Manœuvres" (you take the delicate play of words in the title?) represents a young officer in the navy flirting with a girl. "A Real (not Really, please observe) Good Story" represents a group of foxhunters in pink and on horseback, roaring with laughter. No sporting printseller's shop will be complete for years to come without a reproduction of this gem. It seems to have walked straight out of the Christmas number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." The other obvious characteristic of the display is the impression it conveys that nine-tenths of the artists who are not mere journalists

have taken great pains to see their subjects through somebody else's eyes. There is no striving after originality. The compliment of flattery is obsequiously paid to any one who has made "an 'it," like Mrs. Oliphant's young man from 'Omerton. The sea is depicted as of a truly piercing blue, or the grass draped in an excruciating shade of green, because Palette, R.A., employs similar hues. Many painters of rustic landscape devote their energies to seeing a bold peasantry, their country's pride, through spectacles of French manufacture. Another class of artists, like Mr. Byam Shaw, reproduce with extraordinary and scrupulous fidelity, the poor drawing and crude coloring of some mediæval nincompoop, who, after all, knew no better. Mr. Shaw's "Love, the Conqueror" (No. 906), is in truth a monument of futility. It must have cost a great deal of trouble to paint so ill. In an exhibition where all is so bad, it seems invidious to single out any work for praise. Yet one must note Mr. Ford's noble bust of the Queen (No. 2053) full of dignity and pathos, and one or two capital portraits by Mr. J. H. Lorimer. Above all, it is impossible to pass over in silence the contributions of Mr. Sargent. Here, indeed, is one who has eyes to see, and a hand to use the brush. Here are pictures of which posterity will have news to tell. "Mrs. Charles Hunter" (No. 18), "Miss Jane Evans" (No. 237), and "Lady Faudel-Phillips" (No. 444), are masterpieces. Only, if one chanced by ill-luck to be as plain as one is beautiful, one would be apt to think twice before giving Mr. Sargent a commission to take one's likeness. Old Noll himself would have trembled at his unmerciful frankness. The most malicious achievements of "Ape" and "Spy" are complimentary compared with some of Mr. Sargent's work. And then it is so easy *not* to sit for your portrait,

and *not* to draw a cheque of four figures.

The fresh air of Piccadilly is peculiarly grateful after the hothouse air of the Academy, and there is just time before luncheon for a stroll in the direction of Westminster by the way of Green Park. That brilliant light of the Parliamentary bar, Buster Bluffe, Q. C., had rooms on your staircase at Trinity, and perhaps you may catch a glimpse of him plying his extremely lucrative and beneficent trade. Moreover the proceedings before a Parliamentary committee on a private bill are a perfect lesson in manners and deportment. None of the brutality of the bludgeon here; only the polish of the rapier. The stately courtesy, the elaborate politeness, the fine manner characteristic of a less busy age, which have all but disappeared in other quarters, still find at Westminster a congenial home. You have only to hear Bluffe cross-examining a hostile witness or exchanging repartee with the opposing counsel, Wragge, to be quite sure of that. The lobbies and committee-rooms seem very "thrang," as they say in Scotland, when you arrive; and the adjective is the more appropriate that a good deal of the bustle is caused by more or less fiery Caledonians. A scheme is on foot to appropriate half a dozen watersheds in the Highlands, and to devote their streams to industrial uses. The proprietors not unnaturally object, and have come south to say so. Then the provost, magistrates, and town clerk of Dreepdally have promoted a great measure for absorbing all the agricultural land within a radius of four miles or so in their filthy and ill-kept municipality. They will presently return home with their tails between their legs—sadder, and, it is to be hoped, less ambitious men. Here, too, are many members of another corporation in quest of powers to acquire a site for a town-

hall which will be perfectly useless. They feel a glow of pride at the thought of saddling their constituents with a considerable addition to the rates. If you have ever visited their city, you will be unable to resist the thought that a little more attention paid to paving and a little less to Parliamentary committees would prove highly beneficial to the community over which they preside. Bluffe is in all these bills, besides twenty others. To judge by what he tells you in a hurried conversation, there is not a municipal dignitary beyond the Tweed who is not just now in London. To be *vacuis ædilis Ulubris*, even, means the certainty of a jaunt to town—plenty of high living and a good deal of plain thinking (the plain speaking will come some day)—at the expense of the rate-payers for at least a fortnight every year. Cruel Lord Balfour! 'Tis a churl's task to dock a deserving class of its harmless pleasures by a Private Bill Legislation (Scotland) Bill!

One revolution there has been in the social life of London during the last couple of years, which hits the country cousin in a weak spot. He cannot get a rubber of whist at his club or anywhere else. "Bridge, bridge, bridge," is all the cry, and whist is almost totally forgotten. The causes of this change of dynasty are obscure. It is curious that a game which had braved all opposition for generations should have yielded to the first attack of an upstart cousin, which has been aptly described as no better than dummy with frills. Perhaps bridge affords a little more scope for gambling than its venerable relative, and that is of some moment in an age when many women as well as most men try their luck on the Stock Exchange, or on the turf or at the card table. No doubt the world will grow weary of bridge, and there will come a glorious restoration.

Meanwhile consternation prevails in the camp of the remnant of loyal whist-players. There is said to be serious talk of revising the rules, which were last fixed in 1864 or thereabouts. There is a precedent for alteration in the case of the rules of golf, which have been tinkered more than once without substantial benefit or injury to the game. May the recension of the whist code prove equally innocuous, and may the draftsmanship of the reformers prove superior to that of the St. Andrews' committee! One surmises that among the innovations will be found a reduction of at least fifty per cent in the value of honors, and nobody but a born and inveterate gambler will grumble at such a proposal. The present preponderance of honors is a legacy from long whist which there is little reason, from any point of view, to be proud of.

It being, then, practically impossible to get a rubber, the Rustic will probably wend his way to the Park in order to gaze upon his fellow creatures. It is a brave spectacle, this well-dressed mob, and there is something highly exhilarating in the sight of it. Lord Salisbury, the other day, took occasion to denounce the ordinary garb of the modern male. The painter or the sculptor may very likely not find his account in it, but the eye soon acquiesces in a predominant fashion, and finds it very good. The particular shape of each season's tall hat, for example, is always the best—not, it may be, the best in the abstract, but the best relatively, here and now. So it is also with ties and waistcoats, which are worn (particular the latter) of blue and buff, and all manner of conspicuous and singular tints. As for the other sex, their attire becomes steadily more gaudy from year to year. The bright colors are cheerful, and the wonderfully trimmed hats lend gaiety to the scene. The faces beneath them

are not seldom pretty, and as fresh as paint, which is very natural (or very artificial, if you will have it so), for, alas! it is that very commodity, and none other, which, upon a closer scrutiny, turns out to be responsible for the majority of the complexions. Everybody in the Park, of course, is not well-dressed and pretty. There is a contingent of frumps and dowds, and the cut of skirt in vogue, however well it may be adapted to an absolutely perfect figure, is rather trying to the abnormally stout or the abnormally lean. I know that in to-morrow's Daily Peepshow I shall read how the Hon. Mrs. Jim So-and-so was to be seen yesterday near Stanhope Gate smartly gowned in a grey foulard, and how Lady Seraphina Slyboots, in a feather boa was talking to the Marquis of Carabas, with many other entrancing items of a like nature. But I also know that at "Church-Parade," so-called, the company may have consisted principally of Countesses from Clapham, Baronesses from Brixton, and Duchesses from Denmark Hill, but assuredly include no real "*pukka*" peeresses. I know, too, that if an anti-Semite had been given a free hand and been let loose among the crowd, its numbers would have suffered a quite appreciable diminution.

Nothing could be more unfashionable than to be a "Sabbatarian," not even to be a "Protestant." Yet at the risk of incurring this fatal reproach, it is impossible to help regretting that so much Sunday work should apparently be indispensable in London. The good old theory of "not giving the servants too much to do" on the first day of the week is dying out. Club servants, at all events, are not embraced within its scope; and waiters, who, after all, are human beings, are considered to deserve no consideration. The worst point about the secularization (if one may make bold to employ so antiquat-

ed a phrase) of Sunday is that it adds to the labors of that very class of the community which is least able to protect itself—the class which earns its livelihood by ministering to the luxuries of the rich. Here the “liberal-minded” man will doubtless step in and protest. “What?” he will exclaim with admirably assumed indignation, “Is the busy professional man or the city clerk to be deprived of much-needed exercise and recreation on the one day of the week on which he is able to indulge in them?” By no means; let the hard-worked man of business please himself in the spending of his one free day. But let it be plainly understood that a large majority of those who play billiards, or cards, or golf, on Sunday, can get quite as much of those amusements as is good for them on the other days of the week. Why any sane human being should want to read a daily paper, or listen to a band, on Sunday, it is difficult to conjecture. Even if six daily papers in the week had not been enough, there were already plenty of Sunday sheets to gratify the most voracious appetite without the officious intervention of two magnates of the week-day press. No doubt a great deal of cant has been talked upon this question, but the cant has not, by any means, been confined to one side, and surely that is a sound instinct which prompts the opposition to seven-day newspapers. It is all very well for their proprietors to explain with great elaboration that the production of the Sunday edition involves next to no labor, and in fact is rather a pleasure than a toll—a sort of little holiday for all concerned. The sound common-sense of the English people will not swallow such sophistries. It realizes that much more is at stake than the interests of a handful of journalists and newspaper composers. It foresees that the mischief will spread far beyond Fleet

Street and Whitefriars. Legislation, indeed, can do nothing to remedy the evil. The steady pressure of public opinion can alone be effectual, and already it has achieved a signal victory. It will be a bad day for the working classes, for all who have to make a living by their own exertions, for the country at large, when the principle of a seven-days’ working-week becomes so familiar as to be accepted without protest.

If, oddly enough, you happen to prefer going to church to reading the stale scandal and tittle-tattle of the past week in an up-to-date journal of mammoth proportions, there are preachers of all sorts and sizes, services of all manners and degrees, to tempt you. Should you be lucky enough to find Canon Gore in the pulpit of the Abbey, you will unquestionably hear something to your advantage, and carry home a good deal to think about. If the Bishop of Stepney is your man, you will get manly, straightforward, plain-sailing oratory; and if you are for a little sensational tub-thumping, why, there are a dozen dissenting chapels ready to supply you, and to throw in a strong infusion of politics as well. But the wise man, who hates the “falsehood of extremes,” who detests all aping of Rome on the one hand and all thumping of the drum schismatic on the other, will not trouble to go farther afield than the Temple Church. There he is sure of an admirable discourse from a divine of ripe learning, refined taste, and true piety. The music is beyond criticism; the order of the book of Common Prayer is duly observed; and there are no freaks, antics, or eccentricities. A visit farther east to St. Paul’s is not to be recommended in the meantime, for the echoes of a highly animated controversy seem to ring round the dome. Besides, though the worshipper has disciplined his mind into a frame of de-

votion, he cannot well help seeing the stencilling and the lettering; and the sight is not conducive to calmness and composure of spirit. One may not be prepared to join in the strong language with which the Dean and Chapter have been assailed for their scheme of decoration. But a certain three-column letter in the Times makes one gravely question whether the choice of the responsible body has fallen upon the right decorator. There is an undercurrent of depreciation of Sir Christopher in that portentous epistle which makes one suspicious—a suggestion of lofty and supercilious patronage, as who should say that this same Wren, poor fellow, did his best, one must allow, but what *can* you expect from an Englishman who had the bad taste to flourish after the Reformation? Now it is a fact that of all the architects of whom in modern times this country has had reason to boast, Wren is incomparably the greatest. His London churches, so many of which have been ruthlessly pulled down, ought to be the pride of every true Londoner, and St. Paul's is the finest of them all. Nobody who holds these simple propositions to be true can think with equanimity of Wren's *chef-d'œuvre* being delivered over to an artist who, be his skill and taste in other matters beyond reproach, would obviously prefer St. Paul's to be an Egyptian temple or a Gothic fane—something, in short, quite different from what it is. It is some consolation to reflect that no Dean and Chapter will ever venture to cut and carve upon the outside of the splendid pile. For many generations to come, let us hope, cockney and countryman alike will be able to gaze from the end of Fleet Street up Ludgate Hill, and note how

the high majesty of Paul's
Uplifts a voice of living light and
calls—

Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London Town can
be!

Not the least interesting feature in Sir William Richmond's letter was his frank enunciation of a theory of criticism which, though probably latent in the minds of many artists, authors, and actors, rarely meets with perfectly candid expression. The theory is, indeed, less simple than Dean Gregory's, which measured a man's right to criticise the decoration of St. Paul's by the amount of money he had subscribed towards that object, but it may, nevertheless, be very shortly stated. The critics of a work of art, so it runs, are necessarily either (1) amateurs, *i.e.*, persons who do not habitually practise that particular kind of art, or (2) experts, *i.e.*, persons who do. If they are amateurs, the publication of their unfavorable opinion is a piece of unwarrantable impertinence, for, *ex hypothesi*, they know nothing about the matter. If, on the other hand, they are experts, the publication of their unfavorable opinion is a gross breach of "professional etiquette." The great beauty of this theory lies in its universal applicability. Nothing lies outside its scope—not even chairs and tables. Either you are a carpenter or you are not a carpenter. If you are not, you can know nothing whatever of the construction of chairs and tables. If you are, you are bound by the inexorable laws of professional etiquette to hold your tongue. It clearly follows that no one dare pronounce a chair or table to be badly made. Sir William is a welcome addition to the supporters of the most vicious and most tenaciously cherished of trade-union principles: the right of every Englishman to do bad work and insist upon getting good pay for it. When the Academicians go on strike (though a lock-out by their employers seems a likelier contingency) we hope to hear Sir William haranguing a velvet-coated gath-

ering in Trafalgar Square, and to see him busy picketing Sir Edward Poynter's studio.

It is with great diffidence that, being only a humble playgoer and not a playwright, one ventures to breathe a word about the drama. The staples of the stage in London at the present time may, roughly speaking, be said to be romantic or historical drama, extravagant farce (English, which means diluted French, or American, which means adapted German), and "musical comedy" (again English or American). Ten minutes of Yvette Gullbert in a song of Aristide Bruant's, or even in "A leetle beet of str-r-r-ing," is worth a week of Musketeers, Belles of New York, and What Happened to Smith's. But the one play in everybody's mouth is "The Gay Lord Quex." The house is crammed every night, and you are lucky if you can get a seat within the next month. It is plain that "Lord Quex" is an immense success. But the success has been won to a great extent upon false pretences. So much is plain from the demeanor of the audience. Recruited chiefly from the suburbs (the mainstay of theatrical enterprise in London), they care nothing for the drama *quâ* drama. They have come to see a play reputed to be "improper," and they are resolved upon having their money's worth. This applies to the stalls as much as to the pit, to the dress-circle as much as to the gallery. People who have paid half-a-guinea or seven-and-sixpence are determined that no phrase or incident susceptible of a foul meaning shall escape the emphasis of their inane laughter. And here is the pity of it—Mr. Pinero has deliberately played down to this class of person. He has interjected some "business" and a few speeches which are utterly irrelevant, which afford no assistance whatever to the development of plot or character, and of which only a schoolboy of sixteen could deem the

significance momentous. By so doing he has deliberately invited his audience not to take the play seriously; he has run the risk of pitching his work in a totally wrong key. Mr. Pinero is supposed to pride himself, like one of his predecessors in the English drama, on having never blotted a line. Our answer is, Would he had blotted a thousand! Expunge the words and incidents we have alluded to, and "The Gay Lord Quex" would remain an infinitely more satisfactory and artistic work. As it is, the third act is intensely interesting and dramatic, albeit the fourth is indescribably lame and unconvincing. Superbly acted throughout by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who here scales heights to which she never before aspired, the part of Sophy Fullgarney is one of the most original and one of the most powerful in latter-day drama. That, perhaps, is not very high praise, but at least it is not intended for disparagement. Mr. Pinero is by so much the ablest, as he is the most ambitious, of contemporary British playwrights, that one is jealous of his reputation. "The Princess and the Butterfly" was a vast advance on that very much over-rated play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." "The Gay Lord Quex," with all its weaknesses, is no less marked an advance on "The Princess and the Butterfly." But if Mr. Pinero will only be true to his best instincts, and eschew the wretched trifles which put the public on a wrong and rather nasty scent, though they help to fill the coffers of the management, he may be destined some day to write a play which will rank as a classic. In the meanwhile, one can but say that, if you wish to remove any disagreeable taste that "The Gay Lord Quex" may have left behind, you cannot do better than try "The Tyranny of Tears," a bright, clever, and withal thoroughly sound little piece, played with consummate skill by a company

which includes Miss Mary Moore, Miss Maude Millett, and last, though not least, Mr. Charles Wyndham—whom if, in the phrase of "Pendennis," we denominate "that old favorite of the British public," it is in all good faith and sincerity, by way of well-earned compliment, and not in raillery.

Thus—what with dinners and even dances, what with the park and the play, what with the club and the restaurant, what with seeing old friends and making new ones—the allotted time slips insensibly away. The evil moment of departure is projected as far as possible into the dim and distant future. One is loth to leave all this bustle and pageant, all this gaiety and life. Edinburgh, they say, has incomparable beauties, and Prague, with her unique Hradschin, may challenge comparison with Edinburgh. But London in early summer is more wonderful than both. There is no street like Piccadilly; and only in London can you see the Life Guards coming down St. James' Street, their cuirasses glittering in the bright sunshine! But needs must where a certain person drives. With the best will in the world, you cannot stay for the Derby, much less for Ascot. Sloan must pile up his to-

tal of winning mounts without your countenance and encouragement. For twelve months you must forego the exciting possibility of being "held up" by "the boys," and of writing to the press about "Roughs on the race-course." With a rueful visage and an indefinable feeling of regret one resumes one's tweed suit, packs one's portmanteau, pays one's bill, and bids the porter call a hansom. . . . Some day, when one's train puffs out of Paddington, or Waterloo, or Euston, one will have taken one's last trip to town, one will have put on the final layer of polish, one will have had one's last look at London. But, with good luck, one will not know that at the time, which makes all the difference.

Above every melancholy sensation rises, strangely enough, the feeling of gratitude that one's home is not in the greatest of all cities. The bird of passage extracts more poignant emotions from the panorama which the capital presents than does the regular inhabitant. To be a feeble unit in that congested mass of four million creatures—the thought is appalling. And your present contributor, dear "Maga," is not ambitious of ever having it in his power to subscribe himself in any capacity save that of

A Country Cousin.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MUSICAL GAMES OF ANTIQUITY.

We have changed for the worse in modern times, since we have abolished or rather suffered to languish into oblivion those interesting and excellent pastimes of antiquity which were known as "Musical Games." At the present hour, if we search through the whole hemisphere of innocent pleasure,

we shall look in vain for anything approaching them in character or in designation, excepting always the rustic and time-honored sport of the "Musical Chairs," which belongs too much to the nursery to be allowed to count.

The world has become considerably the poorer by this dropping out of a

delightful and artistic species of recreation, which is but ill-replaced by the bagatelle cue, the card table, and the game of Halma.

The most popular musical game of antiquity was that known as "The Cottabos." Its origin is very difficult to trace; also from what country it was primarily derived. But in Greece in the early classical times it was already very popular, and became more and more so as the luxury of cities advanced, and wealth brought leisure to the citizens.

In many parts of the Greek world, but more especially in Sicily, where magnificence and expense reached their height in the great cities of Tarentum and Crotona, buildings used to be erected like our racquet courts and fives' courts, and of about the same size as the former, for the express purpose of playing this musical game, although it was also played in private houses as well. All day long the game proceeded, being taken up by various parties of players, who succeeded one another in their tenancy of the court, which was constructed as follows:

The arena was a broad open space, exactly like our racquet court, but towards one end, and in the centre towards that end, was fixed a large marble basin full of water. Floating in this marble basin was a small vase or basin of metal, often of silver, and sometimes of the best bronze. At so many paces away from the marble basin a chalk line was drawn on the floor, and the players, when they commenced to compete, toed it. A band of flute-players stood by awaiting the signal to begin.

When this signal was given, the flutes struck up, and the players, seizing cups and dipping them into a large vase containing wine, stepped forward one by one to the chalk line, with the intention of throwing the wine through the air into the metal basin afloat on the wa-

ter. This was a great feat to accomplish successfully. An unskilful thrower would so handle his wine that it would fly out in a broad sheet, and be all scattered in the air long before it reached its mark. An unsteady thrower would perhaps hurl the wine, but deposit it in the water instead of in the basin. The crack Cottabos-player avoided both these faults, "grasped the cup," we are told, "with well-crooked fingers, like a flute-player holding his flute," directed his wine through the air in a compact collected cloud, and landed it full in the metal basin, which was the mark he aimed at.

The flutes, which were warbling all the time the players were getting ready, stopped directly a throw was made, and all ears were eagerly intent to listen what sort of a splash the wine made in the basin—for the beauty and music of the splash determined the success of the player.

He whose wine, coming in a firm and swelling cloud, fell with a full sound on the silver, producing a crisp, sharp musical note of fine *timbre*, was accounted a better player than the thrower whose wine made an uncertain noise, or being too much shaken out splashed like falling rain on the metal, giving only the pitter-patter of a drizzle.

Not only was the skill of the thrower concerned in the extraction of a pure musical tone from the metal vase, but the quality of the wine had something to do with it. The Pramnian wine was reputed to give a crisper splash than the Chian wine. The wine of Lesbos likewise was said to have more body in its tone than the wines of Thasos. Everything was studied, all arts were enlisted and made use of to achieve a pure and brilliant musical note when the wine fell, and sent the sound ringing from the silver. And considering what countless variations of *timbre* there must have been, and what untold del-

cacies of modulation in the ring, we may well be surprised that such niceness of ear should have been so common a thing, and that in a game which, in its repute and its associations, was entirely popular, so much acoustic acumen could have been exercised.

But the Greeks were a musical nation. They could find music in the trickle of a waterfall, which we pass by unnoticed. The songs of birds so charmed them that all the legends, and all the chosen ability of these sylvan singers were invented and conferred by the Greeks. They delighted in hearing a musical voice, and a main part of their education was devoted to acquiring a round and clear delivery. And in the same way they could listen to and detect the discrepancies of the Cottabos, which our duller ears would fail to recognize.

Plato, the comic poet, tells us that the popularity of the game was so great that, not content with playing it in courts and in public, "people must needs be always at it in private houses—after dinner, or even before it." In one of his plays he gives us a whole scene of this private Cottabos, which perhaps we might do worse than reproduce here.

"All the guests have finished dinner," says the master of the house. "Come, remove the tables, and bring water for them to wash their hands in, and have the floor swept. Then we will have the Cottabos."

"Are the girls ready with the flutes?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, we are just on the point of beginning, and they must come in to accompany us."

"My friend, will you please pour some perfume into the wine while I go and distribute garlands among the guests."

"I will do just as you want, and attend to all your directions."

The master of the house then takes

a cup of wine, and pours out a libation to Bacchus. The scolium—which was a sort of short and pithy epigrammatic song—was next sung by some of the company. Then "Everybody is ready," he says, "and the young men are toeing the line. And here is the girl with her flute striking up a Carian song, and another girl will be here in a moment with an Eastern harp, to join her."

Now the players have filled their cups, and they begin throwing in turn. And as each throws, he pronounces the name of his lady-love. "Here's for Glyceria!" "This one for Scione!" "This throw for Callistum!" "Here goes for Phanostrata!"

"And how do they manage to throw it so cleverly, and how do they hold it?" asks a novice of a bystander. "Why, you must crook your fingers round the cup, like a flute-player folds his fingers round his flute. Then pour in a little wine—not much. And then let fly."

"Yes, but how?"

"Why, look here—in this way."

"O Neptune! what a height you throw it."

In private houses this musical game was played for prizes. In Athenæus' Banquet we are told that the prizes of one Cottabos which he describes were three ribbons, five apples, and nine kisses. And kisses were a very general prize, it seems. For in the comic poet Cratinus, a guest coming late to a banquet is made to say, "Holloa! I hear the sound of kissing, so I suppose the conqueror of the Cottabos is getting his prize."

Next in celebrity and popularity to the Cottabos was the Ball Dance—a species of beautiful game which has entirely vanished from human memory. The balls were made of scarlet or purple leather, and filled with flour or feathers, grass, wool, fig-seeds, or sand. They were small, and the object of covering them with such a bright color

was that they might flash and look bright in the sun, and be easily seen when they were thrown.

The players were generally girls, dressed in the Dorian costume, which can best be reproduced to the fancy by remembering the attire of Diana in the well-known group of her and the stag. Their dress was short, barely reaching to their knees, and their arms were bare, the dress being fastened at the shoulder with gold or silver studs.

They stood at angles—sometimes, however, in two sides—and on the commencement of the music, which was contributed by a lyre-player who sat on a seat near, they began to weave all sorts of fanciful steps in time and measure to the melody.

Then the ball was taken by the leader of the game and thrown to one of the girls, who caught it while she was dancing, if possible while her feet were both off the ground, and almost immediately flung it to another, who received it and despatched it in a similar manner. This bounding and throwing communicated an aspect of the most airy lightness to the game, equalled only, we imagine, by that common spectacle of the modern ballet, when a dancer whose belt has been previously attached to a wire is caught up aloft as if she were flying. The same feeling of airy grace must have been communicated to the Greek spectators when the girls were at the Ball Dance—bounding high in the air, catching the flying ball as it fluttered through the sky, and never seeming to touch earth, except but for a moment, during the whole of the play.

Homer describes the game thus in the *Odyssey*, and according to his account the ball was sometimes flung so high in the air that it was almost lost to sight. When it appeared as a speck from cloudland, the player whose turn it was to catch it seemed to rise to meet it, and taking it, tossed the ball

once more to the heavens, so that it soared about like a bird. Alternately with this, the players standing closer flung the ball from one to the other with such lightning-like rapidity that it made men dizzy to look.

When we consider that during these intricate movements and complicated figures there was a constant stream of music swelling on and never stopping, and that every step taken in the game was to the measure of a musical bar, we must confess how much enhanced would be the beauty of the game for the eyes of onlookers, and how marvellously smooth and symmetrical must have been the actions of every one that played it. "Sometimes," says a Greek author, "they would throw the ball from one to the other at short distances. And then they must use their hands alone. But at longer distances they might use their arms to fling it with, standing easily but firmly in one spot, and arching their bodies in a thousand graceful flexions to catch the bouncing ball."

Nausicaä, one of the heroines of the *Odyssey*, danced the Ball Dance on the seashore in Phæacia, which is the modern Corfu. The shore was yellow, and the bright blue sea, like a sheet of sapphire, surrounded it. Nausicaä was a king's daughter, and she played the game with a golden ball. Those who played with her were her handmaids and attendants. She was a tall girl, exceeding them all in height and beauty and majesty. And her poses in the Ball Dance were like those of Diana herself, as she treads the heights of Taygetus, hunting the boars and the swift-footed stags.

If we pass now from the games of girls to the festival of the Olympic games, where men contended for the prize of victory, we shall find that even here the favorite pastime of the "Musical Game" insinuated itself, and that the athletes performed one most pop-

ular exercise of this character which was in very great favor with all the spectators. This was the Pancratium, as it was called, which was a mixture of boxing and wrestling, every blow being delivered in time to a musical melody, and every grip or throw in the wrestling being responsive to a musical chord.

The *blasé* sightseers of London have most of them looked with interest on what is called the "Musical Ride" of the Military Tournament. Infinitely more musical, because the countless gestures of the human body followed the metre, not merely the evolution of a few horses, was the Pancratium of the Olympic games. When it began, we read, the spectators leaving all other attractions crowded round to see this, and could never be torn away, with their applause and their fascinated gaze, until the exciting contest was over.

Lucian describes the game thus: "When they have locked hand in hand," he says, "and give blows and take them, the fight floats off into a dance." They menace each other as deadly enemies, yet there can be no hostility in their threats, for their feet are perpetually beating the rhythms, and their ears are open to catch the slightest variation of the music, that they may express the melody by their motions.

Another musical game, and the last we need allude to among the Greeks, was the Flower Game, which was played very much in the manner in which our country dances are performed. The girls arranged themselves on one side in a long line, the youths and men on the other. The former held flowers—principally roses and violets—in their hands, and thus equipped the two lines of players danced up to one another in time to the music. The youths and men on coming close to the line of their fair *ris-à-ris*, sang,—

Where are my roses? And where are
my violets?

And where is my beautiful parsley,
too?

In connection with the intrusion of the parsley—most unromantic of herbs in our conception!—among the poetical violets and roses, we must explain that parsley was with the Greeks a very different plant—or perhaps we should say a plant held in very different esteem—from what it is with us. It formed the crown of the conquerors at many of the national games, such as the Olympic and Isthmian. And the young men, in asking the girls for parsley, were in fact requesting them to wreath crowns of conquest or of favor, and place them upon their heads.

Such were the words, then, with which one side of the players, so to speak, challenged the others. And it was left to the girls to reply,—

Here are your roses, and here are your
violets;

And here is your beautiful parsley,
too.

One of the maidens here handed a flower or a parsley wreath to her lover, with which well contented he and the other men retired with dancing steps to the time of the music, while she, overwhelmed with confusion, retired with the maidens.

This approach and retreat was again repeated as often as a girl had anything to give, or as long as a girl was left whose favors, typified by the flowers, were as yet unbestowed on a lover. What shyness! what bashfulness! what timid reluctance, at times blossoming into the most desperate courage, did this game not suggest and evoke! The musical measures of the melody were meanwhile of a most intricate and elaborate nature, so that the most ardent lover, the most timid and bashful maiden, must not forget the steps for all his ardor or her timidity; and must ever

remember that this pretence of wooing and making love was not an actuality, but only a musical game.

Musical games of a still more extraordinary description meet us somewhat later in history—that is to say, passing from the time of the Greeks and coming to the early Middle Ages. A most grotesque form of the Ball Dance—utterly ludicrous and with not the vestige of a pretence to anything artistic—was commonly practiced in the *cathedrals* (!) of the early mediæval times. On Easter Day, after the long austerities of Lent were over, the cathedral became the scene of a carnival. A large ball was solemnly given to the Dean of the Cathedral, at the conclusion of service on that festival, and directly the organ struck up the closing voluntary the Dean threw it to the nearest chorister, who at once buzzed it to another, and he to a third, until what with the excitement and the disorder which the game occasioned, the whole church became a scene of confusion and uproar.

"Even the archbishop of the diocese," says the writer in the '*Acta Sanctorum*' from whom we are quoting, "did not disdain to bandy the ball about, if he were there; and meanwhile the choir boys were leaving their places in the

stalls and leaping and bounding all about the chancel, the elder clergy also joining in, and footing it to the sound of the organ"—which exactly authenticates the scene of confusion and grotesqueness which we described this species of the Ball Game to be.

Another very favorite musical game of the same epoch was the Burial of the Allelula. Odd and profane though this ceremony may seem, it was yet gone through with great gravity and earnestness, and was greatly enjoyed by the onlookers, although generally speaking they were not allowed to participate in the game.

It took place in the churches in the Middle Ages on Septuagesima Sunday. After the blessing all the boys of the choir came down the church, some whipping tops on which the word "Allelula" was written, others carrying turfs on which the name was cut. Followed by the congregation they proceeded to the churchyard, and buried the tops and turfs with a great deal of grotesque horseplay, which we should deem irreverent, but which in those days was esteemed excellent drollery. And with this odd pendant to our list, we close our account of the Musical Games.

J. F. Rochotham.

Good Words.

REMEMBERED BEST OF ALL.

When I'm looking back across the time-worn pages
Of the book of years one face I always see,
Just one gentle face that alters not nor ages,
But seems now and evermore the same to me.
I can feel a loving hand in mine entwining,
When my faltering childish steps were fain to fall,
With its watchful eyes like stars upon me shining—
'Tis the face that I remember best of all!

When I look around, and memory is bringing
Back again the echoed songs of long ago,

Songs that ever down the halls of Time are ringing,
Songs that set my listening youthful heart aglow—
All the visions bright of years gone by they bring me,
And they seem to hold my spirit in their thrall,
But the simple air a dear voice used to sing me
Is the song that I remember best of all!

When I dream of all the gladness that has blest me,
And the sunshine that has made life's pathway bright,
When I long from all the toll of earth to rest me,
Till the dawning of the day that knows no night,
I remember all the love the years have taught me,
And the happiness that filled them I recall;
But a mother's love and all the joy it brought me
Is the love that I remember best of all!

Chambers's Journal.

Clifton Bingham.

THE CASE OF MR. KIPLING.

After a singularly ill-starred visit to New York, the incidents of which have been brought, even to excess, before the notice of the public, Mr. Rudyard Kipling returns this week to England and to his home. We rejoice to learn that he has recovered his health, and we venture to hope that he will be successful for some time to come in keeping his name and his concerns out of the papers. There has been a little too much about him in the gossiping columns of the lesser press of late for his moral or intellectual health. He has become excessively famous very early in his career, and what he has now to dread is a popular reaction. Danger for him lies now in the foolish praise of his more illiterate admirers, and no more curious instance of what this class can do in the way of making a fool of a hero can be conceived than a certain volume¹ of crudded flattery by a Mr. Monkshood which is now lying on our table.

¹ Rudyard Kipling. By G. F. Monkshood. London: Greening. 1890.

There is nothing about this volume, except its subject, which entitles it to notice in these columns. As we have read it, we have marvelled again and again that a writer could be found to write a book so extraordinarily insipid, so innocent of the faintest claim upon the attention of the public. The "style" of Mr. Monkshood is the most astounding mixture of violence and feebleness that we have met with. When he wishes to explain that the book called "The Light that Failed," did not at first enjoy an unquestioned success, Mr. Monkshood remarks, "A few half-baked people in surprised cities ran up and down whimpering that the thing must be called 'The Book that Failed,' which was a silliness." Why they were not wholly baked, and what it was which had surprised their cities, and why they ran, and why they whimpered, and what was a silliness, it is beyond the power of thought to discover, for these are merely the sloppinesses of undisciplined journaleses. But even the raw-

est office-boy in the employment of the snipetting press might be taught that nobody is allowed, in an "appreciation" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, to speak of his "rugged, more than ragged, moustache, which a girl has described as being so fearsome a thing that you would have to like the owner very much to let him kiss you." There are depths of vulgarity in the people who write books about other people which no critical plummet has ever yet sounded.

The book before us is nothing, or less than nothing, although the subject of which it too adventurously attempts to treat is of very remarkable interest. Mr. Monkshood acknowledges that he has been greatly helped, "with suggestions and doings [*sic*]," by the author of "A Farrago of Folly." Mr. Monkshood required no such assistance. We have formed a mistaken estimate of his quality if we are wrong in supposing him quite competent to produce his farrago unaided. Honest enthusiasm we must not deny to him. It is plain that he likes Mr. Kipling's works very much, and finds a pleasure in saying so. Unhappily, there his authority ends. Mr. Monkshood is pleased with everything, from "the large close-cropped head" and "rugged, more than ragged moustache," up to the more intellectual characteristics of his favorite's "Gargoyle grotesquerie" and "staccato virility." But of discrimination he does not display a scrap. His method is to enumerate in succession everything which his hero has published, and to sprinkle unmeasured eulogy upon it all so that at length the deafening, unmodulated howl of praise exasperates the reader. It is as though we were listening to the priests of some savage deity, as they prostrated themselves before his image, and whacked their tom-toms and blew their screaming conchs. We find ourselves hoping that the deity likes the noise, since it certainly gives

neither instruction nor pleasure to any other conceivable being.

Unhappily, there is some little reason to fear that this particular deity does enjoy the blare of the conchs. Our instinct would have been to offer our sincere condolence to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, exposed against his will and without his knowledge to all this offensive laudation. But the publishers of this little book print as a preface a letter from Mr. Kipling, and we are bound to confess that this largely withdraws our pity from the illustrious victim. Mr. Kipling has "read your type-written book with a good deal of interest," but, faintly protesting, suggests that it "would be best published after the subject were dead." That is to say, Mr. Kipling likes the praise (Oh, yes! we are afraid he likes it, gross and rancid as it is), but he feels obliged, with his finger to his lip and his eyelids cast down, to suggest that it should be posthumous. Now, if there is one thing which Mr. Kipling is, it is perspicuously intelligent. He must be blinded with vanity indeed if he is not aware that Mr. Monkshood, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, is absolutely without skill as a critic. Mr. Kipling has read "with a good deal of interest" a book which no unprejudiced judge of literary merit could possibly applaud. Why has he done so? Because it is full of unstinted, unreflecting undiluted praise of the entire works of Mr. Kipling.

We believe that the moment has arrived when those who are the friends of the genius of Mr. Kipling (and we are among the most ardent of these, within the limits of good sense) should endeavor to awaken him to a sense of his position. It is for this reason that we have taken as our text to-day a very foolish little book which would not on its own merits detain us. Nor would we strain to any priggish excess the fact that Mr. Kipling has written

a civil note to the writer of the book. It would have been wiser in him, no doubt, to have brought his heel down upon the thing in its "type-written" or chrysalis state, but, after all, a busy man is always inclined to be good-natured. It is more a certain tone of complaisance in Mr. Kipling's recent utterances than any civility to one particular admirer, that inspires us with a wish to have a few words in the gate with our celebrated youthful genius. We will preface our words of warning with a compliment which is fully deserved. When we consider Mr. Kipling's youthfulness, his isolation among the authors of the day, and the extraordinary exaggeration of praise trumpeted at him from every corner of the globe, the modesty and good sense with which he has borne himself are remarkable.

But if these are to last, Mr. Kipling must hold himself well in hand. No one now before the world is in a position more perilous. It is depressing to be under-estimated, and may even have a baleful effect upon the temper. But to be overestimated is far more dangerous to those qualities which a man needs in the prosecution of his daily work. We shall be asked whether it is true that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been overestimated, and what is our reason for "attacking" him. We have seen this word used half a dozen times within as many months to describe attempts, of a wholly sympathetic character, to discriminate in the praise of Mr. Kipling. We will, therefore—although to "attack" this delightful and even splendid national hero is not within the circle of our thoughts—answer the question in a bold affirmative. Mr. Kipling has been, and now habitually is, overpraised. The language adopted regarding him would be excessive, because unbalanced and irrational, if it were applied to Sir Walter Scott, to Tennyson, to Victor Hugo. Ten years

have passed, and no more, since the wonderful boy published "The Story of the Gadsbys," and already he is raised on a pinnacle of golden adoration higher, perhaps, than any author has ever reached in his lifetime. The world grovels at his feet, and those few of us who have kept our heads gaze up into the dim air to see whether the little figure high in the shimmering distance will be able to endure this deification. It is a very dangerous thing to be raised to this height. Let Mr. Kipling beware that he does not "assume the god, affect to nod, and seem to shake the spheres." The temptation to do so is almost irresistible.

Two elements have combined to place the youthful author of "A Fleet in Being" in the extremely exalted position which he holds. One of these, of course, is his own genius—the pungency of his style, the closeness and abundance of his observation, his rich and multiform imagination. All praise which these qualities secure for him is safe and wholesome; on this side he need not suspect a straining of the note. But these alone would not account for a quarter of his popularity, and the preponderating element in this is the encouragement his writings have given to a certain national state of mind. All that is utilitarian and materialistic, all that is inimical to thought and favorable to action, all the external rowdiness and latent puritanism with which this century is closing so surprisingly in England, find their exact echo and confirmation in Mr. Kipling's books. We observe that the admirers now claim for their hero that he set all this great imperial machinery in motion; that England was lying spell-bound, when the majestic genius of Kipling brooded over the deep, and called forth the forces which ran, throbbing with life, to the extremities of the Seven Seas. But this is to exaggerate the function of an author. The

greatest poet does not start a national movement; the most that he can do is to identify himself with it, and to speed it smoothly on its way. That we cannot deny that Mr. Kipling has done.

But what will be Mr. Kipling's position when this fit of popular materialism has played itself out? We are sure of one thing; the very adorers of to-day will be the first to turn upon their image and pelt it with stones. Public taste will change, but Mr. Kipling is far too deeply scored with the characteristics of his talent to change with it. Within certain flexible limits we know now what he will give us. At present, everything tends to the glorification of his strength and to the minimizing of his weaknesses. Borne along on the crest of the wave of public satisfaction, he seems to have no defects at all. But he is not that faultless monster which the world ne'er saw, the author equally

equipped on all sides. If the fickle public should turn round and demand philosophical reflection from its poets, or tender sentiment, or the symbolism of aerial melancholy, there will be no "Recluse" and no "In Memoriam" and no "Kubla Khan" to be expected from Mr. Kipling. In these and other provinces, much lesser men, with the public at their back, will go far beyond him. These are the reflections which make us tremble for Mr. Kipling in the giddy altitude of his triumphs to-day. He is in danger of "assuming the god," of considering himself above all fear of reverses, of being persuaded by the incense burned before him that he is an impeccable artist. We would, if we could, with his own interest solely before us, recall him to a sense of his mortality, "lest he forget—lest he forget" that there are other men than he in the world, and other manners.

The Saturday Review.

RECOGNITIONS.

When I am dead,
And you are old,
You'll sit as we are sitting now,
Close to the fire, hearing the wind blow cold,
And you will stroke a golden head;
And suddenly, remembering how
I fondled yours, become at last aware
How dear to me was every single hair.

When I am dead,
And you are old,
You'll clasp in yours a little hand—
A little hand sweet as a flower to hold;
The pretty fingers you will spread,
And kissing them will understand
How, kissing yours, I found them to contain
More than the world could give of bliss and gain.

The Sunday Magazine.

Vida Briar.

PORTRAITS AND PHANTOMS.

"Did you ever see a ghost, Uncle Ted?"

"Yes, Mousie," he answered, "I think so—in fact, if I'm not mistaken, I saw quite a number only a very few days ago."

"Where? What sort of ghosts, Uncle Ted? What were they like?"

I wondered what could have set Mousie thinking of ghosts, for the afternoon sunshine was flooding hot and brilliant into the quarry where we were sitting, hidden away from the inquisitive March wind that came quartering over the hilltop behind our backs, the Naturalist, Miss Bryant, Mousie and I, looking down past the tufts of purple birch and black seedling fir-trees, and across the rusty tangle of blackberry vines, and oak-scrub, and bracken, and heath, and grey winter-killed furzes, and live gorse breaking in flame, into the hazy blue distances of the Weald. A bad day for ghosts, it seemed.

We had bettered our acquaintance since the occasion of our colloquy recorded in the March number of this Review,¹ and Mousie was ten months older. The Naturalist, I thought, seemed younger. This brother of my host had borne, I remembered, in my undergraduate days, a reputation for superhuman and somewhat arid proficiency in abstruse physical studies. I knew that for some time afterwards he had lectured on natural science in one of the minor universities. I had then ceased to hear of him for years: he had been, he now told me, out of England, exploring and observing forms and conditions of tropical life. He surprised me now that I had met him on these two visits by his difference from the character I had assigned

to him in the private dramatic inventory that I keep of all the men and women I come across. His intellectual habit seemed strangely old-fashioned according to my experience of the attitude of the trained scientific mind. That old-fashioned name of the Naturalist slipped on to him with obvious fitness. I am not at all well read in recent science, but I fancied I had kept myself sufficiently, if only superficially, in touch with the direction of the principal lines of advance, their methods and most important new theories. And the Naturalist had at first a little staggered me by what I should have certainly set down as bits of ignorance in a man who might be supposed to be ignorant on topics of natural science, but which in this man at first suggested a habit of rather irritating flightiness and levity. He seemed fond of talking, or, perhaps, I should rather say, very willing to talk, although equally content in silence, and would purr out very pretty little lectures in a musing, half-ironical, rippling babble. He pleased me. His limitations eluded me: no doubt because my own were so much narrower. His conversation had the very agreeable quality of showing always unaffectedly and unobtrusively that intelligence of his interlocutor's remarks which makes criticism sweet as acquiescence. Not that he criticised in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He had the air, on all the subjects on which I talked with him of speaking as from the other side of knowledge, and with indifference to the extent or exactitude of one's information, especially on those subjects in which he was himself most deeply versed. My ignorance in detail he would never correct or supplement, but he would illuminate my own frag-

¹ The Eclectic Magazine, June, 1890.

ments of erudition in such a manner as to make them for the moment sufficiently illustrate whatever the topic seemed to hold worth understanding. His discourse was, in form at least, didactic, dogmatic, and assertive, and yet never oppressive, presumptuous, or, to me, tedious. His voice disarmed offence. I talk little myself, and, being studious of human personality, listen contentedly, even to persons I already know very well (though the bore is mephitic). The Naturalist escaped being a bore through the sense which his conversation produced (more by manner than explicitly) of a bottomless underlying abyss of negation over which all positive propositions for him floated vaporlike, provisional and transitory.

The Naturalist had put his hand in his pocket and had drawn forth what looked like a pamphlet in a blue paper cover, when Mousie repeated:

"What were they like, Uncle Ted?"

She was sitting between his feet, propped against his knees, and she turned herself round and clasped her arms across them as he read from the blue-covered pamphlet: "'Number Eight'—that was the first one. They call it here 'Portrait of an Old Woman (Duke of Buccleugh, K.G.), said to be the mother of the painter. Half-figure seated facing the spectator, looking down at an open book which she holds in front of her with both hands; dark cloak, with hood which shades her face; dark background; painted about 1655. Signed Rembrandt. Canvas thirty-one and a half by twenty-six inches.'"

"But that was a picture, Uncle Ted, that wasn't a ghost."

"I thought it was a picture, too, Mousie, before I came to it; but when I saw it I saw at once that it was what you would call a 'ghost,' for I had seen one before, years ago, and could not be mistaken. Besides, it came with

me and showed me in other pictures things something like itself, though not quite the same."

"Ghosts?"

"Kind of ghosts, Mousie."

"I suppose they are extraordinarily lifelike," said Miss Bryant. "I should so like to have been able to go and see that exhibition."

"Some few of them were lifelike and some were less, and some were a good deal more."

"The ones that were like ghosts, I suppose?"

"Not all, perhaps, quite like ghosts—at least the ghosts of dead people, if that's what you mean, Mousie."

Mousie threw up her upper lip with her under, rounded her eyelids, tossed her brows up into her forehead, and ducked her chin and cap in a single flash of gesture.

"Perhaps some were like phantoms of the living?" suggested Miss Bryant.

"Phantasms," I interposed, "is the proper word, I believe; we are trenching on the domain of scientific research, and cannot use English words for our categories."

"And there's very good reason for that," said the Naturalist. "Did you see those pictures?"

"Yes," I answered, "but please go on telling Mousie about your ghosts."

"It began with that old woman, as I said—Number Eight in this catalogue. Before I came to her there were two small portraits of Rembrandt's mother, the original of them done when he was quite a young man. They were what I should speak of as lifelike; remarkable work; good Dutch; but not so fine as the etchings he was doing of her about the same period. Then two of himself: Number Four, the latest portrait in the collection, Rembrandt old, and not at all attractive looking; Number Six, about ten years younger, the same familiar Rembrandt

at fifty-two, not quite so untidy and grubby and broken down and raffish in appearance. And then I saw my ghost. On the canvas was painted the figure of an old, very tired old woman, who had risen early and had done hard work for her household all her life, and knew how to sit down now and be restful towards the close of it. And the first thing that I noticed was that the face, which was framed in a dark square hood and quite in the shadow, where no light was and no brightness of color in the painting, burned solemnly with a light of its own. But really I didn't take notice of that till afterwards, because what I noticed first was that this old woman was something that I had seen once before—but only once; and that was the face of a child that was three weeks dead."

Miss Bryant made a little sound. He went on.

"I had to walk about then a little while, before I could look at anything again. Then I came back and tried to see what was in this picture.

"First: that strange, self-sufficient lighting, that I had recognized. The face did not quite seem to burn internally, as though it were transparent before a lamp, and I could not convict the painter of any trick of reflected light from the book, or the sitter's white apron; there may have been some; the face was dark, in the dark, but brightly seen, and the brilliancy, the more I looked at it, seemed to me to be simply the effect of august expression. 'August' is not quite the right word: the word is *σεμνός*: that's Greek, Mousie, a word for which we have no English equivalent, not having, I suppose, any demand for it in our national consciousness."

"What does it mean, Uncle Ted?"

"It means, Mousie, as near as I can express it, the quality of the aspect of some one seen to be holy, of some one

that we must love and honor and worship, but some one that in the first place we must recognize as holy, and must welcome and worship and love because we see with our eyes that the person is beautiful. The Greeks saw their gods and goddesses so. The modern world, unfortunately, does not. And that, whether or not she was his mother, is how Rembrandt saw this tired, old, faded woman. That is how he saw his mother all his life."

"Doesn't Ruskin—" began Miss Bryant: she checked herself, and took up her own courage: "I had always thought Rembrandt's pictures were rather too coarse and realistic; I should like to have seen idealized work like that."

"Well, I don't think that one could say that this was idealized in any sense of slurring the facts of appearance; nothing was spared; the faded moist lip, slack texture of the flesh, the decreptitude—all were faithfully put down; but the whole of it, in some marvellous manner, expressed not only what Rembrandt saw in this woman, his mother (I must call her, he certainly painted her here as his mother), but also what this woman, his mother, must have seen in him, her son. And I felt ashamed. For I knew that if I had told that wise, tired face what, up to that moment, had been the extent of my judgment of Rembrandt, and what I had thought of the portraits I had just passed—"Oh no!" she would have said, 'you haven't seen him—you don't understand him at all.' Then lifting her eyes, 'Don't you see what a splendid heart of a man is in all this work? There is no such other man in the world as this boy of mine. Oh, yes! I know all the rest—I have heard the gossip—and I sit here and read my book, for it does not matter, and he paints me like this to prove it, and to show you he knows how little it means himself, just as well as I do.'"

"Did his mother say all that, Uncle Ted?"

"Yes, Mousie, she said it quite plainly, and turned me round so that I saw Rembrandt as she did, and not only that, but even a little as Rembrandt saw himself and the people he painted. For after that the pictures were all quite different."

I waited for Mousie to speak; but the child was silent. The Naturalist went on:

"That was one kind of ghost; the others were, most of them, of rather a different order; though, indeed, there was a little tiny painting of an old blind man sitting crouching over a fire in the dark, dull room, with sunshine like this on the lilac-bushes outside the window, that had something of the same ghostly effect."

"Uncle Ted, what was the little child's ghost you saw?"

"That, Mousie, was a very long time ago, about twenty years, and the child was a little girl a few years older than you. She was your father's sister and mine."

"Auntie Evy?"

The Naturalist nodded. The child was sitting facing him now, her arms crossed on his knees: they were strangely alike. He seemed to be verifying something in her face. I fancy Miss Bryant shared my apprehension as to what he might be going to say to her impressionable pupil; but something in the easy lounge of his attitude, a sort of reserved dexterity in his eye, reassured me; and suddenly, as he broke silence, it seemed as though the east wind had gone, and the mood of his voice made a clearness and a sense of quiet ease between us there, for he spoke with the simplicity of a person describing a thing observed and carefully noted, external to himself, and not affecting him except by its interest as fact.

"Your Auntie Evy and I, Mousie,

were always very great friends. She died when she was fifteen years old, after a very short illness. It happened that I was away from home, in Germany, at the time. I did not come back, for it would not have done any one any good, and I don't like funerals. But it hurt me very much, and made me exceedingly restless, so that I could not get on with the work I had come out to do. So I took to making drawings of different kinds of flowers: I found that seemed to do me a great deal of good while it lasted, but still I did not get any better at other times, and at night, and on waking in the morning. It was not that I was thinking that I was sorry to have lost your Aunt Evy, so much as that I felt as if all my nerves and brain, whatever I thought and felt with, had been bruised and dragged at and torn until it was all sore and faint, and hardly able to live. I knew that that would go away in time, but I didn't see how, and it did not seem to alter from day to day. Well, after three weeks, one night I was lying in bed in the dark, and I had not gone to sleep, but was broad awake, though I might have been close to the point of beginning to fall asleep. I was lying well up on my pillow, with my hands under the back of my head. As I lay there I suddenly saw my sister, and at that I was more awake than ever I have been at any other time in my life. She seemed to be standing about four yards from me, to the right hand, beyond the foot of the bed, between the table where I worked and the press. She was looking at me. I saw her face and her hair very distinctly, and the upper part of her body: more I am not sure of. She had very curly, bright brown hair that had never been put up; I saw the gold-thread rings in it just as usual. There's an angel that sits in a cave in Trafalgar Square that has very much such hair and lips and eyes,

though her eyes were blacker, rather more like yours and mine, Mousie. I saw them: they looked quite natural and friendly. So you see she was not what you might have thought very much like Rembrandt's old woman. It did not seem remarkable to me at all at the time, to see her face there in the dark, without any light, and, somehow, not for a moment, as I looked at her, did I think there was really any person there. I did not think it was what you mean by a ghost. But I saw her, and I said to myself, 'Now, I can draw you!' and put out my hand to the bedside table on which I kept my books that I read in bed, and pencils and other writing materials; but when I had the pencil in my hand and had turned back a page of my note book to try and draw, I saw that the page was dark, and that I should not be able to; and when I looked up at my sister she was not there. But that did not trouble me, for it seemed as if I had found something I had been needing, and was satisfied; and very soon after that I fell asleep. And next morning when I woke I felt no trouble and since that time I have never felt any trouble at all because of her death. It seemed to me as though what had been diffused in pain, as I said, all about me, had gathered itself together into one sense—the most joy-giving of all the senses—and so passed out in the form of a figure seen outside of me, leaving joy only. It would not have consoled me at all simply to think that my sister had herself been there and had gone, my loss of her would have remained just as great. I did not think so; I felt quite sure of the contrary; and always since then I have been satisfied that there are no such things as ghosts, because I had seen one: for no one ever saw a solidier ghost than that."

"Oh, Uncle Ted, I don't understand!"

"Nor do I, Mousie; I have only been

trying to tell you of some things that I've seen and how I've seen them; and certainly I saw Rembrandt's mother in very much the same way as I saw my sister, and certainly with very much the same joy and removal of misunderstanding. And if I had had any doubt that that was the case, the portraits that I saw afterwards of Saskia, Rembrandt's wife, and the portraits of Rembrandt himself, in their succession, not to speak of any others, would have removed it."

The Naturalist was turning over the leaves of the blue-covered catalogue.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "this struck me as rather curious. The editor of this catalogue, or whoever it is that writes the introduction, says this: 'All through his career he had been accustomed,' " (the Naturalist honeyed his voice maliciously) " 'to make use of his own features and those of his relations and connections as models for purposes of study. Witness the numerous likenesses in existence of his father, his mother, his sister, his wife and others. As to his own personality, scarcely a year passed without some reproduction of it in painting or engraving.' "

"The sort of gentleman whose bumps one would rather like to feel," I observed. "May I look at the catalogue?" He handed it to me. "One wonders whether that really reflects the writer's own impression of the effect of Rembrandt's work, or whether it's the result of his observation of the methods of Burlington House."

"In what way?" asked Miss Bryant.

"Well," I commented, "apart from the remarkable language—'features' as 'models'—his own, I suppose, for noses, his father's for skulls and ears, his mother's for wrinkles, and so on: it suggests such a characteristic journeyman's notion of art: the good commercial nineteenth-century view of the practical painter of portraits, 'making use of such 'relatives and connections'

as happened to be gratuitously available for the 'purpose' of keeping his hand in between the paying sitters."

"But surely," Miss Bryant rejoined, "he did paint a number of very ugly and uninteresting portraits of himself. I know the two in the National Gallery. One's nice, but the other is just a dirty, puffy, dissipated-looking old man, and he surely wouldn't have painted such things if he had had anything better to paint."

"A-a-a-h!" said the Naturalist, with a quaint long reflective expiration, "I don't think you'd say that if you'd stood before that old woman, and she had salved your eyes as she did mine, and if you had gone on with your heart full of that new love for Rembrandt, and stood before the portraits of Saskia, and seen her just a little as he saw her, and felt for her just a part of what he felt; and if you had seen the Rabbi that hung between—a man, like Simeon, full of the glory of God, but only a corpulent, clumsy, unhealthy-complexioned old Jew to most of the people that met him. Are you tired, Mousie?" (The child had laid her head down on his knee.)

"Oh, no! Uncle Ted. Do go on: it's awfully jolly."

"Well, I'll tell you another ghost story—the story of what Saskia looked like: and first of all I must tell you that I myself am a very blind person, and that, though I see a great many more things than most people (for looking at things has been my trade many years), I very often find myself doubting whether really I don't see much less. It seems difficult to believe they can see so little. I mean that I'm sure that I very seldom really see people, although I see their faces and their bodies and know them quite well when I meet them, and recognize their photographs and their portraits. I have noticed people clearly enough, like that, all my life, and thought many of them

very beautiful; but one or two people once or twice I have found that I really saw, though afterwards I may have gone on meeting them constantly and never seen them at all like that again."

"Don't you think," said Miss Bryant, "one can always see the people one is fond of, through their eyes?"

"No, I don't," replied the Naturalist deliberately. "That's not quite what I mean. Of course what you speak of has been made the theme of a great amount of perfectly true poetry, and always will be. But here we are in the province of painting, and strictly conditioned by what is directly visible. We have not to do with reflex impressions induced by an emotion otherwise stirred. I won't attempt to say what I think it is that is seen, in that sense, in the eyes. It is fortunate that people in love have this privilege of fancying that they do see each other's faces, for otherwise the ugly and disagreeable would never get mated; but really they do not see in the sense I'm thinking of: they do not see through the flesh. Any beautiful animal, any one of the beasts that are full of human love and intelligence—a horse, or a dog, or a parrot—has just such an unfathomable eye in which you may find yourself. You can see what is called the soul in his eye just as certainly as you can see it in the eye of your human friend. You can't see it in an animal's body; neither do lovers, speaking generally, see each other as they are in the flesh—and I apprehend that the reason is much the same. I take the case of lovers, because this belief is strongest in them, and I say that, notwithstanding the beauty and excitement of what they do see, they see, I think, as a rule, very much less clearly than children and quite old people. And that old woman's eyes were veiled and couldn't be looked into."

I did not feel quite sure that the

Naturalist was doing justice to the possibilities of his theorem. His analysis seemed to suggest to me more than he saw in it, or at least professed to see. Perhaps he was a little jealous of lovers. Mousie broke in:

"Uncle Ted, you aren't telling us the ghost story."

"I was coming to it, Mousie. I go about London, and day after day I meet the people I know, and the many more people that I don't know, in the streets, in the trains, in the 'buses, in the libraries, in the club, at dinner-parties, in drawing-rooms—everywhere: the nicest and most beautiful, clever people imaginable of all ages, and so I have gone on from month to month never really seeing any person at all, until I have sometimes almost begun to forget that people could really be seen, and that I had seen them. Well, one afternoon in the early part of last summer I went to a theater. I went into the hall and looked about for a friend I was to meet; and the hall was full of lively, well-dressed people—alert, self-satisfied-looking men and stout, handsome ladies, and beautiful, brilliant young women, in very big hats. But suddenly I saw standing in the entrance of another doorway leading in from the street a person whom I perceived to be really alive and visible. It was a woman—a slender young woman in a light plain dress and a broad low straw hat, and her face was more than half turned away from me; but I saw all her skin and the line of her profile like moonlight, and I saw that here was what all those other people ought to have looked like. Well, you know what a naturalist is when he sees a fine specimen of what he has been hunting for for years: he goes for it—straight. And, besides, when I meet a person like that, with nothing between, it gives me a kind of boldness and assurance, because I can see what it is I have to deal with. I

just slipped out by the door by which I had entered, and innocently went round and came in by the other. And there I found my angel face to face, more brilliant than ever, and perfectly alive and real and transparent. And then, it appeared that she knew me—I daresay I looked as if I had recognized her (though I hadn't), and we made friends. I should hardly have remembered her: she used to be a little brown-faced girl, with mouse-colored hair and grey eyes, very quiet and not in any way conspicuous; but I found she had now been married about a year, and was living in a little West-country cottage-farmhouse quite alone with her husband, who was a painter, just keeping the house and the garden and the bees and the living creatures about the place, and had been sitting among the apple blossom, and the tender transparent leaves till she grew transparent, and visible in her proper form as flowers are visible, and full of delight and pride in the fineness of life; and so coming into black, artificial, affected, civilized London, and standing waiting there for her artist, had shone as I had seen. There were many much brighter-colored and vivid-seeming human beings there, but none of them glowed like that. I pointed her out to my friend, later on, in the theater—her face was shining visibly in the dusk under the gallery. He knew her: he said, 'Yes; she is looking very pretty.' I saw he did not see her really at all. But I saw, and I did not forget it, because it was a thing I had seen before, and believed in, and was glad of its verification.

"Now when I came near the portrait of Saskia—the little profile portrait of Rembrandt's wife—I saw at once that she also was shining in that particular way. I saw her, too, with something of the vision with which her artist saw her, and loved her with his free delight. In her, however, the radiance

seemed to be golden, as of the sun. And, curiously, the effect of it was more to make me feel how great and splendid and noble the nature of that artist must have been, that was able to love and to see and to believe in it and to set it down like that, than to interest me very much in Saskia; though indeed she was a bonny person enough. For here again, the wonderful effulgence, the brilliancy and glory of the flesh, was not due to any brightness of color or tone in the painting: a photograph of the picture would look quite dark.

"I used to suppose this brilliancy of Rembrandt was due to what they call 'Rembrandt effects'—strong contrasts of light and shade—and, of course, he did incessantly use that trick; but here he had already got beyond it, and clearly he made himself later quite independent of it till he could say, 'Let there be light,' and there *was* light. Wonderful work! What a wrist he must have had!" and the Naturalist stretched out his arm, and clenched his own hard, brown fist, slowly turning it in a sort of ecstasy.

"That rather reminds me," I said, "of a kind of paradox I heard the other day from a certain Dutch-descended young lady, who is accustomed to make use of my features as models for purposes of study. She also contributes sometimes to my instruction in the theory of the art of painting. She had quoted a saying of Delacroix, that an artist should be able to take mud from the gutter and paint a fair woman's neck with it, but then she went farther and said that for luminous, living effect in a face, it was most important to go on painting steadily at the background, and out of that to let the face grow of itself. From which I proposed to infer, though she would not have it, that on those lines one ought to be able to paint a picture so that neither color nor form

should be traceable on the canvas—and yet that it should be a picture."

"Ah! really? that's very interesting," said the Naturalist. "I think there may be something in that notion. It seems to me to be quite open to question if the effect which certain old pictures produce on us is really an effect of anything which can be called light at all. We constantly think we see light where no light is, and cast it into definite forms. That, doubtless, does depend very much upon background, external or internal to ourselves. I have spoken about two kinds of ghosts, as Mousie calls them, which certainly did not give any physical light. A spectroscope would not have detected any. Another such I remember very vividly. I was travelling down the Morookoo River and woke, after sleeping under the awning of the pitpan which we set up on an open bit of bluff by the stream for the night. I lay there and watched the sky till just on sunrise, before the moon had set and the planets were lost, and then all the mystery and passion of the dawn drew together suddenly into one pale golden figure of some one I knew, which hung for a moment a little above the horizon, singing, and then was gone. And many years later I saw that the same thing had happened to John Bellini, and he put it into one of his pictures that is now in the National Gallery, an *Agony of the Dawn*, and in the sky a quaint little homely figure of white transparent light, quite absurd if you look at it closely by itself, but, looked at against that background, quite in its place."

"Do you think such apparitions," inquired Miss Bryant, "are the result of telepathic impressions?"

"I am sure they are the result of impressions; and as to telepathy, it seems to have at least the advantage of economy over most other theories of them."

"But don't you think that there may be astral forms?" (Oh, Miss Bryant! Miss Bryant! Who is stuffing her little pupil's head with cobwebs now?)

"They seem to me to involve so much unimaginative and extravagant theory. *Non sunt multiplicanda praeeter necessitatem.* One need not take two bites at a cherry, much less seven, and astrals don't throw any light upon Saskia's portrait, whereas it seems to me those other things may. People can see pictures in surfaces where there is neither form nor color. I lost a horse—it was in that same bit of country aback of the Morookoo River: my boy's horse fell on the pine-ridge and threw him and bolted and got clean away from us, with half our kit and rations in his saddle-bags. We made for the nearest village, in dense forest a long way off, and fed and slept there, and hunted about all next day, but had to come back without any news of the horse. I spoke Maya, and the Indians treated us honestly. If we'd made them speak in Spanish they'd have lied to us. Well, the second night they took me to an old woman, who, to put it very shortly, was a witch; and a fowl was procured and brought in, and its throat was cut, and its blood was very carefully dripped into a little shallow cup of black polished stone, and the old woman sat on the floor with it in her hands and groaned and rocked herself. I was sitting in the dark, on the long grass hammock that seemed to be all the furniture of the stifling palm-thatch hut, and my boy and the little stolid, stunted Indians, like Chinamen, in dirty cotton smocks, squatted round in the smoky light of the pine-flambeaux; and the witch stopped rocking and groaning, and crouched herself down, and gazed steadily into the blood in the little stone cup, and presently she saw my horse in the cup and told me what he was doing."

"But don't you think the Indians had seen him and told her?"

"I think very possibly so, Mousie; but certainly she saw my horse in the cup, where certainly no horse was. She saw him and described him exactly; and she couldn't ever have seen an English saddle and stirrups, nor guessed that my boy was riding one, whilst I myself was riding on a Mexican. I hadn't a doubt she really was seeing the horse, though whether he could have been found without that or not I have no opinion. We did find him the next day in the direction in which she had sent us."

"You think that all these things are a kind of clairvoyance?"

"I am afraid that to give them that name doesn't take me much farther. What I did feel was that somehow this magnificent personality of Rembrandt, his quite abnormal power of feeling and sight, seemed to bring into relation and corroborate a number of my own very distinct and yet not very well adjusted impressions. It seemed to me that what was common to all was certain deep-lying susceptibilities and powers of evocation, of which the apparent record might be simplified so as to be almost beyond recognition except by the appropriate person."

"For instance it was perfectly clear, as one moved round the walls of that gallery, that only a small number of the visitors could see the pictures at all—I wondered what proportion of them I was seeing myself. I saw more than I could endure for very long, and I had to go out, and come back again another day, and go out again. What Rembrandt must have felt about them himself was terrific to think of. One recognized that here was a man that habitually saw people direct and real, in their flesh, and after a certain stage could always paint them so. Oh! never, never, never was there such

painting, nor ever could be greater!

"One gathers about how much people see at these exhibitions by the comments that they make to one another or to oneself about the pictures. And I've noticed, as another test in this case, that many of the people that I've lately met had thought the Burne-Jones exhibition so much the more beautiful. I don't suggest for a moment that they were wrong in their comparison of the beauty that they had seen in the two; and certainly, if they had not the clue to Rembrandt, there is little in Burne-Jones that could directly give it them, however they might appreciate his work.

"Of course, Rembrandt is a popular painter and always must be. He has the obvious qualities, overwhelmingly, and up to a certain point he takes every one with him: the qualities that as one passes through a gallery make certain canvases hold one's notice sharply with a cry of 'There's a man!'—or a woman, whichever it may be. I remember how one day lately, from quite the far end of a room, I suddenly saw a face and said to myself, 'There's a kitchen maid!' and when I went closer, sure enough it was Velasquez' servant, rather grumpy at Martha's cumber about her guest, more especially as it was she that was having to peel the onions—a girl very much like the nursemaid that stands in another picture near as an angel in an attitude of wonderful reverent pity, and a brown balze studio-gown with purple sleeves. Franz Hals has the same quality of obviousness: the quality that makes one ask why any one should ever paint a portrait anyhow else, whereas most artists seem to give themselves trouble to paint under some constrained affectation. And no one can escape the effect of this lifelike work of Rembrandt—such portraits as that of his friends Six and Bonus in this collection, or the portrait

that Miss Bryant admires, of himself, in the National Gallery. That's a portrait one can look at with a lens and not see how a single touch could have been different. That is realism, and up to a certain point it suffices for everybody. But after the point reached in such portraits as that, and the painted portrait of Six (the etching of him is quite a different matter), many people cannot accept the real in pictures any more than they can recognize beauty in life, except within a few conventional limits—young women, roses, sunsets, fireworks, etcetera, and then they begin to talk as I used to hear Mr. Ruskin talk at Oxford about Dutch painters and to ask for such work as Burne-Jones's. And it's fortunate that they can get that kind of pap to nourish their perceptions a little.

"I found myself wondering, too, how far Rembrandt himself had always seen more than he painted in that particular lifelike class of portraits. If it were not for the etchings one might doubt. But clearly it was not so that he saw his mother, in those drawings that he did almost as a boy, wrinkled, practical, and yet in effect as majestic as any of the paintings in which he attained to the work that was more than lifelike. It was not so that he saw the face of Saskia, the embodiment of immortal youth, of the glory of living women, the joy of the Bride. Nor was it how he saw the face of Christ, on the Cross, in that astounding series of plates, unfinished, in the British Museum: infinity in one haggard half-inch. Nor was it how he saw his own person, with its incessant, inexhaustible fascination: the hot-faced, irrepressible rogue-Dutchman with crisp, frizzed hair; the roysterer masquerader in velvet and steel and gold; the sanguine, self-confident, life-loving, prodigal artist; the bankrupt, poverty-stricken, bereaved, imperturbable painter; the splendid,

megalomaniac Rabbi, greater than life, decked out in his master's canonical's; the sunken, half-forgotten old man, going out, unconquerable, knowing what he knew!—I don't know of anything else to compare with that series of portraits, unless it is Walt Whitman's 'Song of Myself.' And Whitman, by the way, was half a Dutchman."

"I wish I could have seen that!" said Miss Bryant.

"It is there," said the Naturalist, "unmistakably, and why it is harder to see perhaps in his own portraits is possibly because he knew his own outward appearance so intimately, and set it down so unsparingly. The splendor of what he saw in some of his sitters very often may have blinded him a little to realities on the surface—though that was not the usual comment I heard, but rather that the surface realism was too much seen in the pictures. That portrait of his mother seemed to me the most perfect combination of the two."

"I see that that portrait," I said, "is dated here 1655, and clearly it belongs to that period. It can't be his mother, therefore, who died in 1640, and what this catalogue prints must be a mistake."

"Very likely. No doubt his mother had to be dead, and Saskia, too, before he could paint any living woman like that. And as to the later portraits of himself, I couldn't help thinking, as I saw what he used to make of his vision of Saskia, that no wonder if, after her death, he should have felt that there was nothing finer left to paint in the world than the man that could so see and paint her. I don't think he'd have been so very far wrong. He certainly never painted himself otherwise than superb after that, in whatever appearance, transfiguring all the dirt and frowsiness, the unkempt, straggling hair, the sordid frocks and caps.

"One gets the other side of all this far more in the etchings and the drawings of figures and landscapes. His sentiment seems to work more freely in these, his incomparable tenderness and reverence. In painting he was always more on his war-horse. All through the black and white work from beginning to end the flesh studies, the quiet, open landscapes, the Bible scenes, the delicate, elaborate, loving portraits of all kinds of men, one sees the same strong luminous temper, the same frank worship for all things fine to see, the same indefatigable conscience of draughtsmanship, the inclusiveness, the compassionate understanding, the incapability for question of human nobleness. And these make it clear how it came that of all his later paintings he could have said, 'I—Rembrandt—I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from.' One does not feel much doubt as to what kind of heart this man must have had to see always what Rembrandt always saw in every man and woman and thing he painted."

The Naturalist had spoken with growing fire, so that he, too, seemed to glow and quicken and live as I had not seen him before. But Mousie was fast asleep against his knee: his eyes had not left her hair or his voice been unaware of her for a moment.

He resumed: "All that free power that underlies the effect of Rembrandt's work, it seemed to me, was akin to what at least is one of the conditions of the seeing of what I began by speaking of as ghosts, if it is not the sole ultimate condition. It seems to me that the human essentially sees and is visible. At that time, when, as I said, I was drawing flowers, I had specially been trying to get the brilliancy and texture of heads of white lilies, working simply in black and white chalk upon rough brown paper, and studying the balance of light

alone. That exercise of the thought of the eye no doubt supplied another disposing, though not essential, condition. And the Rembrandt effect that I saw in the theater-entrance was not only due to the light in the doorway and the darkness of the hall, for the hall was brilliant; it was the difference between humanity and vulgarity, and the light was like the quiet-toned light in the face of that burly old Dutch writing master, Lievens Coppenol, in Rembrandt's big etched plate. Then, again, whilst in those realistic, lifelike portraits I could not see how anything could have been done otherwise than it was; in the later ones I could not see what was done, or why it should have been done in that manner. And if, as is alleged, there are haunted places, where passionate things have happened and ghosts are seen, I do not know why an effect of strong emotion should not attach itself to a movable canvas just as much as to an immovable place. Old pictures may in some respects improve as the actual painting fades. But to impress this would be to ignore the art of painting, which builds up its effects with stress and labor, and almost one might say, when one looks at the development of some of those etchings, with a wrestling that Rembrandt himself could only ex-

press in the symbol of the passion of Christ, the agony of the Divine in Man. But out of it comes creation of forms, seen as real, and recognizable as alive, and full of unmixed delight, not only in the art of painting, but everywhere that human spirit escapes.

* * * * *

"But this little girl will be catching cold, I'm afraid, if we let her sleep much longer; it must be tea time."

So Mousie was gently waked, and rubbed her eyes; her cheek was all pink and mottled with the pressure where it had rested. The Naturalist stretched himself too.

"Oh, Mousie! I'm so stiff! Let's have a run!"

So off they went together, black racing figures against the yellow glare of the March evening, as fast as the deep-rutted road and the brambles along the banks would allow them. Miss Bryant and I followed more sedately, she pondering. As we went, she said suddenly:

"I don't think he ought to have spoken of Burne-Jones as pap!"

"Miss Bryant," I said, "I fancy your name is Celtic. Mine is Latin. The Naturalist and Rembrandt belong to the Dominant Race."

Sydney Olivier.

The Contemporary Review.

THE HISTORICAL VICISSITUDES OF THE CHURCHWARDEN.

He is (so far as modern statutes permit him to survive) the creation of two facts in the mediæval history of his race. Enthusiastic Church lovers above all nations in Western Christendom were the old English folk, wherefore they took it upon their shoulders to provide the ornaments of divine worship and service, and to repair the

naves of their parish churches and sometimes (as in the City of London) of the chancels in addition. This was the laudable custom of England, which the Canonists and the King's judges held must be enforced, and from it grew our parish and vestry and churchwardens.

If undutiful parochiani or parishion-

ers shall fail to observe the custom according to the mind of Holy Church, Mister Archdeacon (in the middle ages archidiaconal functions meant the bishop's troublesome and disagreeable duties) will threaten excommunication: and it is therefore necessary that each parish shall have its two good men and true to make terms for them with this official of an ecclesiastical inland revenue department. So the parishioners choose their men, whom they will call Church Reeves, and Mister Archdeacon (who admits them to office) will describe as *procuratores* (proctors) *ecclesiæ*. As their powers develop these parish representatives become to the fifteenth-century judges and Canonists, the *guardiani ecclesiæ*, *gardiens d'église*, wardens of the goods and lights of the Church, wardens of the goods and chattels of the Church, and when the sixteenth century dawns the name and office of churchwarden indicate the powers and responsibilities of the temporal estates in matters ecclesiastical.

But there is another side to the office, which after the Reformation comes into ill-omened prominence. Ever since the Albigensian heresy startled the repose of the mediæval Church, the authorities seek information of heretics and of the ecclesiastical abuses which, they half suspect, have occasioned them. Good S. Edmund constitutes that in each rural deanery two men be chosen having the fear of God before their eyes to tell to the archbishop or his official the tale of the lay folks' wrongs at the hands of prelates and ecclesiastics. Unquestionably our sidesman (synodsmen), who exists to-day in some parishes as the faint understudy of the churchwarden, was once upon a time the delator of the heretical and profane to synods episcopal and provincial, but in time this office of inquiry and delation naturally falls to the churchwarden, and him the Canons of 1603 style also the questman.

When the guardian of the Church first looms clear before our eyes in the fifteenth century, he holds no sinecure. Wycliffite sermons and tracts notwithstanding, Church expenses are steadily growing, and he must exact from his fellow-parishioners the wherewithal not merely for the repair of the fabric, but for the vestments, the missal, the images, the pyx, the Rogation-tide banners, and other ornaments and paraphernalia which the archiepiscopal constitution has enjoined. And the archdeacon's eye is ever on him and the thunders of the Church will assuredly fall on his head, if the parochial money, which may have touched his palm, has not been properly expended; nay, but for old Lyndwood's good-natured way of laying down the law, perhaps the bolt would have fallen, even when the parishioners had paid him nothing. But he has burdens and troubles apart from laws ecclesiastical. The parish church is the village club of the later middle age, and the patronal day of the Church and the festival days of its guilds call for a parish circus. Then it falls to the warden's lot to provide the minstrels and the lights, and to make arrangements at the tavern. So that altogether there is a good deal of money for the poor warden to raise and he or she (for the Canon Law here made no distinction of sex) must find it in the manner most suitable to parochial opinion—that is, by a Church Ale. At first Holy Church resorts to the tavern: later, at least in the larger parishes, ambitions spring up, respectability intervenes, and our wardens build their church house and their brew house (to be transformed some day when Puritanism and Cobdenism have made an end of "merry England," into the workhouse), buy stock and hold their revel on sacred ground. Generally in each year things pull through well. The Church is the freeholder's and the peasant's home, and their gifts

in life and bequests after death keep the warden's balance straight. And then after their guild feasts, Robin Hood and the archers, and the maidens and the wives or other guildsmen or guildswomen, will bring in to the warden a little money. Of course now and then there is a bad year and then the archdeacon's threats must be met by a rate, but in these brave days, when the church is the home of the parish, this catastrophe is as exceptional as an earthquake.

So the churchwarden grows great and influential. The King's Courts notice and protect him, and while the English Church is still one with Western Christendom, the law has been laid down, that the Church and its ornaments pertain to the temporal estates and that the parson will meddle with them at his peril. So that when people get lazy and want to sit down in church, it is for the warden and not the parson to arrange the pews. Lay supervision has made the parish churches of England the most beautiful and wealthy in Western Christendom. Alas! for that reason, when the faith and chivalry of the knightly years have faded in the hearts of the ruling classes, their riches as surely attract the spoilers' hand, as do their steeples the lightning. And the Edwardine looting is of the most casual as well as of the most thoroughpaced character. There is no commiss'ion, no authority for most of it, so the stricken guardians report, and it extends not alone to the relics and pyx, but to surplice, chalice, and bells. Here and there wardens sell the goods for the benefit of the parish, here and there a faithless warden appropriates them to his own uses; but generally the Lords of the Council, the rapacious bishops and the upstart squires of the new blood sweep all into their coffers, and as if by a magician's wand the churches of England are stripped bare at one

blow of all the glories with which the piety or a penitence of nine hundred years has enriched and beautified their altars and their sanctuaries, their pillars and their shrines.

Yet the parochial organization stands the shock. In fact, now that feudalism is dead and democracy remains in the future, it is the only local machinery with which a Tudor despotism can work. So the churchwarden is turned into a civil officer and the parish into a civil district. It is natural enough now that the poor box and the poor rate are necessities, that the State, in undertaking the functions of almoner, shall utilize the old Church officer. And if he is good enough for relieving the poor, why may he not also look to the repair of roads, attend to discharged soldiers, and execute Puritan legislation against drunkenness? And despite the Reformation his ecclesiastical duties must still be continued. The custom holds as to the repair and the ornaments of the church, and as the guilds are gone and as Puritanism suppresses the Church ales, he must become everywhere a rating official. Nor is this the worst. Church and State are one, and the churchwarden must present alike the Puritan separatist and the Romish recusant. He is too good an Englishman to like the bustiness of inquisitor, and is therefore always in trouble with the powers that be. And then such contradictory orders come from the said powers, that he scarcely knows where he is, takes to quarrelling with the parson, and will not be restrained by the ordinary. Two results therefore follow. The Church in its 1603 Canons gives the appointment of one of the two wardens to the parson, though, thanks to the Common lawyers, this canon will not oust the old custom of the parishioners choosing the two, where it is remembered, and the Royal Courts themselves, in a splendid exercise of unhistorical au-

dacity, lay down that the warden is a civil officer, and that the cognisance of his election pertains to the judges and not to the Church. What with recusants and vagrants and the Puritan revolution the seventeenth-century warden fares ill, and it is every one's desire to flee the burden; but though the peers and the gentry and the lawyers may excuse, neither Laud nor Cromwell nor the Rump can dispense with parish officers, and therefore the commonalty must be made to serve.

At last the sober sense of Englishmen abandons the impossible ideal of religious uniformity, "a stranger fills the Stuart's throne," and the Georgian epoch brings to the much-wearied warden, what of yore Caesarism brought to the Roman provincial, "a mild peaceful evening after the hot and sultry day." Let Archdeacon Prideaux admonish him as he will, our warden has done with presentment and prosecution, and is forgetting the meaning of archidiaconal functions. A grave and proper appearance on the Sabbath morn in the parish church, where chancellors' faculties and pew rents leave few seats for his disposal, and a week day pleasantly spent o'er the tankard and the pipe, which wanie tobacco is smoked will for ever save him from oblivion, give the salient features of the churchwarden who opened the pew doors for the young ladies who danced the minuet, and mused over the "Mysteries of Udolpho" by the waters of Bladud. Shame on the French Revolution and the Corsican ogre that raised the poor law trouble by their foolish wars and broke the Arcadian dream! "I hope as ye'll be good to the poor, sir," rises the widows' plaint after the Easter vestry of the later Georgian days. And our kind-hearted friend, as almoner of the parish charities and overseer of the poor, responds in a way not pleasing to the "calculators, sophists and economists" who have ban-

ished chivalry to Saturn or to Abbotsford. Therefore they lay sacrilegious hands on the Vestries, which for the most part are still the democratic assemblies of the christened folk, and ordain that the warden shall be henceforth the creature of plural votes and rate-paying qualifications.

It did not, however, last for long. The Whigs and the philosophers came in with the Reform Bill and they detested the parish as too Christian, too mediæval and too extravagant, and as incapable of Manchester economics. Therefore they substitute their guardians, their unions and their sanitary districts, and the main work of the eighteenth-century churchwarden was gone. Worse follows. The Dissenter kicks at the Church rate, and therefore the old custom of England, which has stood the Reformation and the Commonwealth, loses its legal sanction, and the repair of the churches is left to the generosity and religion of their worshippers. And later in our own day arose the bucolic Radical of town importation. He talked glibly and foolishly of freeing the parish from the parson, as conceivable a conception as the freeing of the Law Courts from the judges. And he gets his way first in that extraordinary law that defines a parochia or parish as an area for which a separate poor rate is or can be made, or for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed, and lastly in that stupendous measure of 1894, which practically strips our warden of all his civil powers, and leaves him naught but his ecclesiastical duties of supervision and arrangement, and a control over such bits of parish funds and property that a charity commissioner or Chancery judge may be pleased to earmark "Ecclesiastical Charity."

Yet though cast down by the law he holds an office more popular than ever it was before and now the object of

eager ambition. Half deserted by the State, the Church grows more conscious of its internal life, and therefore the importance of its lay officers grows with it in a land which in its most sacerdotal days has held that the ornaments and fabric of the church are matters for the lay estates. Even our "unhappy divisions" increase his responsibilities, and he is resuming his old intimate relations with the ordinary. Further, now that the democracy of the Christian Church is being realized and pew rents are ceasing, his duties in regard to the seating of the congregation are becoming a grave matter. "Church Reform" again holds out to him the hopes of power and authority

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such as his predecessors never knew.

Of course, before he will become altogether fit for his new career a gentle legal pruning will be necessary. The Nonconformist churchwarden is a nuisance and an anachronism, and must be ended. Obviously too the plural voting and rate qualifications in the ecclesiastical vestry must cease; and when ecclesiastical Courts are reformed they must exercise a proper jurisdiction over his election and accounts. But these reforms are certain to come and when they are facts our friend may look forward with proud confidence to many centuries of useful labor and supervision in church and parish *ad maiorem gloriam Dei!*

THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

Are women ceasing to marry? It is affirmed by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon in *The Humanitarian* that they are, and she gives a stern reason for this belief: Man has been found out. In the middle Victorian period woman adored him. She was expected to take him on trust, to worship his imperfections, to regard marriage with him as the only ideal. She knows better now. Her attitude towards him is purely critical. In the intervening years woman has developed her sense of humor, and what little humor man ever had has stood still. She continues to give him tea and find a kind of sport in his society, for, after all, he makes an agreeable butt. Women do not practise this newly developed sense of humor upon one another. That would be an outrage akin to cannibalism. Besides, they cannot feel how humorous they really are unless man is in the offing. There he comes; he casts anchor; he expects, as of old, that women will

flutter round him and admire him, as the jolly-boats flutter round and admire the big craft in the harbor. But there is no more flutter. Woman no longer lifts adoring eyes, waiting for her lord to indicate his pleasure that she shall be his wedded wife. Her eyes dance with satirical mirth, and if man were not deluded by his colossal conceit, he would know that his entire relation towards this charming creature has changed, and that she is a wholly independent person, conscious that she is his superior in wit and in all that pertains to a philosophical happiness.

Yes, these be evil times for the "average suitors" of woman. She perceives "in these young gentlemen certain of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth." It is the "average suitors" who, being still

in the middle Victorian atmosphere, do not, like the average prisoner in the dock, feel their position keenly. Here and there a man, as Miss Dixon handsomely admits, is sufficiently modernized to reject Katherine's summary of the whole duty of wives:

And place your hands below your husband's foot.

Such an enlightened man goes about deploring the obstinacy with which the "average suitors" expect every woman to submit to Shakespeare's peremptory definition of wifely obedience. But here an impulse of scepticism seizes us, and we cannot help asking Miss Dixon in all humility whether she really thinks that the qualities of the race which make empire demand such abject subjection in woman as that of Katherine. Does the man who adds a peninsula to the dominions of the Queen play the arrogant satrap on his domestic hearth? Has a conqueror never been known to place his hands submissively beneath his wife's foot? Moreover, we venture to suggest to Miss Dixon that she has misunderstood Shakespeare's purpose. Katherine was a shrew, Kate the curst; and when her shrewishness was subdued, she swung, as such a nature would swing, to the opposite extreme. Shakespeare may have thought that this was the only cure for shrews, just as total abstinence is commonly the only cure for the habitual tippler, moderate drinking being impossible to his immoderate temperament. Beatrice, on the other hand, cannot be charged with any disposition to grovel in the dust before Benedick. She loves him, as she is careful to point out, no more than reason, and he, as a kindred spirit, is perfectly happy in the compact. This is the union of two humorists—that rare contingency in which there can be no question of supremacy or servitude.

Now Katherine is not only a shrew; she is a humorless shrew, or she would have seen quite early in the game that Petruchio was not a despot, but, as the children say, only pretending. Perhaps it is this absence of humor which most offends Miss Dixon, though, had Katherine been a humorist, it is plain that she could not have been a shrew.

It is not so long ago that we were confronted with the question, "Why are men ceasing to marry?" It was gravely affirmed that a growing reluctance to assume the responsibilities of marriage was multiplying bachelors at an alarming pace. Now we have Miss Dixon's assurance that confirmed spinsterhood is the attitude of the modern woman. What says the Registrar-General? Has he noticed any decline in the marriage-rate? Judging from statistics, the "average suitors," with their empire-making qualities, are still persuading maidens to marry them. The clergy do not complain of any falling off in fees, and we are inclined to regard the silence of distressed incumbents on this point as very significant. Miss Dixon is not above statistics. She notes with candor that "widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state." It is statistically proved that, whereas "a man of forty remains a widower for two years only," a widow under thirty-five "marries again within twenty months." How is she able to satisfy her sense of humor so soon? Oddly enough, on this crucial point Miss Dixon offers no comment. "Indiscriminate marrying," she says, "has, to a certain extent, gone out. In short, *le premier venu* is no longer the successful wooer that he once was." And yet widows seem to marry as indiscriminately as ever, and without the excuse of ignorance. Widows, as universal experience attests, are of a merry disposition. They, at any rate, cannot be accused of lacking

humor. Their strategy is the theme of some of the most impressive warnings in literature. The captive of a widow's bow and spear is commonly supposed by his friends to be a helpless slave. Here, then, we have a branch of the subject in which Miss Dixon's chief propositions do not coincide with the facts. Widows have humor and the critical habit of mind, and yet they marry, on the average, "within twenty months." (Hamlet's mother managed it in two; but she, it must be admitted, had neither mirth nor judgment.) And the men who marry widows are set down by the bystanders as dumb, driven cattle with not a spark of empire-making masterfulness left!

The truth is, that this talk of men or women ceasing to marry is, as Miss Dixon's excellent sense evidently reminds her, in great part humorous exaggeration. For a variety of reasons, some of them economic, marriage is not for every man and woman; but that it remains the aspiration, though it is not always the lot, of the average woman there is no reason to doubt. The insti-

tution of marriage does not escape criticism. Its successes are not always conspicuous, and the penalties of failure are writ large; but except for a minority of independent temperaments—a minority that causes no perceptible variation from established practice—it remains firmly rooted in our social habits. Miss Dixon is quite alive to this. She hopes to see the "standard of human felicity steadily raised" by the "feminine prerogative of deliberate choice" in matrimony. The "average suitors" are to learn in time the difference between a mere empire-maker and a desirable husband. They may swagger on the African veldt, but not by the domestic fireside. Unhappily, statistics do not give us the proportion of swaggering husbands in the community; but we have a suspicion that the docile husbands, if they could be escorted by their wives and overseers to Hyde Park, would make a very long and amiable procession, waving the standard of human felicity with automatic regularity.

The Speaker.

A MASQUERADER.

Sorrow once wearied of his sad estate,
 And finding Pleasure sleeping in the sun
 Put on his mantle, bargaining with Fate
 That she should tell of the exchange to none;
 Then through the city gates he made his way,
 And eager crowds flocked round from far and near.
 But some who strove to grasp his garments gay
 Shrank back, they knew not why, with sudden fear.
 And there were those who gave him of their best,
 Who set before him a most royal feast,
 Doing him homage as a kingly guest—
 Till, as the music and the mirth increased,
 One peered beneath his hood, and saw with wild surprise
 The sombre Spirit looking out from Sorrow's eyes!

Blackwood's Magazine.

Christian Burke.

